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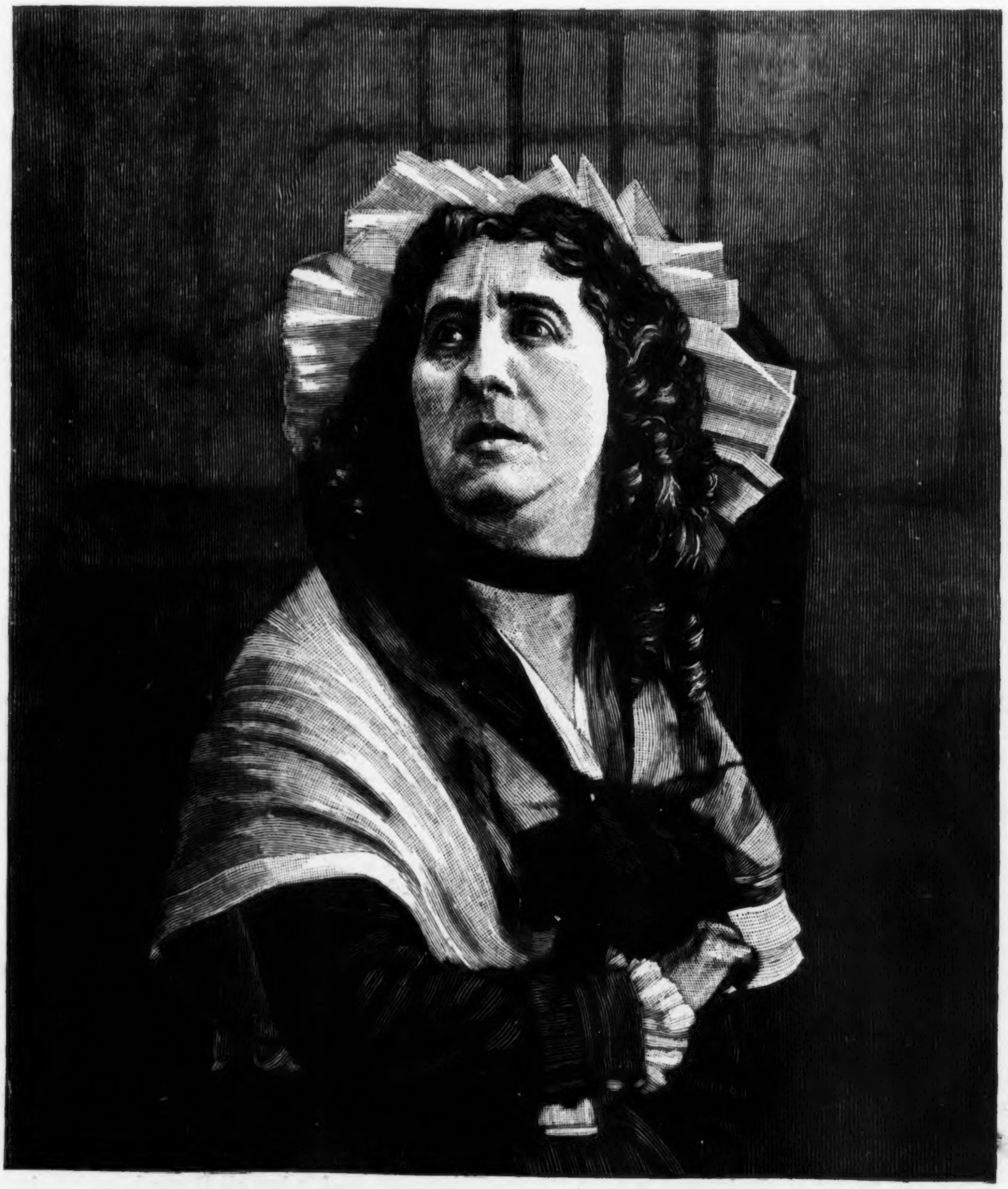
ADELAIDE CAPRANICA MARCHESA DEL GRILLO NATA RISTORI.

BY LISLE LESTER.

SMALL, obscure places have generally been the birthplaces of genius. Cividale in Friuli, an almost forgotten Venetian town, claims the honor of nativity of Adelaide Ristori. Antonio and Maddalena Romatelli, the parents of the "Queen of Tragedy," were actors, vulgarly called in early writing "strolling players." Battling with



RISTORI IN THE PRISON SCENE IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE."

extreme poverty, they hailed the birth of their first-born, in 1826, as a blessing past all compare, to cheer them in their hand-to-hand fight with life and livelihood. Soon after her advent, they left their humble home for a theatrical tour among the vine-clad hills and interior towns of their sunny land. Often in their "halts" for rest, in the shady groves or cool valleys, the babe was the object of amusement and attention from the entire company—she was called the "living sunbeam of the woodland tent," and was the sole link that bound her weary parents to hope and future effort.

Her *début* has often been referred to by those who have more briefly written of Ristori within the past twenty years. She was just two months old—a most fascinating age in babies for all womankind, as well as a sort of pleasure-puzzle to mankind. The comedy of "The New Year's Gift" was the attraction, and after being carefully bestowed in any amount of laces, flannels and ribbons, she was placed in a basket and deposited upon the table. The "property child"—that generally figures in the basket—was well known to all the company for a solid bundle of sawdust, grimy rags and very seedy physique generally. So, as the play proceeded and the actors were going through the required business of the piece, little Adelaide kept quiet, with due regulation obedience; but there came a moment, while the eyes of the players were fixed upon her, that a tremendous scream startled both audience and actors—the people comprehended the "live baby fact," and gave her a tremendous applause. The "Gift" did not appear again, but the motherhood of the audience crowded around her at the close of the performance, bestowing much more than adult stars ever receive in their most emphatic successes.

When four years of age, she began to play regularly in juvenile parts. She was a remarkably handsome child, and petted and praised by every one; she developed rapidly, intellectually and otherwise, until she was not only the star of the company, but the country folk, the peasant and the gentility flocked to see her. It is told that during her infantile years upon the stage she was especially instructed by her grandmother, and that the aged lady had a serious trial, for the little Ristori had a decided taste for outdoor sports, and rebelled very hotly to the sacrifice of long romps and noisy feats in the grass and among the playhouses.

At twelve years of age she was engaged by the celebrated actor and director Moncalvo, to play the general soubrette, or *ingénue* parts. She then became the chief support of six brothers and sisters. The first regular theatrical company she belonged to was the King of Sardinia's Theatre, at Turin; and while there she had the instruction of Carlotta Marchoni, a famous artist at the time, whose purity of character was only second in attraction to her genius. Undoubtedly Ristori caught from her the purest methods of art. Occasions are known when Marchoni would lose patience, and would bid her pupil "Go and wash silks, and be an imbecile, as you are." On the other hand, when the child surprised her with some demonstration of the latent talent, she would clasp her in her arms, and whisper, "I can teach you no more—you are too much as I would have you."

She remained at the Court Theatre three years, when, upon the advice of Marchoni, she joined the Ducal Theatre at Parma. For a period of three years she progressed amazingly, but had much to annoy her and to contend with. It was at the theatre of Leghorn that she made her first creations, and from 1844 to 1846 she made herself the most accomplished comédienne in Italy. During this period she had graduated from green girlhood to a lovely woman. Of a classical, refined type of beauty that artists dream of as their ideals, she was destined to create a *furore*. Her eyes fascinated from the wealth of genius-etchings that filled their dark, intelligent depths. She was tall, but extremely fragile, with the willowy sway and grace that gave repose to her personality on and off the stage. Her loveliness was pronounced "bewitching," and all the graceful, extravagant things that can be said of a beautiful, gifted woman were literally lavished upon the fair actress.

At twenty years of age, admirers and suitors (for the two are not necessarily one) were at her feet by the score. Of them all, she had eyes only for the son and heir of Marchese Capranica. Her beauty and loveliness of character made havoc with the heart of Gorlino del Grillo, and he offered her his heart, title and name. When the haughty old marchese and his lady wife heard of the infatuation, they ridiculed the idea of their son desiring to marry a plebeian and an actress; and when the heir made known to them it was not only his wish, but determination, to do so, they forbade the "disgraceful sacrifice." He returned to Rome and Ristori, telling her of his reception, but imploring her to marry him at the same time. She had some strong misgivings to taking that step, but it being a love attachment on both sides, they were privately married in a church near Cesena.

Soon after, engagements were made to play in Florence, but when about to depart the officers of the law, instigated by the marchese, came upon the scene and demanded the unhappy Del Grillo. With great presence of mind and shrewdness, Ristori said a few words to her maid, the result of which was the husband's escape from the hotel, disguised as a peddler in some old stage costume. At the same time the brave officials were searching for him in another part of the house, aided by Ristori herself. She proceeded, unmolested, to Florence, where the peddler joined her, after many inconveniences of travel, having lodged twice in the inn where his father's private secretaries passed the night while in search of him.

After reaching Florence, he openly declared Ristori his wife, and his family, finding their threats of no avail, abandoned their opposition and became reconciled to the marriage; only, as the old marchese was himself charmed with his daughter-in-law, he insisted upon a second ceremony, as became the rank of his son and heir. So they were publicly married in Rome by the Cardinal Pacca, surrounded and congratulated by the *élite* of the "Eternal City."

For a while Ristori retired from the stage, enjoying the repose of domestic life; then she grew restive with suppressed genius, and desired action. But she quelled the ambitious voices of nature, until, hearing that an old manager and friend was imprisoned for debt, she gave three performances for his benefit. This return broke down the barriers of all social laws, and her real lifework began. In the Fall of 1849 she reappeared in Rome. Her success was a public ovation—the audience rose *en masse* at the end of the play, and entreated her to dedicate her future to her art. The public were enraptured with her, and her noble relatives were as enthusiastic in her praises as they had been zealous in endeavoring to separate her from the love and name of their son. She was joyous over the defeat of her husband's family, in her artistic honors, and with this obstacle removed, she plunged into her career with renewed zeal and ambition.

At this period, when all Rome bowed before her fascinations, she met her third instructor, Caroline Internari, a noted actress, who advised her to devote her study and efforts to tragedy. Under her supervision she appeared in several tragic *rôles* with surprising success. The triumph of all her successes in Italy was her appearance in Alfieri's "Myrrha" in 1850. This was one of the most realistic impersonations ever seen upon the Italian stage.

To succeed in Paris was the next desire of Ristori's heart. On the 22d of May, 1855, she made her *début* before a French audience in *Francesca de Rimini*, a part that has crowned her with laurels many times since that very important event. While it delighted the French taste, she did not electrify the public until the week following, when she appeared in *Myrrha*.

On that occasion French enthusiasm reached its zenith; she was called fifteen times, and titled gentlemen drew her in her carriage to her hotel, where she was serenaded for hours. Then Ristori was the rage in Paris—she was crowned Queen of the Stage. Jules Janin, in his notes of the event, said: "Ristori is tragedy itself; she is comedy; she is the drama." Lamartine said of her also: "Our language is too poor to express the worth of that woman. Ary Scheffer, the noted portrait artist, idealized her exquisite face. The Emperor of the French sent her a magnificent diamond necklace and medallion as a "token of the homage of Napoleon III. to Adelaide Ristori."

When her season closed in Paris she had given forty-nine impersonations—three of *Francesca*, seventeen of *Myrrha*, twenty-two of *Marie Stuart*, and seven of *Pia da Solomei*. She had fascinated the gay capital and captured half a million francs.

In 1857 Ristori visited Madrid, and her powers of fascinating influence were never better emphasized than when it was known that Queen Isabella invited her to the palace, to remain as long as she should stay in the capital. She accepted this unusual honor, and was the friend and daily companion to the Queen; to such an extent did Her Majesty profit by the "tragic star's" influence, she pardoned several unfortunate soldiers, condemned to die for what were in reality very trifling offenses. Isabella paid Ristori more partial favors than any of her court favorites.

In 1858 she visited Berlin, then the most critical European city for professionals; there she met with unexpected enthusiasm, and was honored by the King of Prussia with the decoration of the "Order of Merit"—she being the only woman thus favored—"in appreciation of her rendition of the character of *Deborah*."

The Berlin public added their testimony to her superiority, and lavished every possible demonstration upon her during her stay. Her invariable success, and no incidents of failure or "ill-luck" in her career, are very exceptional features of dramatic experience. We do not know of another star of celebrity whose way seemed literally paved with the rainbows of continuous success. An event occurred, however, in January, 1859, as she was leaving Florence for Naples. She received a telegram telling her she had been banished from the Neapolitan dominions. It was supposed to be the result of her triumphant and spirited declamation of a patriotic hymn to enraptured Venetians and others. The effect upon Ristori did not retard one drop of her circulation. She had other worlds to conquer, and set about it in her own energetic fashion. In the Winter of 1860 she was a guest in the city of "All the Czars." The most successful engagement ever played in that gay city was credited to "Ristori the Great." It was a dramatic triumph, new to St. Petersburg, but it appreciated her to the very majesty of honor.

Up to this period this famous woman had played only in Italian; but she was eager to excel in the French language, and present her score of *rôles* in that popular tongue. With this desire she devoted a year to close study and application, and accomplished with a will her noble aim, making her *début* in that language at the Odéon in Paris in 1861, in the play of "Beatrix," written expressly for her by Legouvé. It was every way a success, and the hit of the season. It held popular favor for eighty nights, and in 1865 it was again revived with still greater triumph. Her next move was a brilliant one; with two companies, Italian and French, she traveled through France and Italy for two ensuing years, scoring marvelous successes, a fortune, and a name that is one of the imperishable of the world's notabilities. While fortune favored Ristori, she was no drone—the work and labor she performed can be comprehended and fully understood only by actors who know what the nature of such work demands.

Returning from that really famous tour, she turned her ambitious eyes toward London. To stir up the national lethargy of the British was a much-desired achievement with the fascinating artist. She made ready her line of action, and accordingly made her *début* in London in 1863, completely routing John Bull, and his "uncles, cousins and aunts," from their absinthean characteristics to the "tiger" of enthusiasm. She began shrewdly—it was a masterly move to open in *Elizabeth*, and uniquely enough, she ended with *Marie Stuart*. The Londoners fairly bristled with open admiration, and took up the name of the famous Ristori to add their crown of laurels thereto. If anything could have spoiled this remarkable woman, with satiated appetite in the shape of fame, honor and public praise, her London reception would have turned her head.

After her appearance in the *rôle* of *Marie Stuart*, her popularity was unquestioned, and her visit made a social as well as a professional success.

The next desired field to subjugate was the Kingdom of Obelisks and Sphinx. To the City of Alexandria Ristori made her bow in 1864, appearing thirty-seven times in a round of her favorite characters. The same pronounced hits were made, the same ovations of an admiring people showered upon her. Leaving Egypt, she made another remarkable trip—remarkable for the distances traveled, the labor performed and notability of places visited; this trip included Smyrna, Athens, Constantinople, Holland, and Paris again. Everywhere success waited upon her; crowned heads paid her the most flattering tributes, for she possessed a genius "all the world recognized."

Such feats of travel and constant labor have never been recorded of any other professional. Then came a little period of rest in Rome, a city she loved and loves. This rest developed the desire to visit America—like all Europeans, the United States she always referred to as America; it is still America to the people of other countries, who forget the unity of divisions. Ristori had indeed conquered the Old World, and desired to try her wings under the sky of the New. This first American visit was under the management of I. Grau. She made her *début* at the French Theatre, now the Fourteenth Street, in *Medea*, September 20th, 1866. The native curiosity of Americans, and intense interest as well, gave her a characteristic welcome. The seats were sold days in advance, and "standing-room" taken to the very last half-foot. In those days, when the seats were advertised "sold," they were sold in fact; it was not a "catch-on" advertisement. Literally true was it the theatre "was

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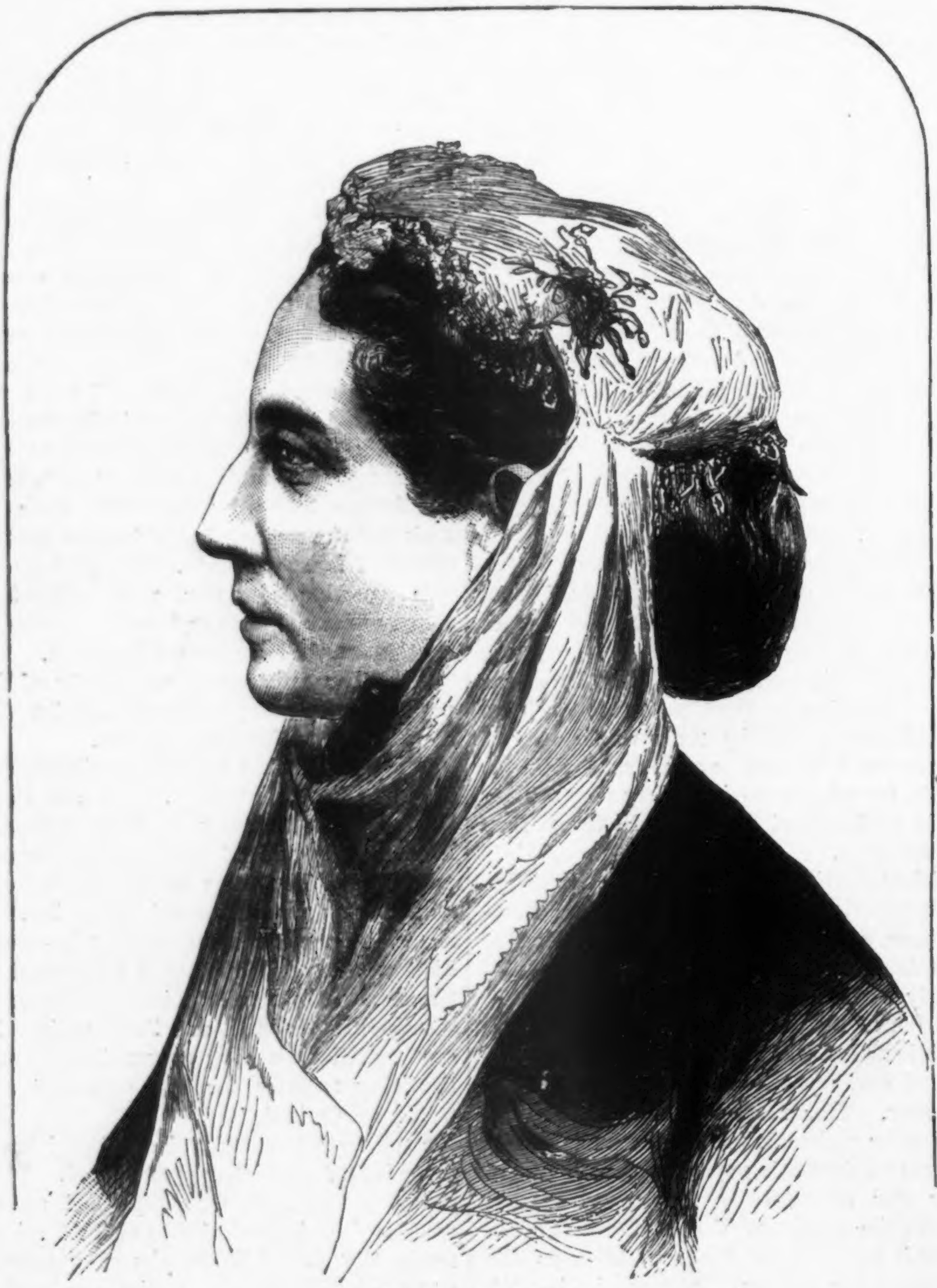
packed," and with one of the most critical audiences to be assembled in New York city. She was greeted with prolonged applause. No stranger ever met with such a spontaneous demonstration. The face of Ristori was a marvel of human beauty and facial intelligence that flashed from feature to feature. She was indeed most lovely, and the grace of her loveliness and the charm of her beauty still cling to her like the folds of her drapery. When the curtain fell upon the first act, Ristori had scored her triumph! She had made a conquest of American hearts, and the enthusiasm vented forth in loud comments upon her marked grace, her beauty, her talents, and her presence, all told.



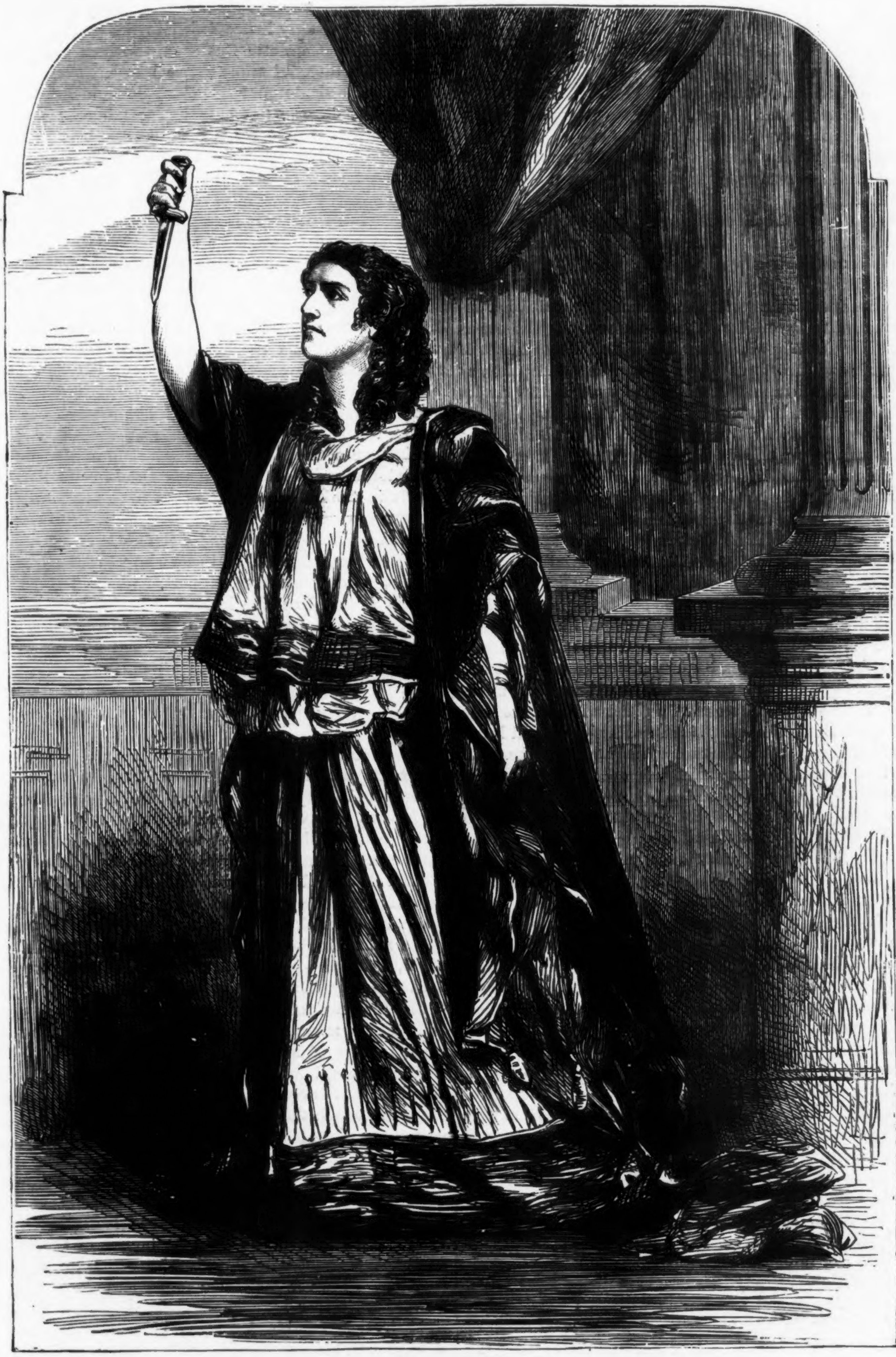
PORTRAIT OF RISTORI.

Medea was the triumph of all her favorite list of parts. To see Ristori was to live again with the actual *Medea*. She had that rare gift of adaptation to such an emphatic degree, she seemed to lose her hold upon herself in the taking on of the ideal. Three impersonations, more than all others, will always keep her genius fresh in the memory—*Medea, Mary Stuart*, and *Elizabeth*. *Marie Antoinette, Lady Macbeth, Francesca da Rimini*, and *Deborah*, also will always live in the annals of Ristori.

Queen Elizabeth is a masterpiece; it is more—it is a vivid bringing back from a cruel, hard reign, a character that has defied history to depict properly. In Ristori, the heartless, crafty, selfish old Queen lives again, in her cunning, her hardness, her imperious, subtle selfishness. As a dramatic representation it enchained the sensibilities; it woke up dormant senses of right and principles of justice, and appealed to earnest minds for critical contemplation; it placed a character, in realistic presence, before the eyes biographers failed to meet. Ristori's *Mary Stuart* and *Elizabeth* are simply history repeating itself upon the mimic stage. Time may obliterate much that is seen to-day before the footlights, but these simulated characters, by the greatest of artists, will live for ever upon historic pages under the name of Ristori.

During her first visit she played *Medea, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Thisbe, Phœdra, Pia da Solomei, Francesca da Rimini, Adrienne, Deborah, Norma*, and *Lady Macbeth*—in all one hundred and sixty-eight performances. Thirty cities were visited—and travel was not so replete with comfort, rapid transit, etc., as now. There were fifty-six performances in New York city, eleven in Brooklyn, twelve in Boston, ten in Philadelphia, nineteen in Chicago, eighteen in New Orleans; Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Louisville, five each; and several other cities, one. *Myrrha* was given only in New Orleans. On the 17th of May, 1867, she made her farewell appearance in this city in *Medea*, at the French Theatre. It was also a benefit occasion. At the close of the performance, upon the repeated demands of the audience, that rose to its feet, she made a farewell speech, expressive of the generous welcome and patronage extended to her by the people of the United States. She was overwhelmed with ringing applause and flowers, and repeatedly bowed her good-by to the audience that was most unwilling to see her exit.

She sailed the day following for Europe, but returned in the Fall again, and began her second American engagement at the Academy of Music, on the 18th of September. The importance of this second appearance was augmented



RISTORI AS "MEDEA."

by two new plays, in one of which she has added imperishable laurels to her name, viz., *Marie Antoinette.* This is one of her great *rôles;* it affords her the very best of opportunities for the exercise of her remarkable talents. It is in this her third tour one of the strongest attractions in her *répertoire.*

The second American visit was as great a success as the first, socially greater. Society opened its arms to her—she became its central attraction; the *élite* of the native as well as foreign citizenship crowded around her, and repeated the crowning of her triumphs off the stage as they had signally conferred them upon the artist. Society found her a high-bred lady in her manners, with a culture that astonished them all, for she had mingled in all the aristocratic circles of the world, and been the petted favorite of royalty in all Europe. Society was more honored in Ristori's countenance of it, and her acceptance of its favor, than she was honored by its attention. For the sake of the moral and intellectual forces of the profession, this is noted with emphasis and pride, as the opposing argument to the prejudice of narrow circles who fancy actors have no position off the stage.

Madame Ristori lives to see her profession leading the morals of the world, side by side with its bitterest foe, the Church. She lives to see the manners, dress and habits of actors closely imitated by all grades of society; to see theatres the mainspring of local trade, the centres around which all classes revolve, either for amusement, instruction or business; she lives to see ministers managers, and the shrewdest, craftiest of them all; to see the sons and daughters of aristocratic old families begging or buying their way to the stage; to see the dramatic profession caring for its own—owning homes for its aged, cemeteries for its dead, a bank-fund for its unfortunate; with palaces and wealth for its genius and successful members. Ristori lives to see all this, and when she retires, as all must at one time make their final exit, she will have, outside of her own brilliant record, abundant cause to be proud of the achievements of her noble, much-abused profession.

The final appearance of the second visit was made in New York city, on the 26th of June, 1868, in *Queen Elizabeth.* That, too, was a theatrical event, as many remember. She was in the full flush of matured, cultivated art; the peer, indeed, of the stage! Her lovely face grew noble in age—her blue eyes, that contained whole batteries of power, had lost none of the fire and expression that electrified her audiences. She was every way a grand woman, whom the world could justly honor.

Madame Ristori, now making her third tour in the United States, presents her *répertoire* of plays with not only astonishing vigor, but with the charm of a perfect culture the present theatre-goer has little opportunity to see, in the absence of experienced talent upon the modern stage. To witness the lifelike similation of *Queen Elizabeth,* as presented now by Ristori, after her years of study, work, and success, is to realize the possibility of great artists bringing to life again the characters that have lived only in historic remembrance.

As a woman, Ristori is to-day most attractive. Her high-bred manners, born of her contact with all high life, as well as her impersonating lines, charm one into positive admiration. Ready in every experience gained by a lifetime of travel and association with very nearly every line of nobility in the whole world, she is a book of herself, most gracious in all of her opinions, with the fewest eccentricities found in the galaxy of professional stars. She speaks of her birthplace, Cividale in Friuli, with a most tender love; she says "it is one of the very oldest Italian towns, with a historical association in every stone that is in it." She refers to her long acquaintance and pleasant correspondence with many of the noted stars whose earthly lustre faded in the tomb years ago: among these Charlotte Cushman, to whom she pays an emphatic tribute of appreciative honor.

Under the shadows of St. Peter's dome in Rome, in the Via Nazionale, she has a truly regal home; there she hopes to pass the fading years of her life, by no means in retirement either. A woman gifted with such genius, and the friend of half the world's great in personal acquaintance, fills her *salon* very easily with the best, and the celebrated best. It is easy to see how well she entertains, as a social queen, by the accumulated honors of her life and the grand distinguished dignity of her age. During this present tour, she is accompanied by a very beautiful daughter, in whose eyes one may read not only Italian beauty at its bloom, but the poetic sentiment of the sunny land, and the flavor of all things necessary to fascinate hearts and heads. This young lady is a source of great happiness to her world-noted mother. She speaks English very purely, and has a most charming address.

The love of motherland is very strong in Madame Ristori at the present time. When speaking of the warm hearts in the American cities that have most hospitable desires toward her extended stay, she expresses the greatest gratitude, but sighs for the home of her heart at all times; so, after all, to those who wear the brightest laurels, whose feet are slippered in golden success, "there is no place like home."

Art, and the world itself, owes Adelaide Ristori one continuous ovation of honor as long as her life lasts.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

It was the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan during the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun, exhausted by fatigue, were encamped on an immense plain, shut in by a chain of hills, on which towered the white houses of the town. Lightning, playing among the leaden-colored clouds, illumined at intervals with lurid light the battlefield of the morrow. Nothing else lit up the camp. No fires were allowed, as a measure of prudence. Not a song nor a sound broke the ominous silence of that stormy night, destined to be the last to thousands of brave fellows who slept in their shelter-tents.

All were not asleep, however. Besides the outposts and pickets, many in camp were wide awake. Here and there groups of men, lying on the grass around their tents, conversed in a low tone, and discussed the probable issue of the coming battle. A game was about to be played in which the stake was life itself, and excitement with some prevailed over physical fatigue.

In the middle of a small group of officers, who talked over the chances of the morrow, was Colonel Eugène de Valmont, who commanded a regiment of Light Dragoons. He had the well-earned reputation of being one of the most splendid officers in his own branch of the service. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved in the regiment by officers and men alike, and deservedly so. Toward all under his command he displayed the most rigid justice, combined with a paternal care; and in sharing with his men the discomforts of the campaign, he attended to their wants before his own.

Colonel de Valmont appeared to pay but little attention to what was said. He seemed in a profound reverie, as he bit, rather than smoked, a half-consumed cigar. Turning suddenly to his surgeon-major—a veteran with a well-bronzed face—he said:

"Brisac, do you believe in presentiments?"

"It depends, colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter."

"You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?"

"Quite so."

"Ah! It is true, as I said, that all you doctors are more or less Materialists." After a pause he added: "You are right, perhaps; and so much the better. There are some thoughts which should be banished on the eve of a day like what to-morrow promises to be." So saying he got up, and added: "I shall turn in, and get some rest, and advise you all to do the same. In a few hours we shall need all the strength we can command."

One by one the group broke off, and presently there were left only three officers—the major, a captain, and a sub-lieutenant.

"What did the colonel mean by presentiments?" asked the younger of them. "We know he has no fear about to-morrow; yet his manner and his last words, to say the least, are not reassuring."

"Had you been longer in the regiment, young fellow," replied the major, "you would know that the colonel periodically gets 'the blues'; but we take no notice of them. They soon pass, and he becomes himself again."

"But what is the cause of his recurring depression?"

"The cause?" said the captain. "Why, all in the regiment know the cause."

"Except myself. I only joined three months ago."

"Well, here is Bris back from his rounds. He can tell the story best."

The surgeon-major being appealed to, lay down upon the grass, lit a cigar, and said:

"In 1834, De Valmont, appointed lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, which had just been raised, landed in Algiers, where I was assistant-surgeon attached to the military hospital. Though I was older than he, we soon struck up an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, which time has not impaired. Eugène was young, good-looking, and a man of fascinating manners. He came of a distinguished family, and his friends kept his purse well filled; in short, he could get money as fast as he wished to spend it.

"We served three years together, when De Valmont got leave to exchange and return to France. His mother was the cause of this, for she had in view for him a marriage with a rich heiress, whose fortune was estimated at about one million francs. Leaving Algiers would have been all plain sailing, except for bidding "farewell" to a certain lady called La Sévérina, a *danseuse* at the theatre. In appearance she was decidedly handsome, of an olive-colored complexion, and with raven-black hair. In her large expressive eyes and in her firmly-cut mouth there was a significant indication of determination which suggested that the young lady would be more desirable as a friend than as an enemy. She said she was Italian, having been born at Rome; but this is no proof of her nationality, for her parents were Bohemians, who traveled through all countries—rope-dancers by profession.

"La Sévérina had conceived for Eugène a passion as violent as it was hopeless. When she heard of his proposed departure she was wild; when she learned the motive for it, she turned a demon. Failing in a determined attempt to balk his plans by stabbing him with a stiletto, she assured him with her last words that she would be revenged. De Valmont laughed at the threat. I, however, took it seriously—*furens quid fœmina possit*—and determined to keep an eye on the actions of the young lady. In this resolve, however, I was foiled. She left Algiers about a month after, and I never knew what became of her.

"Nearly four years had passed since Eugène's return. We kept up a constant correspondence, and I learned of his marriage and the birth of one son, whom he called Lucien. He kept me posted up in all the incidents in his happy life, and continually pressed me to exchange, and go back to France.

"At length I got appointed to a cavalry regiment quartered in Paris, and left Algiers to take on my new duties. Landing at Marseilles, I put up at the Hotel Castellane, where the first names I read in the list of arrivals were those of the Count and Countess de Valmont. We met with joy after our long separation. Eugène introduced me to his wife—a lady as lovely as she was charming—and showed me with pride his son—a fine chubby child, with curly hair, and the splendid blue eyes of its mother. He simply worshiped this boy—poor fellow!—and his life and soul seemed wrapped up in its being and existence. And now, as to the sad sequel to my tale; it is a matter of mystery, and you can judge as well as if it was the handiwork or not of La Sévérina.

"De Valmont was on leave, and at his wife's desire they were about to visit Italy. Not to fatigue the child, their route was mapped out in short stages. They were resting two days at Marseilles before going to Genoa by La Corniche; so I decided to stay and see them off.

"In the afternoon of my arrival, as the weather was glorious, little Lucien was sent with his faithful nurse down to the sea, on that magnificent beach where the splendid palace of the Prado stands. Two hours after this nurse returned alone, looking like a madwoman. The eyes were starting out of her head, and sobbing and crying, she threw herself at the countess's feet, and said she had lost the child. Her version of the matter was told in a few words. She and her charge were playing on the beach, where they were attracted by the performance of some acrobats. A small crowd had assembled, and the boy was not out of her sight for half a minute. On looking round he was gone; and she sought him in vain. He seemed to have been spirited away. She called his name at the top of her voice, and ran up and down the beach until exhausted. Bystanders who heard her cries helped her in the search; but they found—nothing."

"Was Lucien drowned?" asked the sub-lieutenant.

"This was the question started, but it seemed improbable and wellnigh impossible. The child could only toddle, and the sea was too far from the place indicated by the nurse. So this hypothesis was given up. The police considered it a case of kidnapping, and went to work, but failed to find a clew. They searched for weeks through all the slums of the city—the low quarters where the dregs of the population congregate, the scum of the Mediterranean—but with no success. A description of the child was sent to every consul, with orders to make full inquiry. De Valmont himself obtained special leave of absence from the War Office, and spent a year in trying to solve the mystery. He returned, more dead than alive, to bury his wife, whom grief had killed.

"As to the colonel, at first he had serious intentions of joining the Trappists and retiring from the world. But hope sustains him still. He believes, if his boy was not drowned, that Providence will take pity on him and yet restore him. Vain delusion! But we humor him in his

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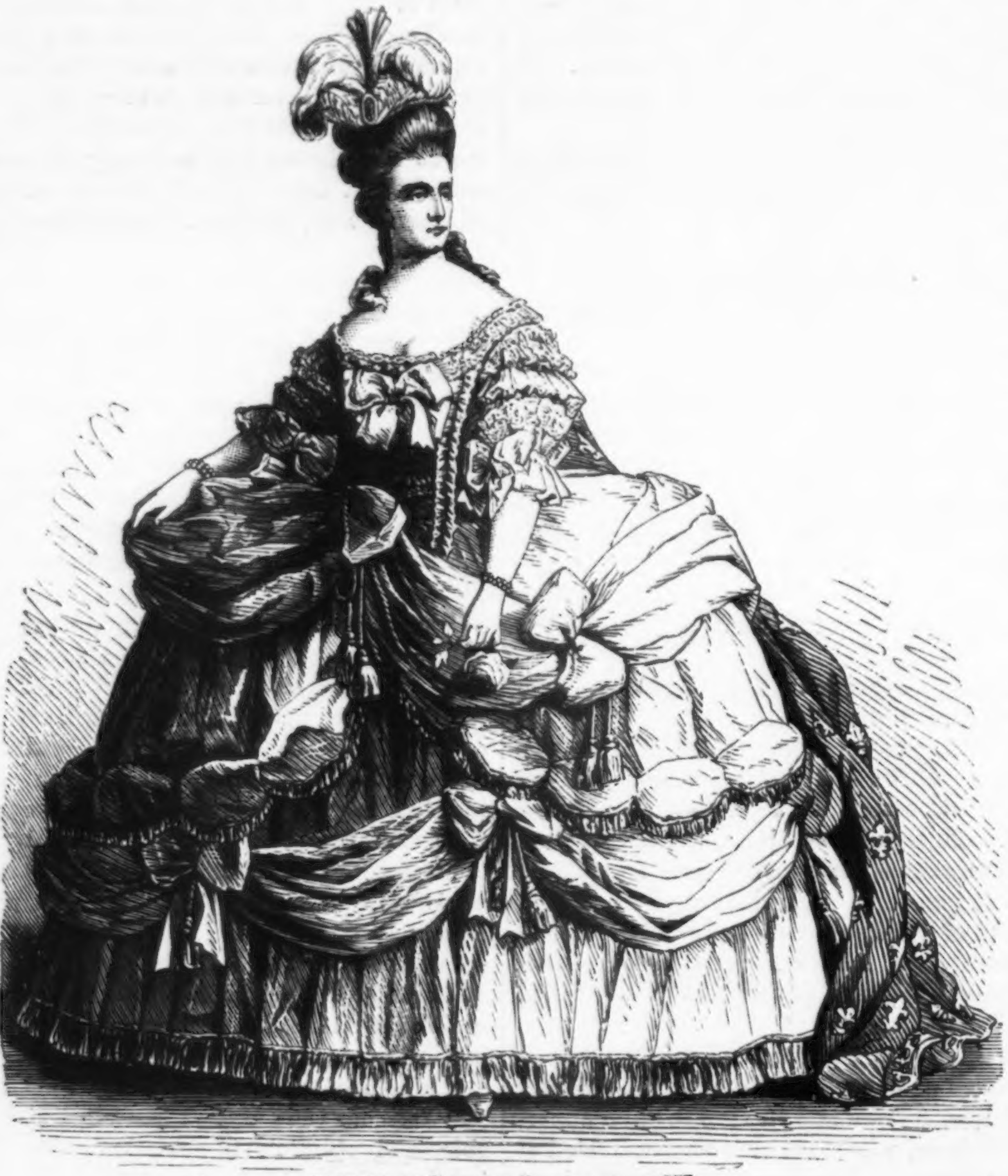
hope. He has since devoted his whole life and soul to his regiment; but the wound at his heart has never healed, and when it breaks out afresh he becomes sad and sorrowful, and talks about presentiment.

"La Sévérina, I believe, has kept her word, and wreaked a terrible revenge!"

Brisac finished his story and wished all good-night.

"We have six hours for sleep, my boys, and then——"

On the morrow, at the early hour of six o'clock, a double line of smoke extended for a distance of two miles on each side of the plain. The French had brought almost all their guns into action. The Austrian batteries posted on the opposite hills replied with a well-directed fire.



RISTORI AS "QUEEN."—SEE PAGE 257.

In this artillery duel, which lasted for some hours, the advantage remained with the French. The superiority of the Austrian position was more than counterbalanced by the deadly effect of the rifled guns of the French which were first employed in warfare at the memerable battle of Solferino.

The Austrian army numbered about 170,000 men, and that of the Allies 150,000; and the fight lasted till eight in the evening. The Emperor Napoleon nominally directed the operations of the French, and the Emperor of Austria was also in person on the field. The carnage was frightful, and the result disastrous to the Austrians, who were obliged to retreat.

At three o'clock on that day—June 23d, 1859—the French were formed up to advance under a withering musketry fire to assault the Tower of Solferino, the key of the enemy's position. Marshal Benedek then called on his cavalry to make a supreme effort, which, had it been successful, would have changed the fortunes of the day.

The Austrian cavalry were massed behind a fringe of wood which effectually concealed their movements from the French. Suddenly they were seen to emerge from their shelter and to prepare for a determined charge, to take in flank those battalions which had already reached the slopes of the hills. General Niel saw the danger and immediately hurled against them the Marguerite division of cavalry, in which De Valmont's Light Dragoons charged in the first line.

The shock was terrific. To the sharp ring of musketry and the loud roar of artillery was added the clashing of horses and the clanking of sabres as they crossed. The elements contributed to swell the frightful storm of war. Peals of thunder bellowed forth, and vivid lightning played over the ghastly sight beneath.

It was after the delivery of the charge "home" that Colonel de Valmont suddenly saw rise before him about a dozen hussars in white, of the Archduke Albrecht's regiment. Led by a young lieutenant with fair hair and a budding mustache, they sabred the French dragoons with fury, making their way through them like a cannon-ball. With one bound of his horse the lieutenant was at the colonel. De Valmont saw his sabre flash as he raised it to cut him down. He had only time to pull the trigger of his pistol, and the Austrian fell, killed by a bullet in the forehead.

At the end of the engagement, Colonel de Valmont, returning to camp, passed over the scene of the conflict. The body of the lieutenant lay still there on its back. A thin trickle of blood marked the spot of the bullet-wound. The face of the young officer was as calm and placid as a child asleep. De Valmont gazed at him with profound emotion.

A few yards off some dismounted men were guarding a number of Austrian prisoners, amongst whom was an officer of Albrecht's Hussars. Pointing to the dead body, the colonel asked:

"Sir, can you tell me the name of that brave fellow?"

"Karl Gottfried," was the answer.

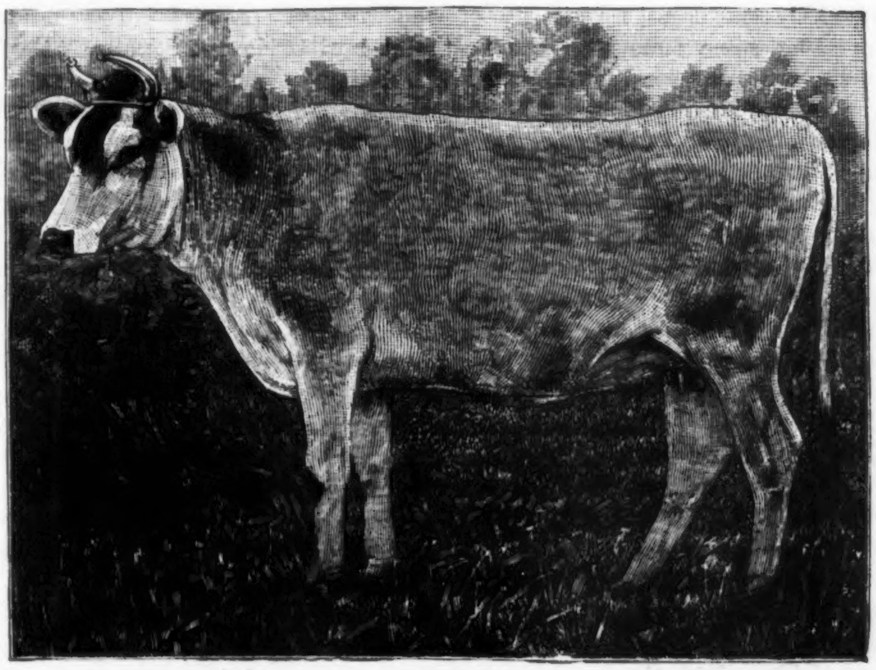
One month after the peace of Villafranca, Eugène de Valmont returned to Paris with the Army of Italy, where he found the following letter awaiting his arrival:

> "MILAN, 6th August, 1859.
>
> "MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—You know that I am still at the Military Hospital here, where I shall remain until all our wounded are removed. They brought in the other day several marauders caught by our men rifling the dead; and on some of them, who tried to escape, they fired. Amongst them was an old woman disguised as a man. A bed was found for her, as she was on the point of death.
>
> "I offered my services to dress her wound, and judge of my amazement when I heard her say, 'You don't remember me, Dr. Brisac; I am La Sévérina.' Under the withered features of the woman I recognized your former acquaintance in Algiers. By what series of misfortunes she came to be a despoiler of the dead I shall not attempt to explain. Enough to know that before dying she allowed the priest to communicate a part of her confession, and, as I have for long thought, she it was who stole Lucien at Marseilles!
>
> "After a host of adventures, which I shall tell you later on, poverty compelled her to abandon the child at Vienna. She left it to the charity of the landlord where she lodged—No. 20 Rosenstrasse—and never heard of the boy after. This address will give you some trace. Apply at once to the Austrian Embassy. *Tout à toi,* BRISAC."

Mad with joy, the colonel ran to the Embassy, and explained the object of his mission. For a fortnight after, which seemed to him a lifetime, he lived in a fever of suspense, and was going to bed one night, when his valet brought him an official letter, with a large red seal bearing the Austro-Hungarian arms. He read as follows:

> "MONSIEUR LE COMTE—I am instructed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to inform you, in answer to your inquiries, that the child abandoned in Vienna, at the address given, on the 20th of September, 1846, was adopted by a benevolent gentleman. He was educated at the Military School of Olmütz, which he left last year with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Posted to S.A.T. the Archduke Albrecht's regiment of Hussars, he was killed at the battle of Solferino. He bore the name of his adopted father, Karl Gottfried."

One hour afterward the valet entered the colonel's room, and found him sitting in his chair. His face was deadly white. His eyes, dilated and immovable, were fixed upon the fatal letter.



A JERSEY COW.

The servant touched him lightly on the shoulder, and his master dropped motionless on the floor.

He was dead!

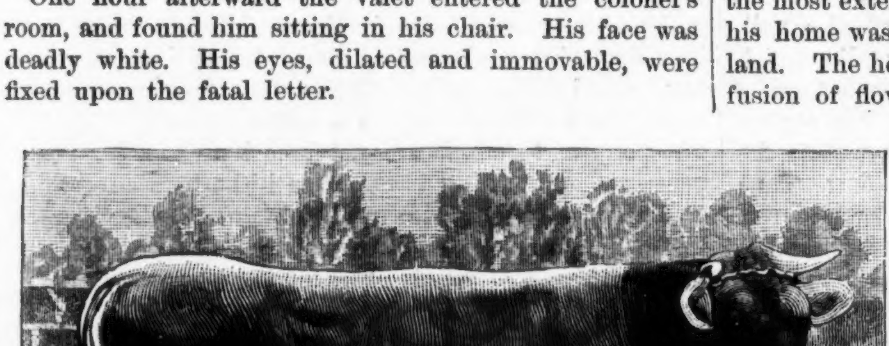
A VISIT TO A JERSEY CATTLE-FARM.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY, PH.D.

THE high repute in which the breed of cows peculiar to the Island of Jersey is held makes a visitor to the Channel Islands instinctively devote some time to the study of the famous breed, and the stock-farms from which they are sent.

One of the finest places we visited on the island belongs to Mr. Le Gallais, who cultivates seventy-five acres in one body, and owns other farms, so that he is one of the most extensive farmers in Jersey. The approach to his home was such as we sometimes encounter in England. The hedge each side of the drive presented a profusion of flowers, and at one place for half a mile was lined with laurel, which, when it is in blossom, must present a truly exquisite picture. The trees planted on the hedges, and which overhang the road, forming a grand arch through which we drive, were composed of pines, birch and oak, and were sometimes covered with a beautiful red moss. The roadside was not a bank of violets, but a bouquet of every kind of flower. The fine old house was placed at a point commanding a lovely view of St. Brelade's Bay and the coast range of rocks beyond, and was perfectly imbedded in ivy and climbing roses, and set about with geraniums, gladiolas, cacti, asters, and other flowers.

All this was a good setting for the old-fashioned house, and we were prepared to find the interior quite in keeping with the taste displayed on the outside. The mansion is an old one, long in possession of the family, and full of antique furniture and heirlooms



A JERSEY BULL.

of the past. We were glad to rest in such a place, and to enjoy the kind hospitality of the owners. After spending some time with the host and hostess in the house, we were conducted by Mr. Le Gallais over his farm, a privilege which we highly prized. The potato-fields were first examined. All of the early crop had been gathered and sent to the London market, but there was great loss this year owing to the prevalence of the potato-rot. Every individual potato had to be handled, in order to make sure that it had no blemish. In case a single decayed potato was found in a barrel when inspected in London, the whole lot would be condemned, and to avoid this catastrophe, extreme care had to be observed in packing for the market. The variety of potato was very small, and was known as the Winford Kidney or Kingsbridge. The seedlings for next year were kept over Winter in trays under an open shed, affording another proof of the mild character of the Winter in Jersey.

From the potato plantation we went to the meadows to see some of the far-famed cows, which have such a wonderful reputation for the richness and quantity of milk they yield, and for the exceeding beauty and grace of the animal itself. In the first field, tethered, were eight heifer calves, handsome and sleek as deers—in fact, both in color of skin and brilliancy of eye they looked like young fawns. This custom of tethering cattle is universally practiced in Jersey, as it is found to be far more economical. They are changed from one place to another every two or three hours, according to the feed, and they carry a clean lane through the meadow as they are moved from one stake to another. If left to roam about, they would destroy three-quarters to the one-quarter that they would consume. As the cattle are tethered from early youth, they submit to the restraint with perfect good nature, and rarely break away. The farmers generally try to tether them in shady places in the hot weather, and in general take good care of their stock. The cows on Mr. Le Gallais's place were very fine, and some of them yielded eighteen quarts of milk every day, and never went dry until about a month before they were to drop a calf. The milking is done in a peculiar manner three times a day. A narrow-necked tin jug is used instead of a pail. The mouth of the jug is covered with thin muslin, which is made to sag down in the neck, and in the bottom of the pouch thus formed is placed a sea-shell. The stream of milk is directed into this sea-shell, which prevents the muslin from being torn by the violence of the flow. Thus the entrance of all impurities from the hands or udder is prevented, and the milk is strained as fast as it is obtained.

Absolute cleanliness is thus attained, and the milk is ready to be set aside as soon as it is brought home. No particular precautions appear to be observed in reference to the kind of pan used or the manner of storage. There being no demand for skimmed milk, the whole batch is allowed to sour. The churn used is of the old-fashioned dasher, and is by no means so convenient as our farmers are accustomed to employ. The introduction of American churning into Jersey would exert a great improvement both in the quality of the butter and in the facility of making it. Too much praise cannot be lavished upon the butter, which is of a rich golden color and delicate flavor. This rich color is generally attributed to the peculiar characteristics of the cow, but it is also affected by the kind of food given to the cattle. The large quantity of mangels and carrots fed to the animals modify the yield and color of the butter. Instead of clover, the Jersey farmer has lucern, which is a remarkably luxuriant fodder, as it can be cut four times and be fed off a fifth in favorable seasons. Frequent milking, and the tender care bestowed upon the animals, help to increase the yield. The price obtained for this choice butter varies with the season, but ranges from thirty-six cents to fifty cents. The high-priced is generally sent to London. Every roll of butter must by law be stamped with the name of the maker, as a guarantee of its purity. At the hotel in St. Helier's, the pat of butter placed before us at breakfast had the name of the farmer distinctly stamped upon it. One of Mr. Le Gallais's cows had been a breeder for twenty years, and was still in excellent condition.

The cows on this estate were generally of a cream-fawn and smoke-fawn color, and were very graceful in shape. There was a fine bull—a perfect beauty—which some of our party wished to buy, but the owner refused to part with him, and we doubt if a thousand dollars would have proved a temptation. This animal was like the handsomest buck in its tail, shape of head, and gentle expression of the eye. This deer-like appearance of the Jersey cow is difficult to account for. The eyes and facial expression, the tawny-brown color, the tuft of coarse hair at the base of the horns, a straight back, and the tail of a deer, are some of the characteristics which individualize the Jersey cow. The origin of the race is quite unknown. Doubtless the first specimens were brought over from Brittany, and in course of time, by some process of differentiation, has been evolved the present peculiar modification. Once having obtained the breed, the inhabitants of Jersey are endeavoring to preserve it intact with jealous care. No foreign cow of any kind is allowed to be brought to the island, excepting to be slaughtered for meat, and in order to encourage greater care in breeding fine stock, the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society has been organized, and a Herd-book has been established. Prizes are awarded to horned cattle, and every encouragement held out to induce the farmers to register their cattle in the Herd-book, in order to keep up a genealogical record of the best stock. The Society has been long enough in existence to secure the attention of stock-growers to the observance of the rules laid down by them, and every year adds to the record of facts which will prove of great value in the study of the science of breeding. They will, before long, be able to breed up to any desired color or peculiarity, and thus reduce the matter to a science. When a minute record is kept of every sire and dam, it will not take long to solve many questions in breeding which have hitherto been considered obscure. Some idea can be obtained of the value set by the Society upon certain peculiarities in the cattle, by giving the scale of points observed in adjudging prizes:

SCALE OF POINTS FOR COWS AND HEIFERS.

Articles.	*Points.*
1 Registered pedigree	5
2 Head small, fine and tapering	3
3 Cheek small, throat clean	4
4 Muzzle dark and encircled by a light color, with nostrils high and open	4
5 Horns small, not thick at the base, crumpled, yellow, tipped with black	5
6 Ears small and thin, and of a deep orange color within	5
7 Eye full and placid	3
8 Neck straight, fine, and lightly placed on the shoulders.	3
9 Withers fine, shoulders flat and sloping, chest broad and deep	4
10 Barrel hooped, broad and deep, being well ribbed up	5
11 Back straight, from the withers to the setting on of the tail	5
12 Back broad across the loins	3
13 Hips wide apart and firm in the bone; rump long, broad and level	5

Articles.	*Points.*
14 Tail fine, reaching to the hocks, and hanging at right angles with the back	3
15 Hide thin and mellow, covered with fine soft hair	4
16 Hide of a yellow color	4
17 Legs short, straight and fine, with small hoofs	3
18 Arms full and swelling above the knees	3
19 Hind-quarters, from the hock to point of rump, long, wide apart, and well filled up	3
20 Hind legs squarely placed when viewed from behind, and not to cross or sweep in walking	3
21 Udder large, not fleshy, running well forward, in line with the belly, and well up behind	5
22 Teats moderately large, yellow, of equal size, wide apart, and squarely placed	5
23 Milk-veins about the udder and abdomen prominent	4
24 Growth	4
25 General appearance	5
Perfection	100

No prize shall be awarded to cows having less than 80 points.

No prize shall be awarded to heifers having less than 71 points.

Cows having obtained 75 points and heifers 65, shall be allowed to be branded.

The articles Nos. 21 and 23 shall be deducted from the number required for perfection in heifers, as their udder and milk-veins cannot be fully developed.

All heifers to which prizes have been adjudged shall be kept on the island until they have dropped their calf, otherwise the prize will be forfeited.

Such are the stringent rules and regulations with which competitors have to comply, in order to obtain the much-coveted prizes. A study of these points shows the value placed by the farmers of Jersey in estimating the milk-giving qualities of their famous cows. The rule laid down in No. 16, that the hide must be of a "yellow color," is claimed by many persons to work great injury. Although the animals having a fawn or cream color are very handsome to look upon, and to serve for decorative purposes on the lawn of a wealthy country gentleman, it does not follow that another animal with a little white in its tail and delicate markings on its body may not give richer milk and better butter.

There is a fear expressed that by breeding to color other more important qualities may be lost, and there is danger of creating an artificial fashion which may work against striving to obtain the best stock, regardless of decoration. This fashion in color has already obtained such a control, that a cow which gives the most milk, and which is in every way the better animal, will not sell for half the sum that is paid for color. The temptation is therefore great to strive for appearances in cows rather than in reality, and to follow the fashion, cost what it may. The Jersey Agricultural Society will have to consider the question whether it would not be better to oppose the toilet mania in dressing up cows for the market, and turn to the more important qualities of breeding and milk.

The total number of horned cattle on the Island of Jersey at the present time is about 11,000. The number annually sold off the island is about 2,000. The prices paid vary, according to the pedigree in the Herd-book and the fashion of color above alluded to. We saw no cheap animals. The farmers understand very well what estimate English and Americans place upon a pure Jersey, and they put up the prices accordingly. We saw several cows which had been sold for $500, $400 and $300 each. A bull would cost at least $500, and a heifer $200. At these prices few persons can afford to own animals of undoubted pedigree.

Considerable confusion prevails in reference to the cattle from the Channel Islands. The first attention to the cows of the Island of Jersey appears to have been paid by some British officers, who were stationed with their families on the Island of Alderney. They found the milk yielded by some Jersey cows they had upon the island so rich and good, that they carried some of the animals home with them to England. As the cows were from Alderney, that name was given to them. Subsequently, when a demand was created for this stock, they had to be taken from Jersey, whence they had originally come, but the word Alderney was still retained. Then arose a claim put in on behalf of the Guernsey cattle, which are of an entirely different breed, and to avoid confusion and put matters on a right basis, it was resolved to name the cattle after their real homestead, and we have the Jersey, the Guernsey and the Alderney as distinct races.

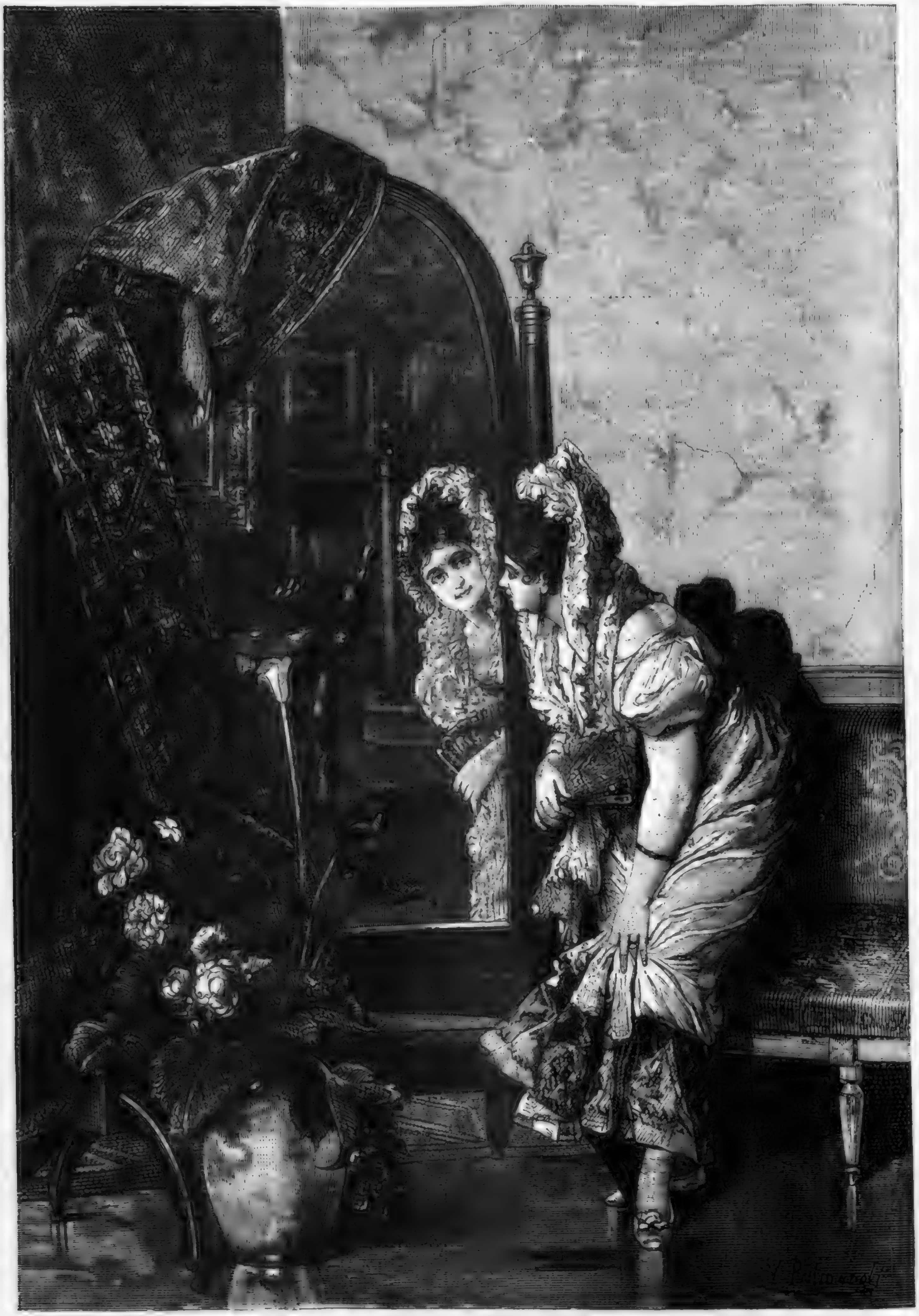
The Alderney cow of America is generally of Jersey origin, but none are now considered of pure blood unless their pedigree is recorded in the Jersey Herd-book, which is kept by a society, of which Colonel George E. Waring, the accomplished writer, is the secretary. The American Jersey Club has established points somewhat different from those given above, founded upon the peculiar conditions surrounding the breeding of stock under different variations of climate, food, and other circumstances. They do not put so much stress on color, and are setting their faces strongly against the arbitrary decision of fashion; and they are likely to carry their point, as they have the intelligence of the country to support them.

Owing to the mild climate of Jersey, the cattle can be kept out of doors the greater part of the year. Grass food is supplemented with parsnips and other roots, and the habit of tethering has an important bearing in the keeping of stock. Some farmers bring up their cattle too tenderly, never allowing them to walk any great distance, but transferring them over long stretches in vans built for the purpose. When they exhibit them at fairs, they do not drive them, but carry them comfortably in vans, while their owners walk. Some of these cattle thus groomed and tenderly cared for are very beautiful objects, and it is not at all surprising that English noblemen like to have them on their lawns as being equally graceful, and at the same time far more useful than deer.

THE CAMEL.

A DROMEDARY is a camel, but a camel is not a dromedary. This I learned to recognize in repeated travels in Egypt and Asia Minor. The dromedary, as its name implies, is a swift animal, and bears the same relation to the camel as the fast trotting-horse does to the cart-horse or pack-horse—these last being strong, heavy and slow. The dromedary is credited with trotting about twenty miles an hour—the torture of such a trot to one unaccustomed to it is fearful. An Arab bearer of dispatches will keep up the pace for hours together. A well-bred, well-trained dromedary—for there are great differences—is valuable. A regular camel or burden-bearer cannot be forced more than some four or five miles an hour. Having ridden these day after day across the desert, I can say the movement caused by the long-swinging sort of walk, though not painful to the rider, causes great fatigue till he learns to accommodate his backbone to the motion of the animal. The Egyptian camel and dromedary have respectively one hump, and a camel judge estimates an animal by the plumpness of this storehouse of fat. I never saw a "Bactrian" or two-humped camel till I was east of the Crimea.

XUM



IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF A FASHIONABLE DENTIST.—FROM THE PAINTING BY PALMAROLI.

XUM

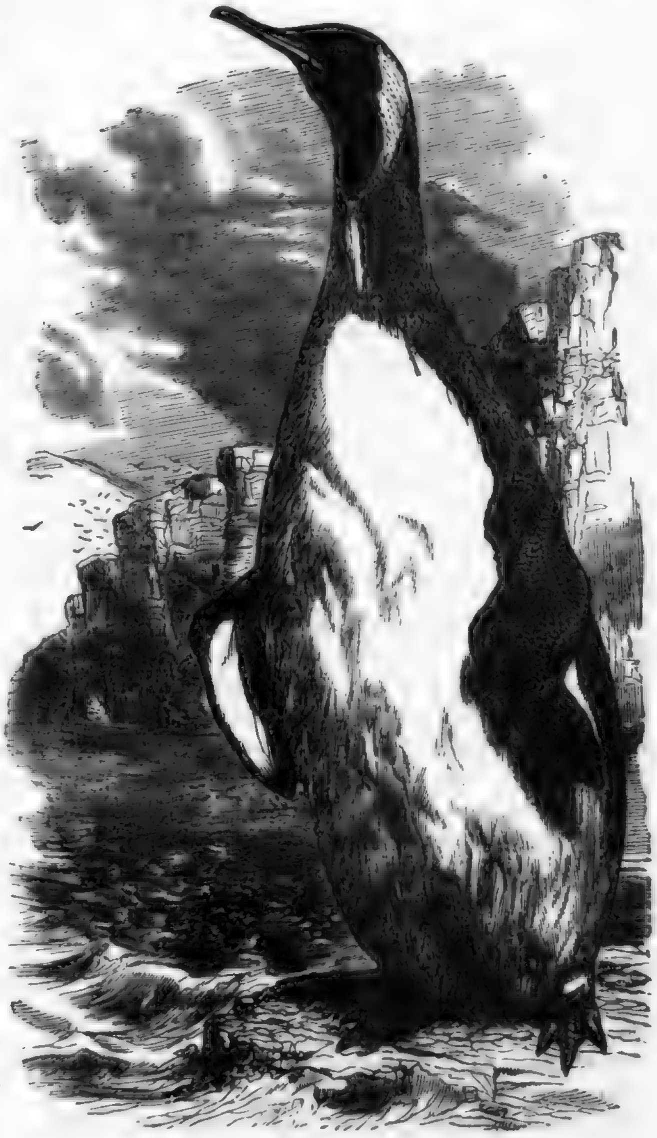
THE KING PENGUIN.

By W. B. Tegetmeier.

The family of the penguins, which includes several distinct genera, comprises unquestionably the most aquatic of all birds. Flight, the usual means of progression of the class to which they belong, is entirely denied them. On land their progress is slow and comparatively awkward, but in the water their movements are rapid and easy to an extreme degree. In swimming and diving their speed surpasses even that of the majority of fishes. They sport and seek their food safely during the heaviest gales, and spring from the water in play with such rapidity, that they cannot be distinguished from leaping-fish, and as they feed their beloved young on the rocky islands of the southern seas, they recall to mind the exquisite lines of Shelley, as—

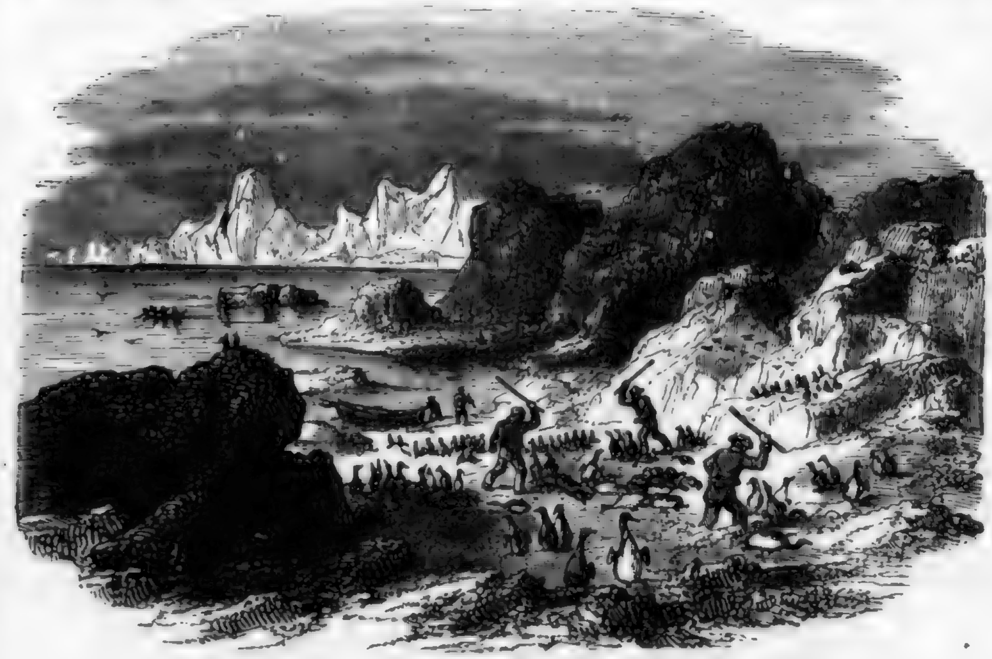
> "Outspeeding the shark
> And the swordfish dark,
> Under the ocean foam;
> And up through the rifts
> Of the rocky cliffs,
> They pass to their Dorian home."

In the water but little is known of their movements, as the opportunities of observing them have necessarily been very limited. On land, however, their movements and mode of life are more open to investigation, and from the singularity alike of their structure and habits, they have attracted much attention from all those naturalists who have visited high latitudes in the southern seas. Thus Mr. G. Bennett describes a colony of one species of these birds as existing at Macquarie Island, in the South Pacific, and covering an extent of thirty or forty acres. Their number was immense, many thousand birds constantly passing to and from the sea. He states: "They are arranged when on shore in as compact and in as regular ranks as a regiment of soldiers. The females hatch the eggs by keeping them between their thighs, and if approached during the time of incubation, move away, carrying the eggs with them. At this time the male goes to sea and collects food for the female, which becomes very fat. After the young is hatched, both parents go to sea and bring home food for it, and it soon becomes so fat as to be scarcely able to walk, the old birds getting very thin. They sit upright on their roosting-places, and walk in the erect position till they arrive at the beach, when they throw themselves on their breasts to encounter the heavy seas met with at the landing-place."



A KING PENGUIN.

Like almost all birds, they are valiant in the defense of their eggs and young. Admiral Fitzroy, who commanded the exploring expedition in the *Beagle*, speaking of the multitude of penguins in the thick, rushy grass "tussock" of the shore of Noir Island, states "they were valiant in self-defense, and ran open-mouthed by dozens at any one who invaded their territory, little knowing how soon a stick would scatter them on the ground. The young were good eating, but the old were dark and tough when cooked. The manner in which they feed their young is curious and amusing. The old bird gets on a little eminence, and makes a great noise between braying and quacking, holding its head up in the air as if it were haranguing the penguinery, while the young one stands close to it, but a little lower; the old bird having continued its clatter for about a minute, puts its head down and opens its mouth widely, into which the young one thrusts its beak,



PENGUIN-HUNTING.

and then appears to suck from the throat of its mother for a minute or two, after which the clatter is repeated, and the young one again feeds, and this continues for about ten minutes."

Darwin describes very graphically the behavior of one of these animals whose retreat to the sea was intercepted by him: "One day, having placed myself between a penguin and the water, I was much amused at watching its habits. It was a brave bird, and till reaching the sea it regularly fought and drove me backward. Nothing less than heavy blows would have stopped him; every inch gained he firmly kept, standing close before me, erect and determined. When thus opposed, he continually rolled his head from side to side in a very odd manner, as if the power of vision lay only in the anterior and basal part of the eye. This bird is commonly called the jackass penguin, from its habit while on shore of throwing its head backward, and making a loud, strange noise very like the braying of an ass. While at sea and undisturbed, its note is very deep and solemn, and is often heard in the nighttime. In diving, its little plumeless wings are used for fins. When at sea and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy any at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

The different species have very different modes of making their nests and incubating. Of one species, the jackass penguin, breeding in the Falkland Islands, situated in fifty-one degrees south latitude, Captain C. C. Abbot writes: "Thousands visit the land in October, to burrow in the soil and deposit their two white eggs in the deep hole that they have excavated." He observes that the habits of these animals are affected by the proximity of man, as at places remote from settlements the holes are comparatively shallow, but near to human habitations they are much deeper, so as to prevent the eggs being taken.

This species is described as walking upright, except when frightened and hard pressed, when it loses its balance, and falls forward, employing its wings as legs in escaping through the tussock, as described by Darwin.

Another species, *Eudyptes papua*, the gentoo penguin, forms regular rookeries, or perhaps they may be more correctly termed penguineries, sometimes situated even miles from the shore, and far removed from salt water. Leading to these are regular paths, along which detachments of twenty or thirty birds may be seen marching at a time. No particular nest is formed, but the eggs laid by each bird are placed as closely together as the animals can stand.

A third species, common in the Falkland Islands, is known as the rock-hopper. It lays during the first week in November, on the cliffy slopes near the fresh-water streams, although, like the gentoo, it is constantly passing to and from the sea. The breeding-places are sometimes of as great an extent as five hundred yards by fifty, the eggs being placed so close together that it is impossible to walk without treading on them.

Amid the multiplicity of nests and eggs, it is almost impossible to imagine how the birds can find their own nests, after having once been driven off. Yet they appear to do this without difficulty, each walking straight back to its own nest, and placing the eggs between its legs with the utmost care, so as to bring them both in contact with a bare space in the centre of the lower part of the body; the male, when not fishing, standing up alongside of the female.

Cormorants are described as breeding close to the penguins, both species associating in harmony. Not so, however, the predaceous skua gull, that watches for an unprotected nest, and destroys the eggs or young, in the absence of the parents.

Having described the habits of these birds, as existing in a state of nature, I am desirous of saying a few words as to their extraordinary structure, and its correlation to their peculiar mode of life.

The entire family of the Spheniscinæ are characterized by their short, fin-like wings, which are covered with dense scale-like feathers. The tail in all the genera is composed of rigid narrow feathers. The tarsi, usually so long and leg-like in birds, is excessively short, the feet flat and webbed, the hind toe being very small, attached to the inner toe, and directed forward.

The skeleton, as may be readily imagined, is most peculiarly formed. The bones composing it are hard, dense and compact. Unlike those of aerial voyagers, they do not contain air, but their cavities are filled with oily marrow. The air-cells, which in ordinary birds surround the different viscera, and so aid in producing the extreme buoyancy required for flight, are small and rudimentary in the penguin.

The bones of the upper extremity are peculiarly adapted to the aquatic habits of the bird. The scapula or blade-bone, narrow in all birds as compared with its size in mammals, is very straight and unusually large at its posterior or lower extremity. The whole of the bones of the fore limb are thin and flat, so as to constitute a thin paddle that can be passed edgeways through the water, as it is brought forward preparatory to making a propelling stroke. Two of the bones of the carpus or wrist are remarkably large.

Of the metacarpal bones, or those corresponding to the palm of the hand in man, two only are developed, supporting respectively the middle and little finger. The thumb-bone, which in most birds is found supporting the little winglet, is entirely wanting.

In the feet the tarsus or portion of the limb usually covered with scales, and generally but incorrectly termed the leg or shank, is excessively short, and is placed on the ground in walking, so that the animal moves with a plantigrade step. The muscles constituting the flesh are peculiar, being excessively firm and of a dark-red color. The pectorals—those on the breast which move the wings—are singularly arranged.

In the greater number of birds, the outer muscle, which pulls down the wing and causes it to strike the air in its flight, is by far the larger, the one underneath, that serves to raise the wing, being much weaker; but in the penguin, where the wing has to be drawn forward through so resisting a medium as water, the muscle raising the paddle or bringing it forward is greatly developed, and extends the entire length of the sternum.

The feathers are very peculiar; but little more than the mere shaft is developed, and this is so flattened, especially on the paddles, as to form a series of overlapping scales, much more closely resembling the covering of a fish than that of a bird. The feathers on the body are bent in the middle of their length, nearly at right angles, so that although the basal portion rises erect from the skin, the terminal ends overlap so as to form a close layer impervious to water. This arrangement, however, is not peculiar to the penguins, but may be found in almost all aquatic birds, the breast feathers of the common duck furnishing a good example.

The feathers of the tail are very peculiar, being stiff and spiny, so as to support the body, and form with the two legs the tripod on which the animal stands when in the erect position.

The bones of the tail, moreover, are strangely modified; in birds in general, the last caudal vertebra is expanded into a share-shaped process, flattened from side to side. This is adapted to the support of the quill feathers used in flight. These are absent in the penguin, consequently the last bone of the tail is expanded; and as another remarkable peculiarity, the absence of the oil gland, or uropygium, may be noticed. It is strange that this gland, which is generally so very large in ducks and other water-birds, should be absent in the most aquatic of all; the explanation most probably is that the scale-like plumage of the penguin does not require oiling to prevent the entrance of water, like the softer plumage of the duck.

As in all diving birds, the internal veins (*venæ cavæ*) of the penguin are immense in size, and serve as reservoirs for the impure venous blood, until the return of the animal to the surface enables it to be purified by breathing.

One more point respecting the structure of these singular animals, and I have done.

In almost every other bird that exists, the pupil of the eye is circular; in the penguin it is an elongated slit, a variation to which their singular mode of looking at an object, noticed by Darwin, is most likely due, and which has probably some direct reference to their subaqueous mode of life.

GLASTONBURY AND ITS THORN.

By William Roberts.

The Somersetshire town of Glastonbury is one of great antiquity. It was called by the ancient Britons ***Avalon***, from the abundance of apple-trees in the district; and by the Saxons *Glastn-a-byrig*, from which its present name is immediately derived.

Within a short distance of, and in a southwest direction from, the site of the present town, is situated a place known from time immemorial as "Weary Hill," and here, it is conjectured, the first society of Christian worshipers established themselves in Britain. St. Patrick, who came over from Ireland in 439, is said to have spent thirty years of his life in the convent then existing at the spot. Previous to this saint's visit, the brethren had lived in miserably furnished huts scattered round about the vicinity of the place of worship; and the primitive form of religion, which, after the death of Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, had fallen into disuse, was again resuscitated with all its former vigor.

In 530, David, Archbishop of Minevia, with seven of his followers, retired to Glastonbury, where they greatly improved the church and form of religion, and moreover enriched the altar with a sapphire of inestimable value.

King Arthur, after the fatal battle with his nephew Mordred, was interred in Glastonbury; his remains are said to have been discovered in the reign of Henry II., who instigated a search, which resulted in a large cross being exhumed from the tomb, bearing an inscription in rude characters something to the effect of "Here lies the famous King Arthur, buried in the Isle of Avalon." Beneath was discovered a coffin-like excavation in the solid rock containing the bones of a human body, which was supposed to be that of King Arthur. These bones were deposited in the church and covered with a sumptuous monument.

In 708 Ina, King of the Saxons, in a sudden and spasmodic fit of zeal, greatly improved the convent, but it was left to Dunstan to execute alterations and improvements of any magnitude. He caused the abbey to be enlarged, and had it furnished in a state of unrivaled magnificence and splendor, to such an extent, indeed, that in a short time it became "the pride of England, and the glory of Christendom," as an old chronicler states. This was soon after the year 942.

Edgar, who had a palace within two miles of the town, and in a romantic situation still called "Edgarley,"—now a hamlet in the Parish of St. John—endowed the abbey with several estates, and invested the monks with extensive privileges. The abbots lived *en prince;* the revenue having been, so far as we can ascertain, quite £40,000. This large sum of money, in common with the revenues of other abbeys, was appropriated by William I. From various causes, partly through internal ruptions and external cival wars and strife, these magnificent buildings rapidly degenerated into ruins, and nothing was present in 1797 to demonstrate a former glory, except the abbot's kitchen—which was pretty entire.

Having briefly sketched the history of the ancient town of Glastonbury, it now remains for us to mention a shrub narrowly associated with the legendary lore of this place; it is the Glastonbury thorn, a variety of *Cratægus oxyacantha.* Its origin is obscure, and even that highly repected individual, "the oldest inhabitant," is not, as is usually the case, very dogmatic on the point. There are, however, three theories in connection with the history of this shrub. According to some, it originated with Joseph of Arimathea, who is reputed to have visited England, and, having struck his staff into the ground, the celebrated thorn of Glastonbury grew from it. It is also alleged that this same shrub was planted by St. Peter from a staff formed from the Jerusalem plant, whence the "crown of thorns" was made. The third version is that it was planted originally by St. Patrick; and if we are compelled to accept at least one of these theories, let it be the last, by all means.

On Christmas Eve, 1753, a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn at Glastonbury, expecting it to flower then; but they were disappointed. It is recorded, however, that they watched it again on the 5th of January—the old Christmas Day—*when it burst forth flower* as usual. The cause of its blooming at Christmas is accounted for by the fact that the owner of the original tree—whoever he may have been—fixed the staff into the ground on a Christmas Day, when it immediately rooted, put forth leaves, and the next day was covered with milk-white blossoms. It continued, so we are told, to bloom every Christmas Day for a series of years with great regularity. *O tempora!*

At Quainton, in Bucks, we have it authentically recorded that above ten thousand persons on one occasion went with lanterns and candles to view a thorn in that neighborhood, which was remembered to have been a slip from that at Glastonbury.

Another presumably miraculous wonder inflicted on the credulity of the Glastonbury folks in former days was a walnut-tree, which was said never to expand its leaves before the 11th of June—the feast of St. Barnabas—but this long ago ceased to exist.

Equally absurd is a variety of legendary tales which have become interwoven with the history of this place; particularly that in connection with some chalybeate springs. These were numerously attended formerly by invalids from all parts, ostensibly for the purpose of participating in their reputed curative qualities.

Again, adverting to the thorn, its season of flowering,

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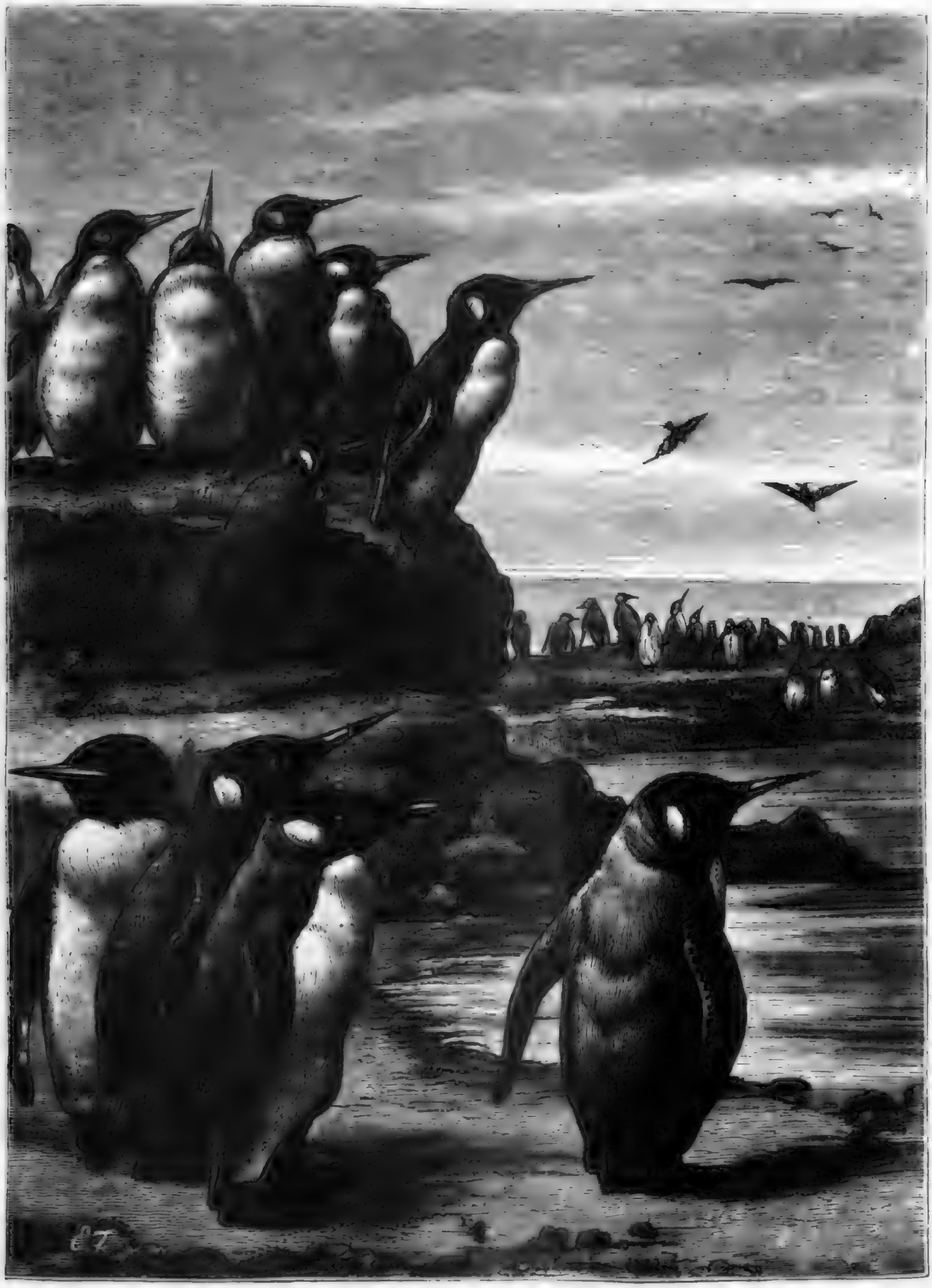
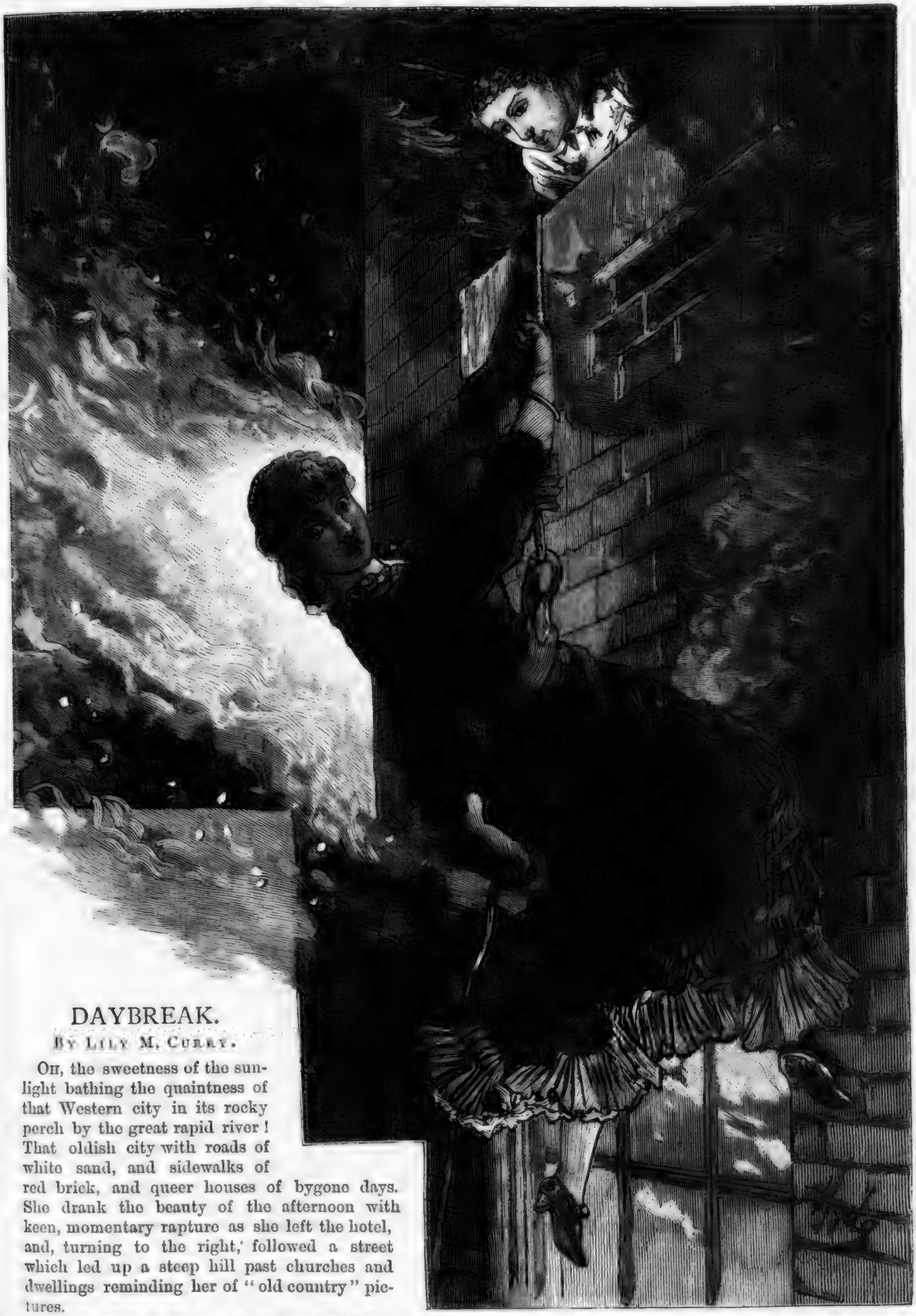
and the regularity of same, is passing strange. We have had it in flower in the sunny clime of Cornwall repeatedly at, or near, but rarely before, Christmas. We have come to the conclusion, after a patient research, and sifting the exceedingly few facts known, that its pedigree is not nearly so extensive as is popularly supposed.



A GROUP OF PENGUINS.—SEE PAGE 269.

GREAT MEN often obtain their ends by means beyond the grasp of vulgar intellect, and even by methods diametrically opposite to those which the multitude would pursue. But to effect this bespeaks as profound a knowledge of mind as that philosopher evinced of matter who first produced ice by the agency of heat.

IRISH PEARLS.—In the muddy banks of the tidal river Blackwater, Waterford, buried to the depth of some inches, is found a shellfish, commonly known as the sugar-loom, and which are used as bait for fishing. In some of these shells have been lately found a number of pearls, the finders of which looked upon them as of no value, the shellfish being only looked for as bait. A few days ago a gentleman encountered a young lad who had several of these pearls in his pocket, and one of these having been sent to an expert, has been valued at £5, and there is no doubt but that a large number of pearls of great value are lying covered in the mud of the river.



DAYBREAK.—"THE GIRL WENT FAINTING OVER THE WINDOW-SILL, AND DOWN INTO THE GREAT SPACE, WHILE ALICE GRADUALLY LET OUT THE ROPE."

DAYBREAK.

By Lily M. Curry.

Oh, the sweetness of the sunlight bathing the quaintness of that Western city in its rocky perch by the great rapid river! That oldish city with roads of white sand, and sidewalks of red brick, and queer houses of bygone days. She drank the beauty of the afternoon with keen, momentary rapture as she left the hotel, and, turning to the right, followed a street which led up a steep hill past churches and dwellings reminding her of "old country" pictures.

In her upward progress she loitered a little, glancing down through cross-streets, at the river, spanned by the great bridge, which

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extended on high supports, far ashore, past the hotel and into the city.

But presently she went on, with less hesitation, climbing at length to the very summit, where she paused to examine the terraced surroundings, and to take breath in the absolute quiet of the upper avenue.

It was not at all strange that she was here. Nothing was strange to her now. A year before it might have seemed incredible that she could merge her identity into that of a common herd—an opera company—and so travel for weeks about the country. To-day it mattered little, oh, so little! whither she went, or what she did.

And this, a combination, half-amateur, half-professional, was—so the other girls told her—was far better than the average. It was true that they made a great many "one night stands," jumping a hundred miles from town to town, and often proceeding after the performance direct to the train, to snatch what rest they could, doubled up in the car-seats, and jolted into humility; but they were not lodged at third-class hotels like the choruses of other companies, or fined for tardiness at rehearsals, or maltreated in any grave particular. They were—even to the orchestra-men—quite as well provided for as the principals themselves.

But every time she thought of herself as a chorus-singer with a stage-name, she laughed outright and harshly. She, Alice Bostwick, born to luxury and its utter unconsciousness of the world's way—she, who, eighteen months before, had first come face to face with necessity.

If this troupe were better than the average, Heaven pity the average, she said; for here was a strange enough commingling of talent and obtusity, sparkle and gush, innocence and brutality.

For innocence she had in mind her roommate, a fair-faced little maid, with glossy chestnut curls—the silvery-voiced *ingénu* of the flock.

The sun was gloating on the western hill-tops as she arose and returned, moving languidly, and feeling no need for haste, since the theatre adjoined the hotel.

By chance they had been given a small room on the highest floor quite above and apart from the remainder of the company. For this Alice was thankful; oftener they were placed four or five in double-bedded chambers, and many of the girls had rough, unpleasant manners.

At the open window she stood looking out, over lower buildings, upon the dark, strong-passioned river and the wooded hills beyond; when, brushing her curls at the mirror, the little roommate chirruped a complaint.

"We do not get our trunks for three days, Miss Burton. They've been sent ahead—the old story. And did you read the '*Call*'? Train leaves at three-thirty! It's no use going to bed. I sha'n't even undress." Receiving no answer, she questioned more gently, "What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, only tired."

"And thinking of home, aren't you?'

Alice laughed hysterically.

"Home? Oh, no—no, indeed.

"What is there so funny in that?" asked the girl, with an aggrieved tone.

"Nothing," growing sober at once, but speaking unsteadily. "I was thinking of an old friend, who—who had no home. I laughed because I felt bitter. When you are twenty-three, Dora, you may know what it is to feel bitterness, but I hope not."

"Tell me about your friend," said Dora, disregarding her own prospective future. "Did she have trouble?"

"A great deal."

"What sort?"

"Every sort."

"But what, for instance?"

"For instance? Oh, well, an unfortunate marriage, for one thing; that was the beginning. She married a man she didn't love—an oldish man, who grew corpulent," she ended, with a sneer.

"Why did she marry him?"

"Heaven knows."

"Did she die?" asked Dora, with a touch of sentiment.

"Not she. But she ran away one night." Then she added, quickly: "Alone—not with any man."

"Ran away?"—deprecatingly.

"Yes. Why, he was a vile—a perfect beast!"

"Why didn't she get a divorce?"

"Well, she went to a lawyer afterward and asked his advice. He said, 'Did your husband ever strike you before a third party?' She was uncertain. Then he gave his office-desk a hard thump with his fist, and said, 'Cruelty means *that*, and you must have witnesses.' Perhaps he thought she couldn't afford his fee. She was only a poor music-teacher then; she lived all by herself, and worked very hard for a living."

"Poor thing! She ought to have gone to Indiana," said Dora, lightly, and tripped off, leaving Alice alone to the silence and her meditations.

A long while after she heard the 'cello-player, in a lower chamber, playing a sweet, familiar air from "Lucia."

Ah, the wonderful tenderness of that alto melody? She could have hushed her own heart-beats to catch every note. Was there a mist upon her sight?"

She passed her hand wearily over her face—her fair, pathetic face, with dark violet eyes and delicate features, and stray tendrils of golden hair drooping down here and there.

Then, ere leaving the room, she paused, leaning against the door-frame and shading her brow.

"Oh," she cried, with intensity—"oh, for one half-hour of the old times, back in that little parlor; the curtains drawn, the firelight flashing on the wall! Heavens! When I shut my eyes, I see it all—I feel his arms about me."

* * * * * *

At supper she ordered strong coffee and drank it, smiling absently at the childish face and shining curls across the table. The sunset light still twinkled faintly on the further wall of the dark dining-room.

One of the girls, passing out, paused and spoke:

"Going up-stairs, Burton, or into the theatre?"

"We'll go in with you," said the little roommate, answering for Alice, who seemed lost in reverie and willingly allowed them to lead the way.

They crossed the wide office and found a door opening into passages which brought them suddenly upon the very stage. Here, as yet, it was dim and silent.

They went to the "property-trunks" and took their stage-dresses, then, turning, ascended to the stifling atmosphere of the dressing-rooms, whence already proceeded rays of light and sounds of merriment.

But Alice continued to move in listless, unseeing fashion, her thoughts plainly elsewhere until the stage-manager's several cries of "fifteen minutes," and "orchestra in," and "everybody down," had echoed through the "wings," and when the curtain had been rung up, and the maidens had achieved their first and second entrances, and were now in the middle of the third chorus.

It was then that her gaze seemed drawn by some subtle influence slowly, twice or thrice, around the lower horseshoe of the house, and finally fixed in just one spot, halfway down the centre of the parquet.

Was it a human face shining white and still out of the shadows? A face long worshiped, long unseen.

A strange rapture thrilled her through and through, but only for the briefest moment, being followed at once by a chill of helplessness, when she felt as if she must drop the wooden lyre and sink away into utter oblivion.

And still the face shone white out of the shadows, which to her sick fancy seemed goblins whirling in endless mockery. And slowly she came to realize that *he* was sitting there, stern and rigid, watching her every movement.

It seemed an eternity till the curtain fell upon the noisy *finale* of the first act, when she crept away and sat down weakly on the rough staircase leading up to the dressing-rooms—sat there in the shadow till she heard the door leading in from the front door opened and shut.

She trembled. Would he seek to penetrate behind the scenes?

But it was only the orchestra-leader, complaining of heat and calling for ice-water. The players followed him in, and mingled their voices with the idle chatter of the company.

By-and-by the door opened again, and an usher came through, asking for the stage-manager.

Then her heart beat jarringly under the thin stage-dress, for she heard them speak her name; not the name by which she was here known, but her own by marriage.

"No such person in the company," said the stage-manager, sharply. "And if there was, *you* ought to know it's against the rules to receive notes from in front."

She could only catch a portion of the rest—"Should go to the hotel . . . . proper way . . . . no patience with such . . . ."

For a third time the door had opened and shut; the usher had gone. But why, oh why, had he not left the note? Pshaw! she could not have claimed it! And he would be lost to her again, even as he had been for seven long months!

When she went next upon the stage the face had disappeared from the audience. Ay! he was gone! Perhaps, then, he would think himself mistaken and depart, leaving her to the dreary monotony of the life she had chosen—a hard life, too, which, ere long, must wear out. Yes, she would die at last, and be forgotten—even by him.

Nor would it be perfectly easy to die, knowing that he lived; for now they had this world in common, breathing the same air, drinking the same sunlight, dreaming under the same moon and stars—very little, but something in common.

She thought of this when she had returned to her room, as she packed her tiny satchel and put on her traveling-cap, preparing for the daybreak departure. The little roommate had thrown herself upon the bed, and there slept peacefully.

Alice turned the gas low and looked out upon the river, where the mist was broken by the phantom-like boats, with stars of electric lights.

She was so weary of being weary; she wondered if one could ever forget such things. Perhaps! In the gay glitter of some seaside ballroom, with a thousand lights streaming upon their jewels and their smiling loveliness, in the sway of the slow, sweet waltz, to the harmony of strings and brasses—at this very hour there were women forgetting such things.

"Yes," she said, aloud, "I suppose other women have had similar experiences: guardians who stole and squandered their fortunes, and then forced them into marriages of convenience; husbands who disgusted them; stepdaughters who could have murdered them; lovers who came when it was *too late, too late!* How I have suffered, and——"

She broke off, for the sleeper on the bed stirred, as if awakened by her passionate soliloquy.

After gazing a moment on the childish face, she drew a rocking-chair to the window and kept silent.

The cool air soothed her; her eyelids drooped, she sighed at intervals, and finally dropped off into a troubled sleep.

A troubled sleep, with feverish dreams, in which she was harassed by those whom most she dreaded. And sometimes another face reproached her—*his* face, the face of her handsome lover; and sometimes she heard his voice with all the old passion of that last farewell.

"You have deceived me! I trusted you, and you have deceived me!'

Then a heavy hand fell upon her throat; with a scream she awakened.

What was this? The light was out: she was suffocating! What came pouring in through the transom, thick and black?

Great God! Fire? The hotel afire?

One wild rush to the door, then she was lifting the sleeper.

"Dora! Dora Macy! Quick! Come—be calm; don't tremble, child. Here, help me with the rope. It's the escape; you were laughing at it this noon. No, don't open the door; I've tried it. We'd smother. I had to shut the transom. We must go down by the rope!"

"Oh, Alice!" came the child's cry of terror. "I can't—I can't, it's so high, and I'm dizzy!"

But Alice had uncoiled the rope and was searching for the hook upon which to loop it. She felt desperately along the window-frame, but could not find it.

"It's not there," she said, at last. "Then some other way."

"Oh!" moaned the younger. "Why don't some one come and save us?"

"Why?" bitterly. "They couldn't; we'll save ourselves. You first, Dora," and she adjusted the strap and fastened it closely about her companion. Then she snatched a flask from her pocket. "Drink quick, if you're dizzy."

"What are you going to do, Alice?"—with chattering teeth and trembling limbs.

"Let you down and follow after."

"It will take so long!"—she clung to her desperately; "and there won't be time for you."

"There, there, Dora," she said, evenly, "don't—don't make me nervous. Keep your eyes shut and cling to the rope."

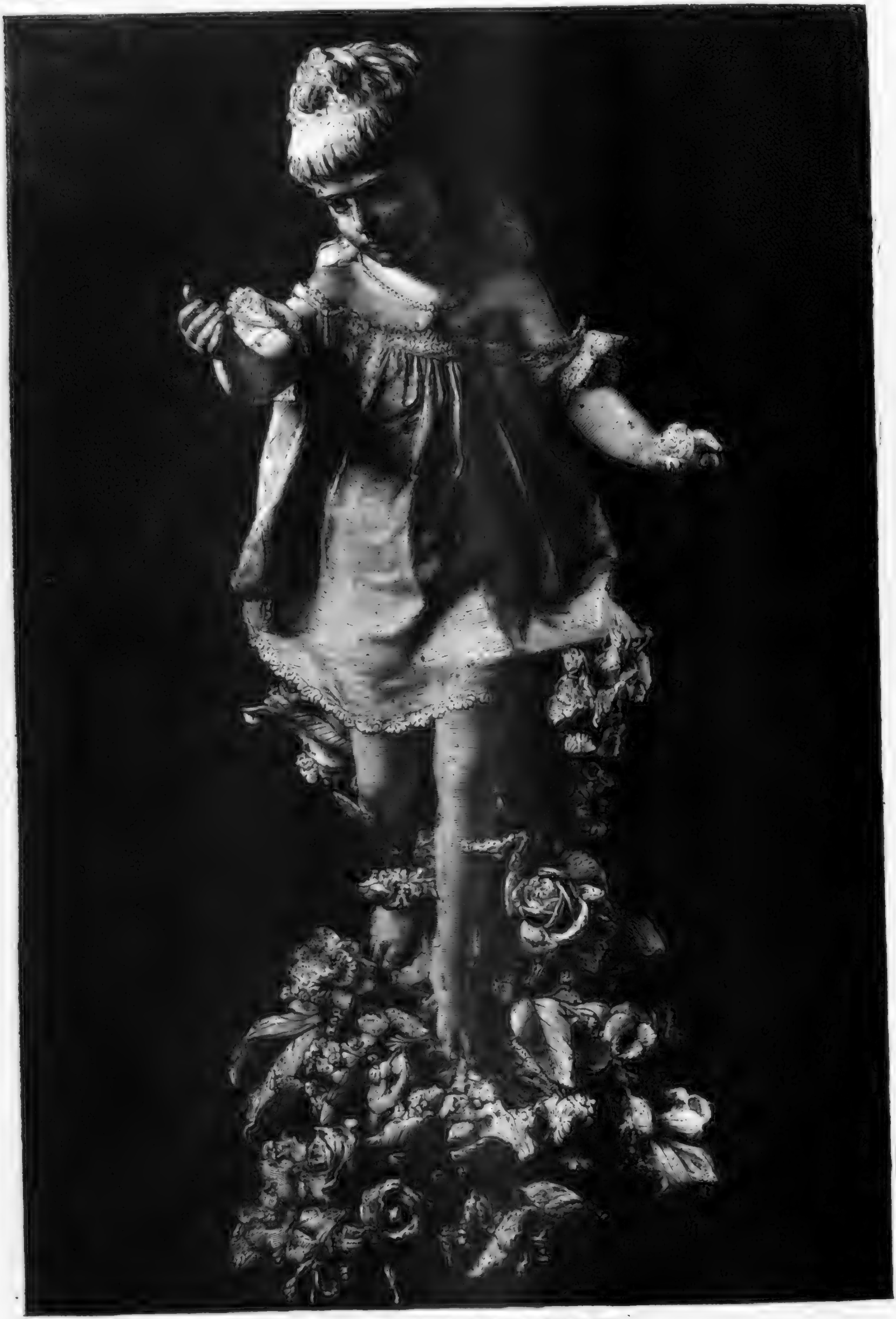
She had passed the other end around the furniture, and so held it securely.

"When you are down untie it quickly, so I can come. Don't fear."

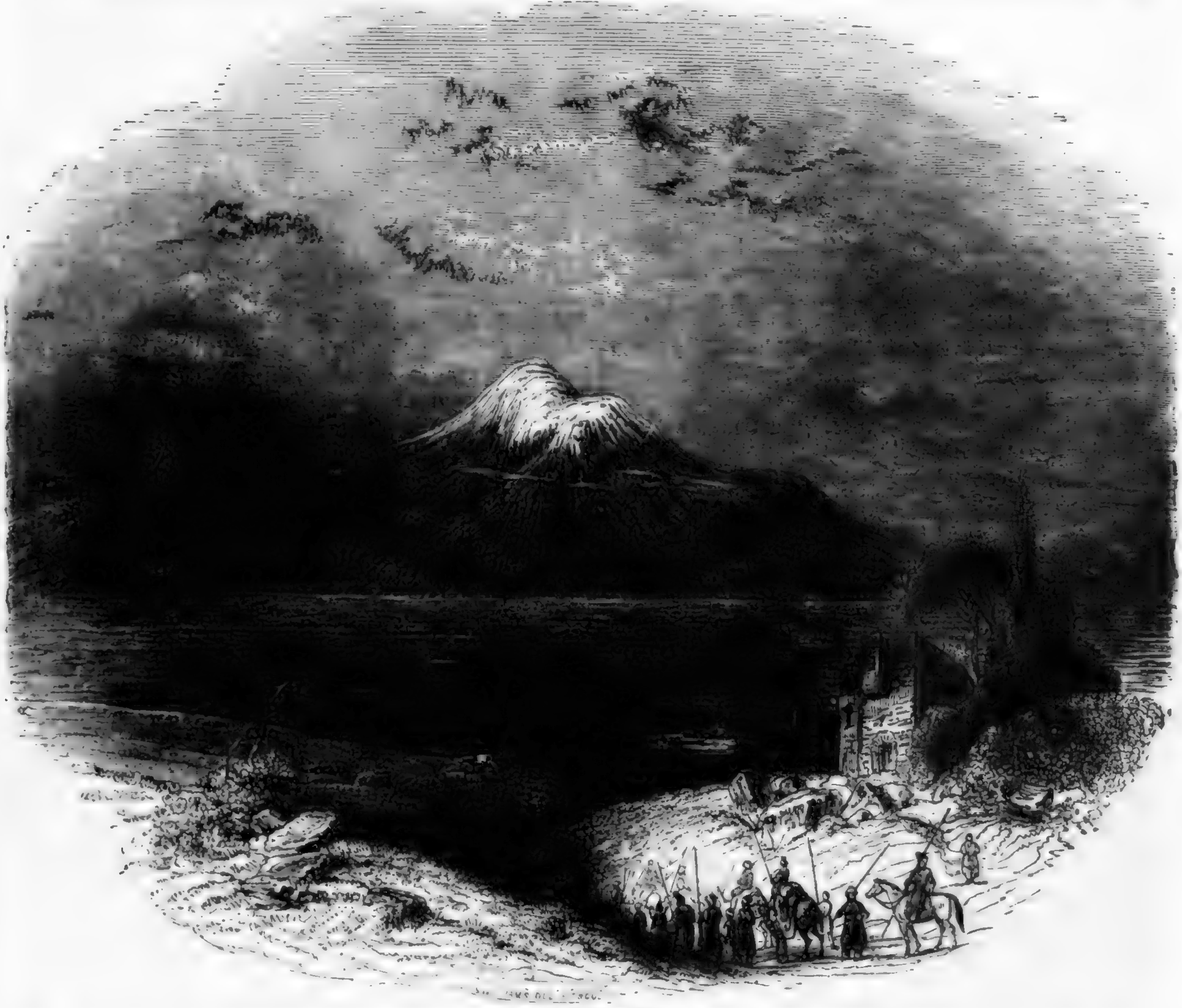
The child went fainting over the window-sill, and down into the great space, while Alice gradually let out the rope, into moments perilous to herself.

She had let it all out; it slackened. Was Dora safe? She looked over the sill. The crowd and excitement, the tardily-arrived engines were around the corner on the main street. Below two or three lifted the limp form of the little roommate and carried her away.

Alice staggered back; she was giddy with noises in her



STATUE OF A CHILD IN THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.



MOUNT ARARAT.

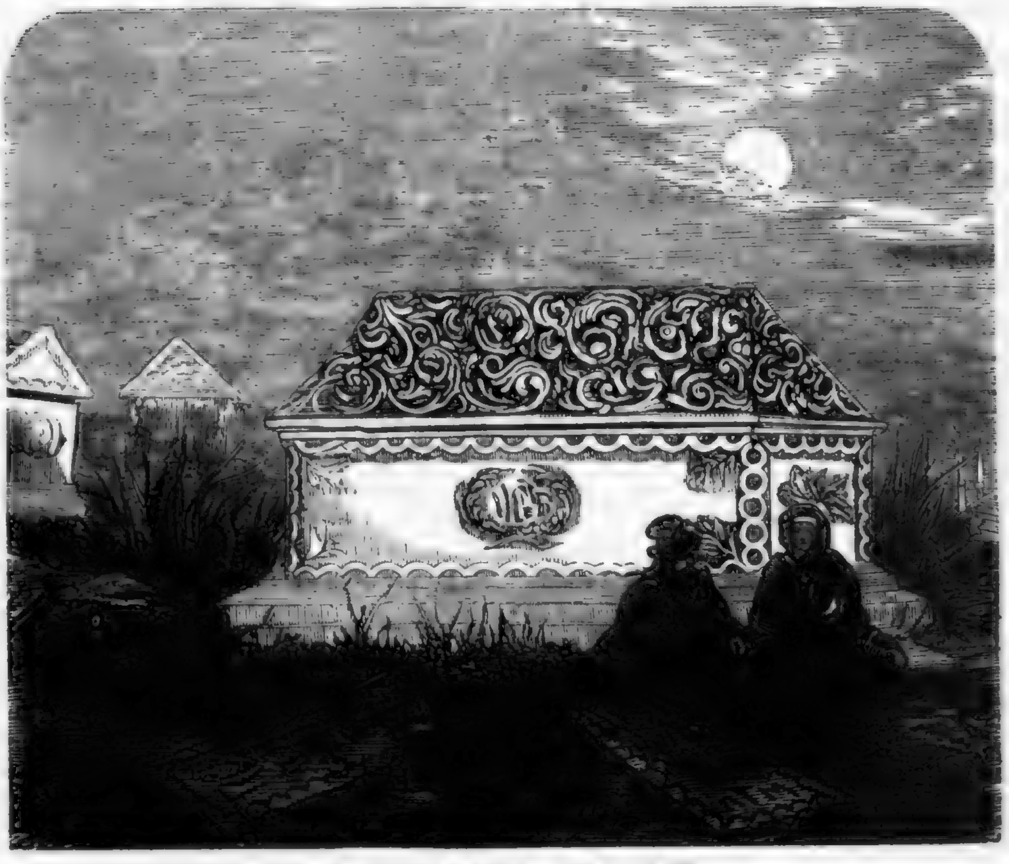
ears, false lights before her eyes. She could not go down so; then her hands, nerveless after the considerable strain, unclosed, letting go of the rope, which, with baffling swiftness, slipped suddenly over the sill and dropped to the earth, fifty feet below! Out of her reach for ever!

Lost! Ay, she was lost. It was too late to tear up the bedding; she was too weak. There was no one below to scale that blank wall—if even they knew of her presence there.

What then? Must she die like a coward?

No, she would try the hall. Perhaps it was not all aflame; to the right—the other side of the house—the rear.

She wrung a handkerchief out of the water in the pitcher, and threw it across her face, then



AN ARMENIAN TOMB.—SEE PAGE 279.

caught up her satchel—*his* picture was in it. She opened the door and plunged into the heat and smoke. The flames, approaching from the left, drove her as she had expected. She rushed blindly onward down the main hall and into a smaller passage.

She remembered, as she ran, having seen a rear staircase at one time during the day, when she had taken a wrong turn from her room. It was her only hope, and she groped for it desperately.

Ah, thank Heaven! she found it at last!

A closed, winding stairway, very narrow, used by the servants, perhaps. The fire was not here yet, but the smoke was terrible.

On and on, down! She could not tell how many flights, when suddenly the steps ceased, and she fell upon her knees in utter darkness, groping for an exit.

"Ah, where am I?" she gasped. "Is there no door or window? I shall die here!"

Then despair seemed to have reached its limits. She felt a strange placidity. Life was little after all—very little! Death *might* be sweet!

Yet, what if memory were mightier than death? What if she be doomed to live over and over the past six years all through eternity?

There was one memory she would gladly hug to her heart and go down to the grave. If only she could eliminate it from the rest! A six months' space of sweetness cleft from six years of misery!

The memory of *his* love! Ah, though he love her no more, he *loved* her. Ay! by the holiest things on earth or in heaven she would swear it. By all the hours in which they had sat side-by-side in tenderest communion—the hours when hers had been the sin, in that she had not told him her history, but from day to day had delayed it, feeling so sweetly content in his love.

So sweetly content through all those days of toil and self-denial! So thankful that her husband had not pursued her. Ah, why had it happened so that afternoon, when she had gone out leaving the door unlatched? Why had her lover entered, and finding her absent, hidden playfully behind a tall screen? Why had she, returning, encountered upon the very threshold some one seeking her—some one whom she had not seen for a year, at whose very voice she trembled and grew sick? Why had he entered her room to heap reproaches upon her, to sneer, and to accuse her of the worst?

Only when he had gone away it was that a face rose, white and reproachful, from behind the screen.

Stanhope, her lover! And he had heard it all, heard that she was a wife, a runaway—heard her husband's accusations and her faint denials.

"Alice! You have slain me! You have deceived me—and I trusted you!"

Only that cry of agony ere he had gone away for ever! Oh, same white face, gleaming out of the shadows of the theatre so short a time since! Dear face! she prayed Heaven to bless it, and him who had been so dear!

She was stronger now from the momentary rest, and better realized her surroundings. She rose and groped less frantically. Ah! something moved. She pressed with all her might. It was a door, unlatched, for it gave way, and losing her balance, she pitched forward down another flight of steps into a small basement passage.

Thoroughly shocked but unhurt, seemingly, she arose and swung herself up to a high half-window.

A moment later she was outside and hurrying away from under the falling cinders.

No one seemed to notice her: the chief interest was centred in the further part of the building. The glare in the sky gave her no emotion. She fled along an alley and out across a railroad track.

Far off, above the woods beyond the river, a pale-green light split the dark clouds.

It was daybreak—and she was free.

She straightened her little traveling-cap and walked rapidly, whither she knew not. She wanted never again to see the company. She would not rejoin them. The little sum in her purse was sufficient to take her back to the great city.

They might, if they chose, believe that she had perished.

The hotel was doomed. It burnt slowly, being brick and well-built; but the part from which she had come was now a seething mass of flame.

Who would dream of her escape? She would not return to the company, come what might; the bare thought was sickening.

She went on slowly, and found herself in the same street she had followed that afternoon, climbing the same hill in the morning twilight.

Who was there to care?

"Father and mother lie side by side in the churchyard," she said, repeating a line of an old child's story and smiling faintly.

As for Stanhope—dead or living—which would he love her best?

Yes, she could and would evade them all; she would keep out of sight till they had left the town. She staggered—the hill was steep.

Perhaps she could rest a moment, stooping so, and——

* * * * * *

He came down with a mad rush. At his stopping-place in the upper part of the town he had but a few moments before learned of the fire.

He wondered what this was lying motionless in his path, and bent impatiently. He was silent for a moment, then cried out, with a great sob:

"Oh, merciful Father!"

Her lips moved; she faintly whispered his name—"Robert!"

"My Alice—my Alice! Speak to me! You are saved—you are not lost!"

Her face lay upturned on his shoulder, all gray with smoke; but her eyes opened languidly.

"I have been seeking you for weeks," he said, excitedly. "I have good news; I was coming to the hotel in the morning. By-and-by I'll tell you; but first I must take you out of the street."

She staggered to her feet, pushing his hands away.

"No, no!" she cried. "See, I am strong! Is *he* dead?"

There was silence one moment; then he answered, passionately:

"Sweetheart, you are *free*, and I love you!"

She still stood erect, tottering a little.

"Free!" she sobbed. "No, I am yours for ever. Take me!" and swooning, fell heavily back into his arms.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY STUDENTS.

The festivities and amusements of the Italian students were in accordance with the age. Jousts and tournaments were among their favorite pastimes. They were held at fixed times: On the occasion of the election of a rector, on the taking of the highest degree, or laurea, and on the arrival among them of a celebrated professor.

On the feast of St. Caterina the lawyers made merry; on that of St. Romualdo the medical students enjoyed themselves, subscribing money for the occasion. These religious festivals and convivial meetings were numerous, especially in carnival time. There was likewise the "orange feast," when the students drove in carts through the town, pelting every one with fruit. In Bologna the Jews were obliged to contribute one hundred and four lire annually to the jurists and seventy to the artists for their carnival festivities, and at the fall of the first snow the students could collect money from the doctors and citizens, but not until the syndic of the university had been assured that snow really had fallen, for on mild Winters, when disappointed of their toil, students had been known to fetch snow from the neighboring mountains, and palm it off as having just fallen, whereby many innocent people were taken in. The money thus collected went toward a fund for the painting of portraits or for statues of the leading professors.

THE ARMENIANS.

By Oscanyan.

There has recently been quite a novel gathering, which took place at Plymouth Bethel, Hicks Street, Brooklyn. About seventy natives of Armenia had congregated together to hear a lecture delivered by a native, Mr. Antranig Ayvazian, in their own vernacular. The most interesting feature of the assemblage was the presence of some fifteen native ladies, most of whom had just claims to personal endowment. The purport of the discourse was encouragement to immigration to enjoy the blessings which this country afforded. The speaker said there were over six hundred Armenians scattered through the States, and he hoped that this number would multiply and become as numerous as other races. The Americans were a kind-hearted people, and loved all who were industrious and sober; therefore the Armenians were just the people to suit their peculiarities, and would on that account gain their affection and sympathy, and would soon prosper.

The entertainment was enlivened by occasional singing in native dialect and air, which added greatly to the enjoyment. One object of the meeting was to establish a social union of all the Armenians.

The success of this first gathering being deemed quite encouraging, it was proposed to have another meeting three weeks hence in the same locality, so as to afford an opportunity to the rest of the Armenian community, of whom there are about three hundred in New York and Brooklyn, to attend. It was accordingly announced that Dr. Dadirian, recently arrived from Constantinople, will deliver an address on the occasion.

The Armenians are an interesting people. Their history is replete with romantic and heroic incidents, which, not being familiar to our community, we deem of sufficient interest to give a brief sketch of their past and present condition, and the motives of the presence of some of them in our midst.

The Armenians, like other nations, evince their pride in national pedigree, by tracing their origin to Haïg, the grandson of Noah, and they call themselves Haïgs or Haïks even at the present day; consequently they are as ancient a race as the Jews, and have ever remained as a distinct people; and have, even amid all their vicissitudes, preserved their nationality with equal tenacity.

According to traditional record, in the year of the creation of the world, 1757, Jewish chronology, soon after the Flood, and even during the lifetime of Noah, Haïg, or Haïcus, with his sons and daughters, resided in the country of Senaar, in Mesopotamia.

While they lived in those regions, the famous Tower of Babel was erected, and the Babylonian Empire was founded by Belus.

Haïg, unwilling to submit to the authority of Belus, returned, with his family of about three hundred persons, to the Fatherland, the country of Ararat, where he incorporated himself with the earliest settlers in those regions.

But Haïg was not left long in quiet, for Belus, fearing that he would become too powerful a rival, marched against him with his warriors, all clad in iron armor, and supplied with powerful spears and bows and arrows. Yet destiny was about to found a great nation and a vast empire. The small band of Haïg proved victorious, and compelled the aggressors to retreat in confusion, owing to the death of their leader, Belus, by an arrow from the bow of Haïg.

Thus was the first impetus given to this embryo empire.

Victory and the spoils of war inflaming their breasts, the Haïgs went on conquering, until a territory stretching from the Caspian Sea in the east to Cilicia, on the Mediterranean, on the west, and from the borders of Pontus on the north, to the confines of Assyria at the south, formed one vast and powerful Haïgasdan, or Armenia, containing no less than thirty millions of souls, which have, at present, been reduced, under the misrule of the Turkish Government, to less than five millions.

Haïg is represented by the Armenian historians as a man of noble appearance, robust frame and superior intellect. Many of his successors have proved not unworthy descendants of their sire. Indeed, one of the kings of Armenia, Arah by name, surnamed the "Handsome," was so celebrated for his personal appearance as to engage the attention of Semiramis, the Queen of Babylon, who became enamored of him, and, being a widow, desired to marry him. But he, disgusted at her demonstrations of excessive fondness, refused the alliance. The consequence was a declaration of war. She marched with her troops into his dominions, determined to take him by force. But all she obtained was the dead body of the beautiful young Armenian prince, slain on the battlefield. She endeavored to restore it to life by incantations, but in vain.

The beauty of the country and her own romantic associations inspired her to erect a monument on the spot, commemorative of that sad incident, also of her magnificence. She founded the beautiful city of Semiramagerd, now called Van, on the borders of Lake Van. Twelve thousand workmen and six hundred architects were occupied many years in its construction, and after its completion it became her Summer residence.

Following her example, other princes of the realm built other cities and fortified towns throughout the land, such as Armavir, on the River Kur, now called Karz, made famous during the previous war of Turkey with Russia; Artaxata, the present Ardesh, on the Arax, built by King Artaxias at the recommendation of Hannibal, who had taken refuge in Armenia; Dèckranagerd, or Tigranacerta of the classics, the modern Diarbekir, built by Tigranes during the Mithridatic War, situated to the east of the Tigris; and many others of equal renown.

Many of these towns were erected on a scale of great magnificence, and embellished with splendid monuments and statuary, some of which were transported from Greece at great expense and trouble, showing that the Armenians were at an early age prone to civilization more than any other race in the East.

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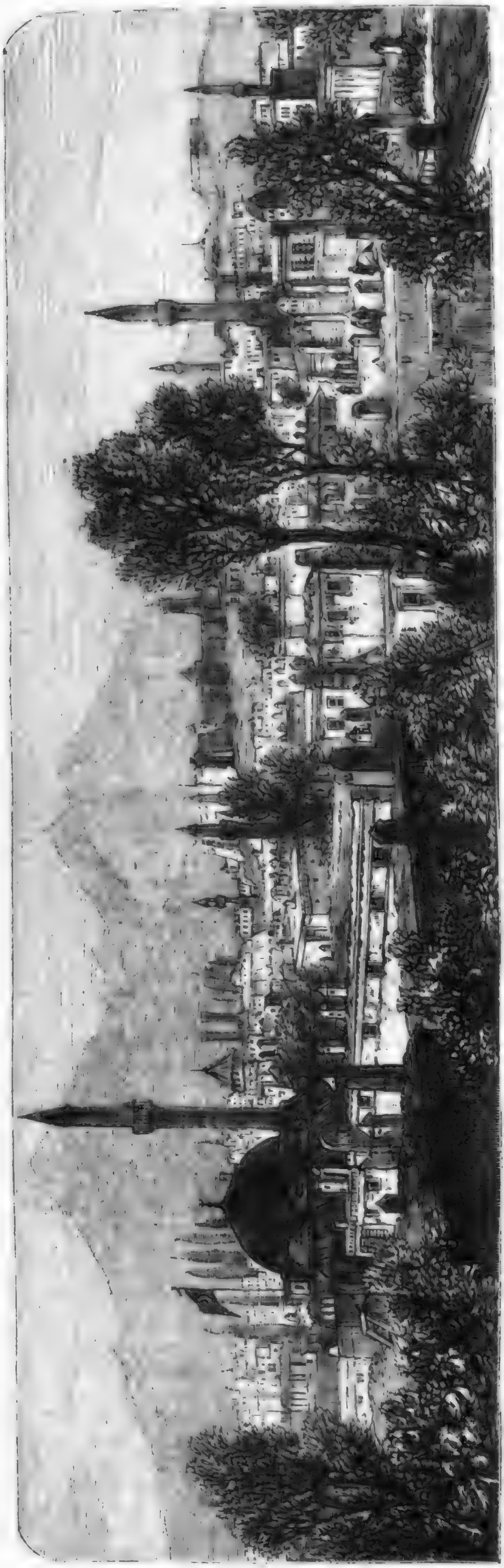
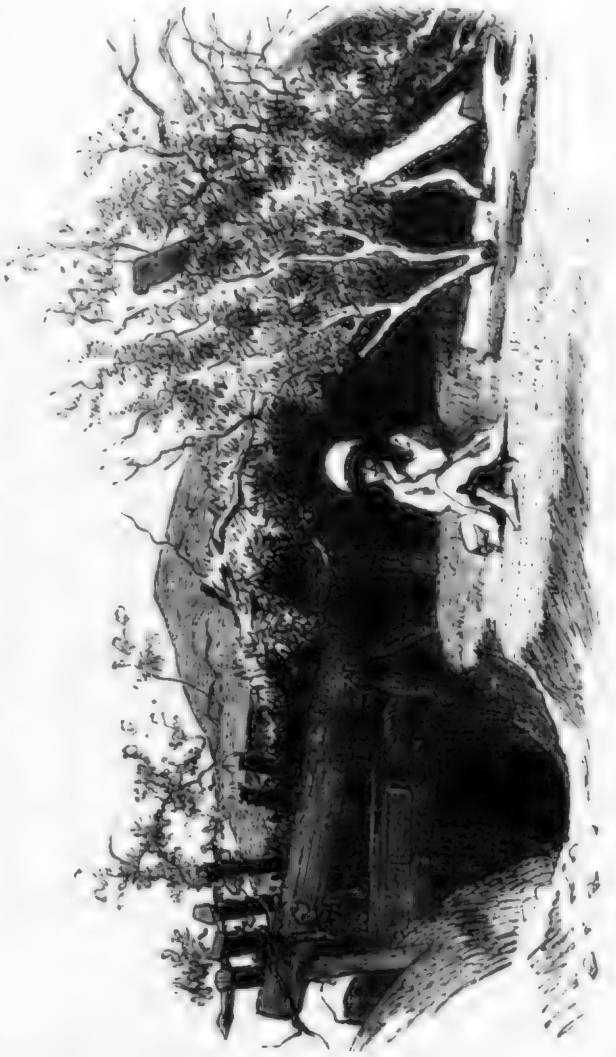


THE CITY OF ERZEROUM, IN ARMENIA.

The name of Armenia was derived from Aram, the sixth successor of Haïg, who became so renowned by his exploits, that from his time the surrounding nations designated the country as Aramia, after his name, which, in course of time, has been corrupted into its modern nomenclature, Armenia.

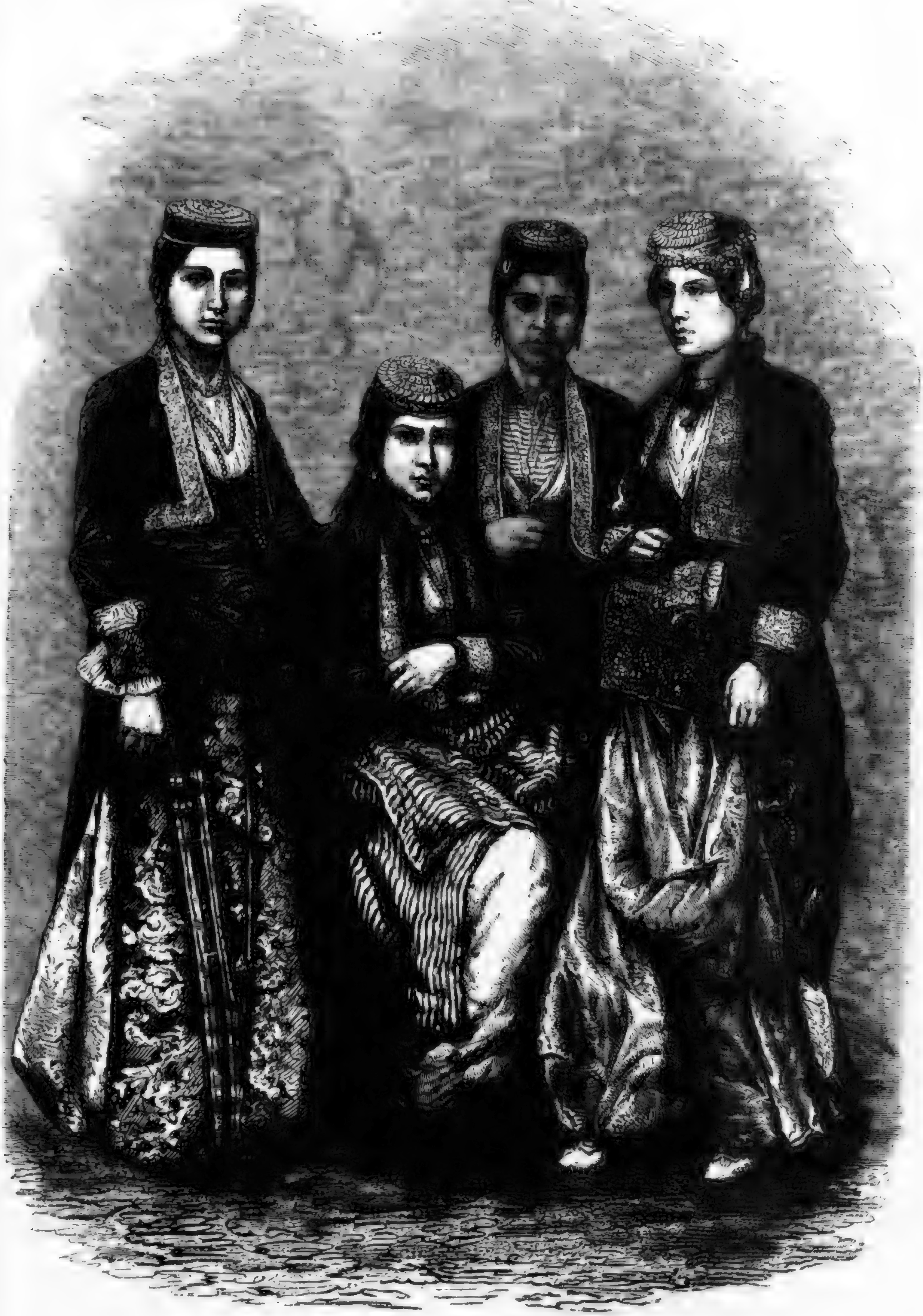
Although Aram thus rendered the country famous, yet the height of its glory was only attained during the reign of Tigranes. To give a current idea of the power and renown of this potentate, we quote the following Greek and Roman authorities.

"It is but a few days' journey from the country of the Cabiri into Armenia," says Lucullus, "where Tigranes, King of kings, is seated, surrounded with that power which has wrested Asia from the Parthians, which carries Grecian colonies into Media, subdues Syria and Palestine, cuts off the Seleucidæ, and carries their wives and daughters into captivity. This prince is nearly allied to Mithridates; he is his son-in-law."



AN ARMENIAN HOUSE IN THE CAUCASUS.

"The Armenian Government was, indeed," observes Plutarch, "an insupportable burden to the Greeks; particularly the king's pride, through a long course of prosperity, was become so enormous, that he thought whatever is great and admirable in the eyes of the world, was not only in his power, but even made for him. For though his prospects at first were small and contemptible, he had subdued many nations, and humbled the Parthian power more than any prince before him. He had colonized Mesopotamia with Greeks, whom he drafted in great numbers out of Cilicia and Cappadocia. He had drawn the Scenite Arabians from their wandering way of life, and placed them nearer to Armenia, that he might avail himself of their mercantile abilities. He had many kings at his court in the capacity of servants, and four in particular as mace-bearers, or footmen, who, whenever he rode on horseback, ran before him in short jerkins; and when he sat to give audience, stood by with their hands clasped together; which last circumstance seems a mark of the lowest slavery,



ARMENIAN LADIES.

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a token that they had not only resigned their liberty, but that they were prepared rather to suffer than to act."

Such were the glories, power and renown of Armenia in ancient times.

Armenia is an inland country, and is an elevated plateau about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, well ribbed with chains of Mountains which inclose vast tracts of undulating, arable and fertile lands, and form what would be termed in the West a series of "parks."

Some of these mountains attain the height of 16,000, or even 17,000, feet from the level of the sea. Ararat, of traditional memory, where the Ark of Noah is said to have rested, is one of them, covered with perpetual snow. These mountains and valleys abound in minerals, and even exude petroleum.

The country is well watered. The Euphrates and the Tigris, with all their numerous tributaries, traverse the land, and in their course present strange and singular phenomena, such as terrific rapids, beautiful waterfalls, splendid cascades, picturesque ravines, majestic defiles, and magnificent scenery, worthy the brush of Bierstadt.

The course of the River Tigris being checked by a part of Mount Taurus, it falls suddenly into a subterranean cavern, called Zoroander, reappearing at the bottom of the mountain to again bury itself, and again reappear at a distance of twenty-five miles.

This vast territory was geographically divided into two sections. The lands lying east of the River Euphrates were called Armenia Major, and those on the west were designated Lesser Armenia, because of their being added to the former by conquests.

Armenia has, like other countries, had its varied vicissitudes.

The inhabitants were brave and of a warlike nature. Their industrious habits, native intelligence, and military prowess, accumulated great wealth, and added to their domain, already too vast. Yet the princes, elated by success and surrounded by trophies, became so despotic and arrogant to all around them, that even the natives could ill brook them. As to the subjugated people, their condition of servitude was made intolerable by the tyranny of the rulers. Accordingly, internal dissension, discontent, and even animosity, became rife in the land. The neighboring nations, who had suffered from their aggressions, were ever on the alert to avenge their wrongs, and the foreign powers, such as the Macedonians and Romans, who were on the lookout for fresh fields of conquest, could not overlook the opportunity to seize this rich land and humiliate this mighty power. Even Tigranes, the renowned and mighty ruler of Armenia, could not cope with them, and the country had finally to succumb to these distinct, and in a measure united, enemies.

As the acme of Armenian glory was reached under the reign of Tigranes, so its downfall may be traced to that time. Ever since its conquest by the Romans, Armenia experienced many and varied vicissitudes—at times tributary, and again independent. Parthians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Persians, Russians and Scythians, or Turks, have by turns contended for mastery. It now is in the hands of the three powers last named, the lion's share being in those of the Turks.

During a long period of strife and victory various dynasties prevailed in Armenia. The last of the Armenian princes was of the line of Ruben, who reigned in Cilicia. It was during their reign that the Crusaders took Jerusalem. This line of princes was extirpated by the Saracens, who poured an immense and devastating army into their country, and after besieging Leo, the last king, for nine months, took him and his family to Cairo, with all the royal treasures. They remained in prison seven years, because they refused to renounce Christianity. By the intervention, however, of King Juan of Spain, they were set at liberty, and received from him many valuable possessions, such as houses and lands.

This king (Leo VI.) even appealed to England and France to assist him in regaining the throne of Armenia, but without any success. He died in Paris, A. D., 1393, and was buried in the Chapel of St. Celestine, and a magnificent monument erected over his grave. His wife Mary, who belonged to the family of Lewis Charles, King of Hungary, died in Jerusalem.

The Armenians next fell into the power of the Turks, and with their last king all their glory vanished, and their history was buried in oblivion; for the sunrise over Mount Ararat, the meridian brightness over the fairest portion of Asia, and the last departing rays shed over the regions of Cilicia, are all merged into the dark pages of history, where but few ever seek to read the tale.

Among her oppressors, none have proved such cruel taskmasters as the Turks. The cruelties which they committed on the inhabitants were savage and horrible in the extreme. Aged men and women were often tied in pairs, and then together cut in halves. Pregnant women were frequently ripped open, and their unborn babes wantonly thrown into the air; infants sucking at the breast were torn from the arms and massacred before the eyes of their distracted mothers; so that human blood flowed in torrents throughout the land. Exactions and spoliations were the order of the day. The poor terror-stricken inhabitants were forced to part with the most beautiful of their daughters, and their churches were desecrated and despoiled.

Imbued with a spirit of fanaticism, the conquerors added to their barbarities a system of religious persecutions. The only alternative left to the poor wretches was to either embrace Islamism or submit to abject servitude and persecutions. Many, of course, yielded to unrelenting circumstances, but the majority, strong in their sense of moral convictions, preferred ignominy to apostasy.

The ancient religion of the Armenians was that of the Magi; but the introduction of Christianity among them was coeval with Christ.

It is said that Abgar, one of their kings, having had occasion to send ambassadors to the Roman general, Marius, in Syria, upon the return of his messengers was apprised of the wonderful and miraculous performances of Christ. Giving a ready credence to the report that this was, indeed, the Son of God, a second embassy was sent to entreat the great Healer of the sick to visit the king, Abgar, who was laboring under a distressing malady.

It is said that the Saviour received this embassy with much satisfaction, and dictated to the Apostle Thomas this remarkable reply: "When I shall rise to My glory I will send you one of My disciples, who shall remove your pains, and give life to you and those around you."

After the ascension of Christ, according to His command, Thaddeus, one of the seventy, was sent to Edessa, then the capital, who, having instructed the king in the new faith, baptized him and the citizens of that metropolis.

The seeds of Christianity were thus early sown in Armenia; still but little progress was made until the appearance of Gregory at Cæsarea, three centuries later, who created such a revival of the faith that he was called the "Illuminator," and his followers Gregorians.

The Armenian resembles the Greek Church in some respects. They are both episcopal in their church government. Both acknowledge the Trinity and the immaculacy of the Holy Virgin, and perform the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, or the Mass, with even more pomp than the Catholics. The Armenians believe the divine and human nature of Christ to be so blended as to form but one, whereas the Greeks declare them to be entirely separate. Therefore the former, in administering the eucharist, use only wine and unleavened bread, and the latter mingle water with the wine and use leaven in the bread. The Armenians, in case of necessity, do not hesitate to partake of the holy sacrament in other Christian churches, whereas the Greeks acknowledge no church ceremonies as canonical but their own, always re-baptizing those who may wish to come under their spiritual jurisdiction.

The Armenians are not, therefore, to be confounded with the Greeks, nor with that sect called *Arminians*, or the followers of Arminius, but as a distinct people, originally inhabiting the country about Mount Ararat, and professing Christianity at an early period.

The Armenians being the first Christian people whom the Turks conquered, had to bear the brunt of Mussulman fanaticism, and became the model of all succeeding conquests.

The Turks, perceiving the advantages which they might derive from this hardy and industrious race, and finding them also strong and enthusiastic in their faith, moderated their religious ardor, and ceased to decimate them. Adopting a more politic course, they opened negotiations with their victims, and willingly compromised by making them tributaries, with the payment of *kharadge*, or poll-tax, as recommended by the Koran. And, with the design of ruling them through religious prejudices, they granted the Armenians the privilege of being governed by one of their own priesthood, to whom they gave the title of *Patrik*, or Patriarch. The Armenians, being now deprived of all civil rights, regarded this Patriarch as the sole bond of national unity.

The Turks, on their part, finding it an easy policy to govern the mass through one individual, allowed great privileges to this office, and the free exercise of the principles of their own religion in its administration.

The power of the Patriarch was so unlimited that he could even levy taxes, punish any person with the bastinado, imprison or send into exile. National enthusiasm and the politic tolerance of their conquerors, in the course of time, led the Patriarchs into the abuse of their privileges. Cloaked though they were under the mantle of religion, their despotism was not always exempt from impunity; for the people, long accustomed to regard the Church apart from temporal authorities, could not brook such conduct in their high priest, and therefore there has always been a strife between them and the priesthood.

Naturally the Government has sometimes sustained the popular will, and at others the rights of the pontiff, as interest or policy required.

Naturally endowed with a brave spirit, of noble and intelligent appearance, great athletic powers—for the porters of Constantinople, who are renowned for the immense weights they carry on their backs, are all Armenians—and with proverbial honesty, which is well attested by the responsible positions they fill—such as watchmen to stores and banking-houses where millions are intrusted to their care—the Armenians constitute the very life of Turkey.

The Turks being long accustomed to rule rather than serve, have relinquished to them all branches of industry. Hence the Armenians are the bankers, the merchants, the mechanics, the producers and traders of all sorts in the land. It has only been their protracted servitude which has reduced them to the timid and cautious temparament that they now possess; but they have always proved themselves invaluable, not only to Turkey, but wherever they may be found.

Some have even distinguished themselves as statesmen of great ability. Had it not been for the good advice and diplomacy of Abro—or, as he is commonly known to Europe, Boghor Bey—Mehemmed Ali could not have secured to his heirs the independence of Egypt.

The actual Prime Minister of Egypt, Nubar Pasha, is a nephew of Boghor Bey.

Malkum-Khan, who induced the Shah to visit Europe, and who is actually Persian Ambassador in England, is an Armenian from Persia.

Kazaz-Artyn was a noted personage among the Armenians of Constantinople, having risen from the lowest rank in life, and finally become the head of the royal mint, a post of great honor, and the friend and factotum of the renowned Sultan Mahmood, who never passed a day without seeing him.

At the end of the war with Russia in Mahmood's time, heavy indemnities were to be paid to Russia, and there was not a single piaster in the Turkish Treasury. The humiliation was great to the Sultan. He shut himself up in the palace and forbade any one to approach him. But, reckless of consequences, Kazaz-Artyn rushed into the imperial presence, and anxiously begged to be informed of the cause of His Majesty's grief.

"The Muscovite giaours are insisting upon their indemnities, and I am told the treasury is empty," was the sullen answer.

"Is that all?" was the nonchalant rejoinder of Kazaz, assuring the Sultan that their every demand should be met, even as early as the next day.

Accordingly Kazaz summoned all the Armenian bankers, and collected from them the necessary funds, which were transmitted to the Russian Embassy in the course of twenty-four hours, to their utter astonishment.

The famous Prince Melikoff, who became not long ago the ruling spirit in Russia, is also an Armenian.

We might mention many others who have thus distinguished themselves.

The cultivation of arts and sciences was of early origin with the Armenians; and during Arasces's reign the city of Armavir was embellished with several pieces of beautiful statuary, which were taken from the Greeks. Three, in particular—of Diana, Hercules and Apollo, well executed, bronze and gilt—were from the hands of the celebrated Cretan artists, Scyllis and Dipœnus. Duin, Ani, Edessa, and other cities, were noted for their architectural beauties; and considering that Armenia is coeval with the Babylonian Empire, there is no reason to doubt that researches into its territories would be as interesting as those of Mossul. Indeed, recent discoveries and excavations made near Van and elsewhere having disclosed splendid relics of antiquity, some of which have found their way to the British Museum, amply attest the fact.

In the fine arts and architecture the Armenians have evinced great aptitude. The works of Ayvazofsky are well known and duly appreciated by the artists of the civilized world; and Balian Brothers have acquired a world-wide celebrity by their construction of that beautiful palace on the Bosphorus, called Tcheraghan.

The Armenian is a distinct and original language. It is more than probable that when Haig repaired with his family to the Fatherland, he and his descendants continued

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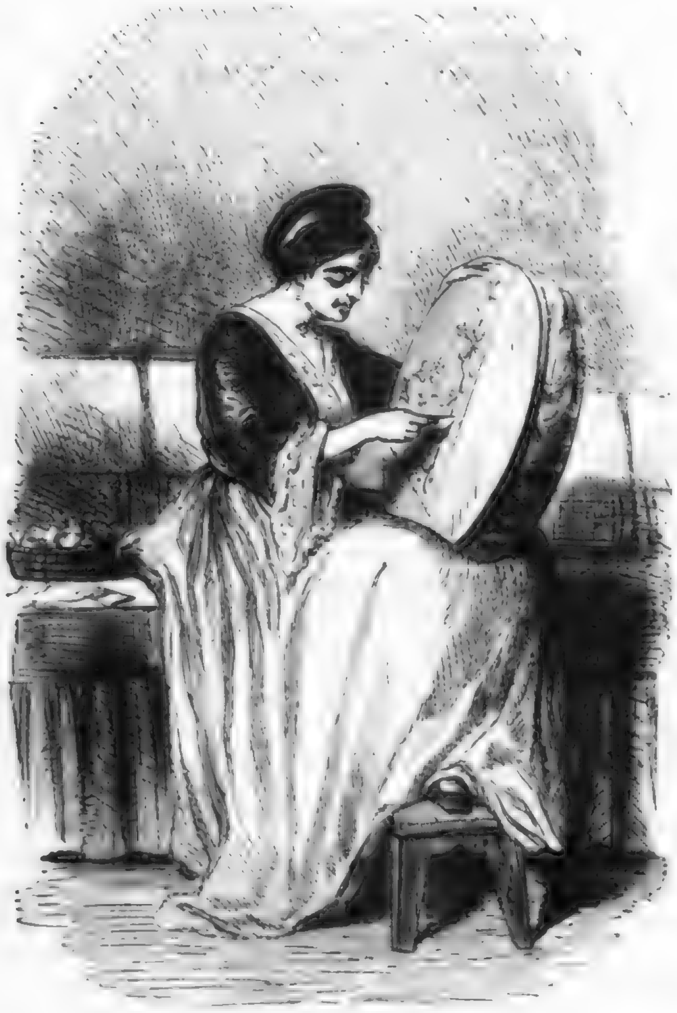
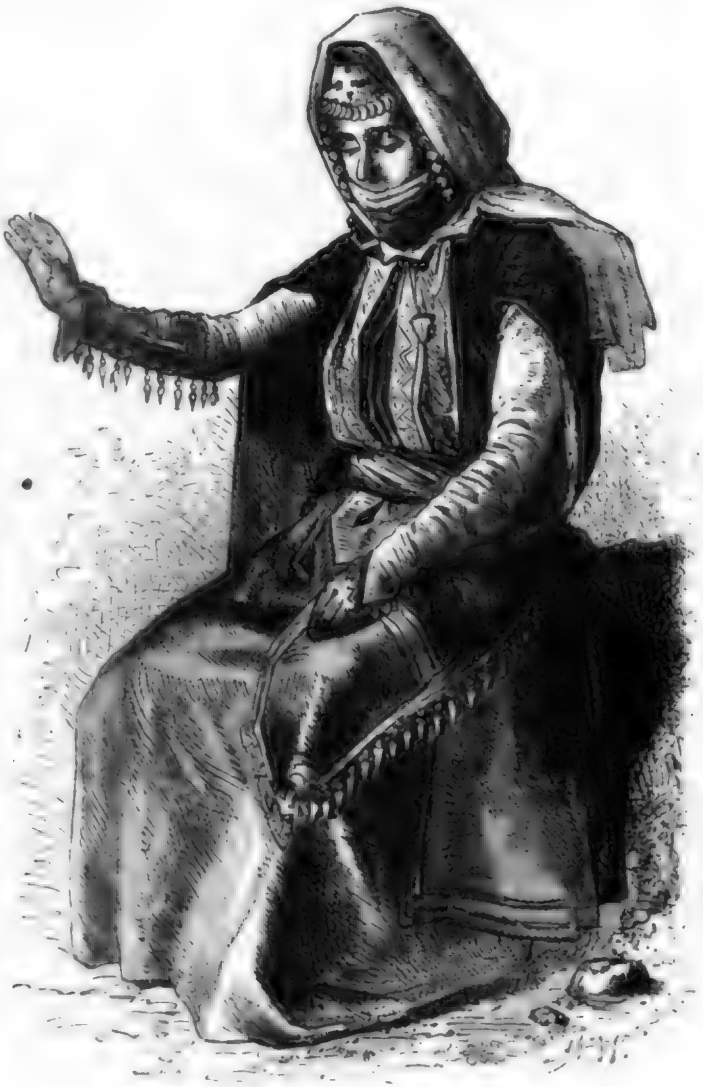
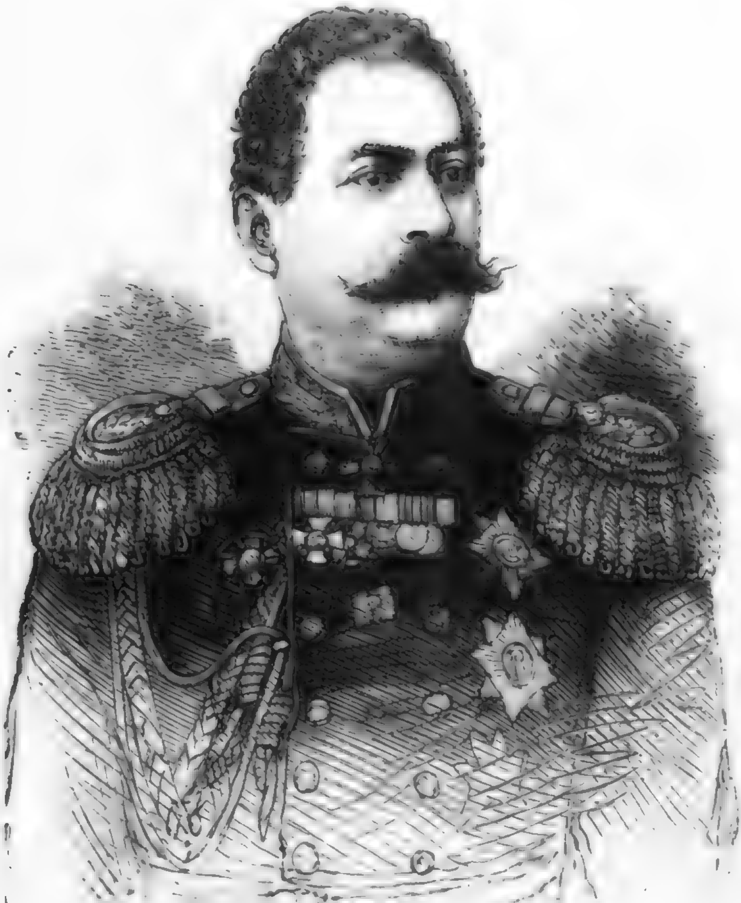


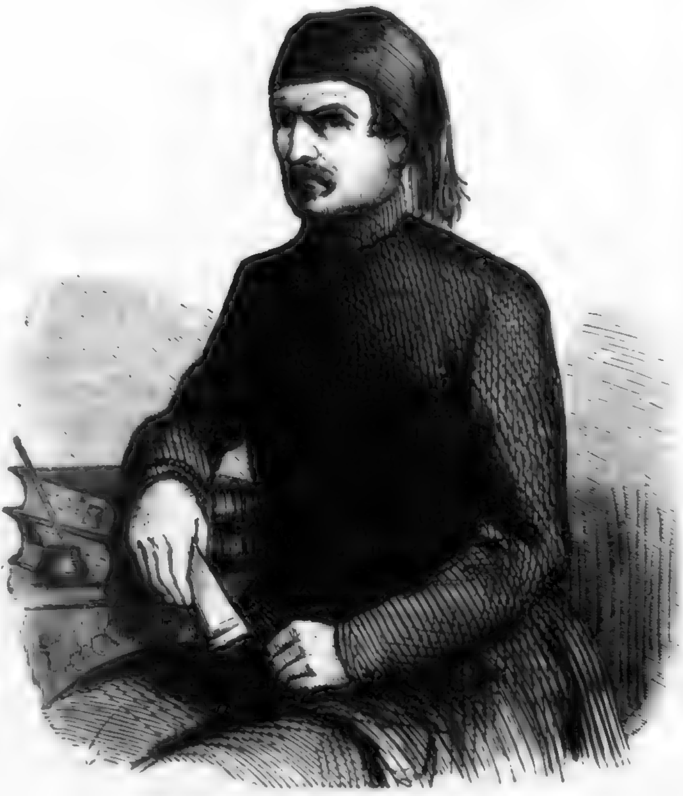
ARMENIAN LADY EMBROIDERING.



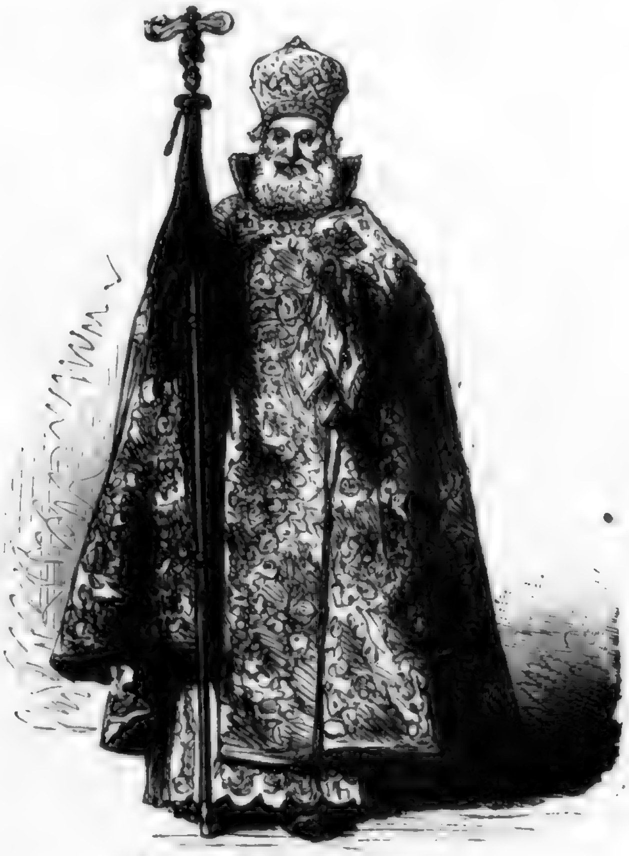
AN ARMENIAN WOMAN OF SCHOUCHA.



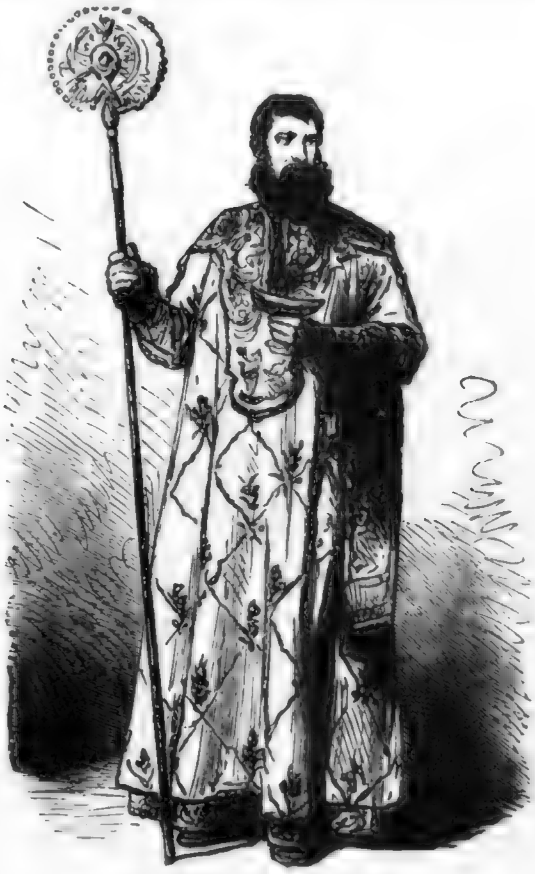
GENERAL MELIKOFF.



AN ARMENIAN BANKER.



AN ARMENIAN VICAR-GENERAL.



AN ARMENIAN SUB-DEACON.

to speak the language of their forefather Noah, and in that case there is no more ancient tongue than the Armenian. Besides, it must be remembered that Biblical history records the confusion of language of those who were in the land of Sennar, whereas the descendants of Haïg, having always remained in the vicinity of Ararat, there is no reason to suppose they ever changed their vernacular.

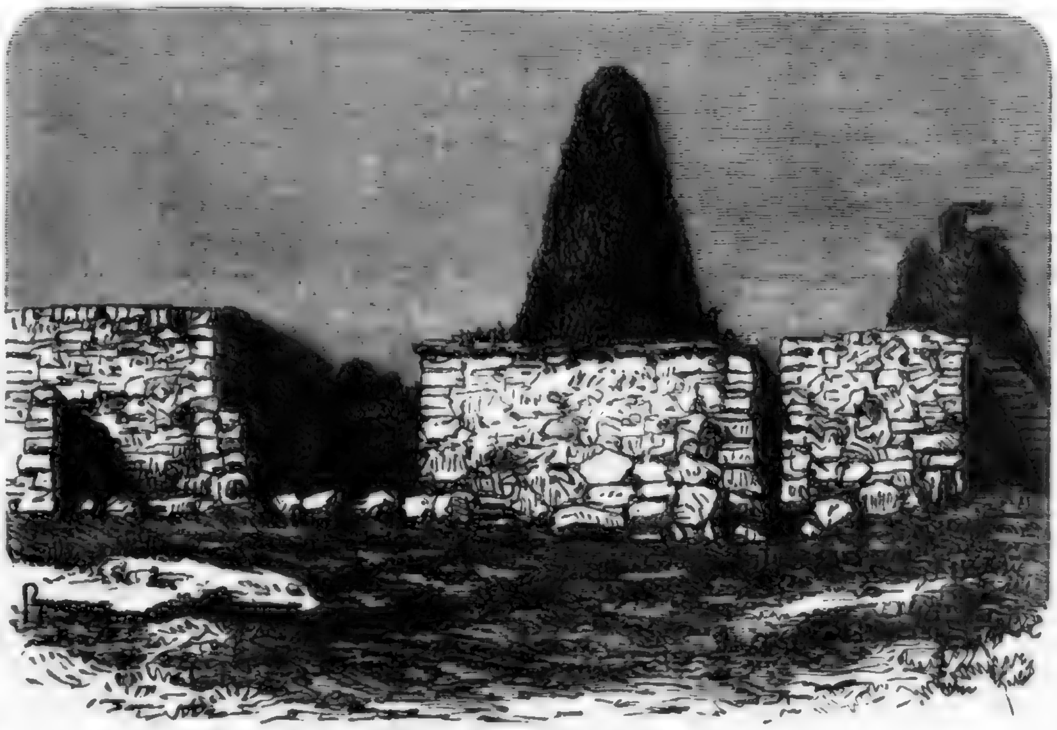
It is true that, by reason of conquests and contact with other people, foreign words crept into the language, but this served only to increase their vocabulary; so that the Armenian language is not only copious, but more complicated than the Latin, to which it bears a strong resemblance, though only in construction.

In their pristine condition, the Armenians having no alphabet of their own, adopted the characters of other nations, viz., the Syriac in religious writings, the Greek in scientific works, and the Persian for statutes of law. But at the commencement of the fifth century, a monk, Mesrop by name, invented the present characters, which have been in use ever since. They are neat in appearance and capable of representing almost any articulate sound, thirty-nine in number, and styled by Lord Byron "a Waterloo of an alphabet."

This alphabet, being of modern origin, is the only one in the Eastern languages which is read and written from left to right, all the rest being the reverse.

There is no doubt they early possessed some literature of their own prior to the invention of their alphabet.

In the reign of Valarsaces, the Parthian, 150 B.C., the archives of Nineveh were searched by Maribas, and made to contribute to the literature of the nation. Even the writings of Eusebius were originally discovered among the Armenians. Many ancient works, generally in MSS. are still extant, and it is reported that the old monasteries in Armenia contain records of history, which, if brought to light, would prove great additions to the annals of very ancient times. They boast of classic authors, to whom Lord



ARMENIAN COUNTRY-HOUSES.

Byron alludes in eulogistic terms, and the works of Moses of Khoren, which have been translated, are highly appreciated by the literati of Europe.

Persecutions and misery having compelled them to neglect education, their language became corrupted, and the people gradually fell into Partingtonian phraseology by the adoption of foreign words indiscriminately, so that the Armenian language has been divided into two distinct classes, the ancient and the modern, or the classic and the popular. Endowed by nature with an active mind and a desire for learning, the Armenians have ever been watchful of any opportunity to improve their condition, morally as well as intellectually.

When the Turkish Government became enfeebled, educational institutions began to spring up and spread among the Armenians, and through this means the modern Armenian dialect has been so improved, as to become quite an acceptable and indeed an elegant language.

The spirit of mental improvement has penetrated even among the Armenian ladies of Constantinople, where a society has been formed called "Haïgoohiatz," for the diffusion of knowledge and the education of the Armenian young ladies, under the presidency of no less a personage than Madame Abro, wife of His Excellency Abro Effendi, one of the principal functionaries of the Turkish Government.

Dr. Hamlin, an ex-missionary of the American Board, perceiving this aspiration of the nation, and imbued with a spirit of philanthropy, erected on the heights midway up the Bosphorus a literary institution known as the Robert College, where many Armenians have received a liberal education.

Emulated by such examples, the Armenian youth seek improvement everywhere, and by any means, and are ever ready for self-improvement. It is this desire that has led many to resort to the United States as the fountain-head of all knowledge, in their estimation.

They are scattered all over the country, and are engaged in various pursuits, such as farming, mechanic arts, carpet-weaving, engraving, etc. Many have graduated as physicians, and are now practicing successfully in Turkey. Quite a number of them have served with zeal and credit in the Union Army, and some have even yielded their lives to the cause.

The idea of printing our banknotes in colors, originally yellow, now green, was the invention of Seropian, an Armenian, and a graduate of Yale.

With a view to form a union among all the Armenians that are here, the recent meeting was effected for the purpose of concerted action in the regeneration of their compatriots, and to show them an opening against Turkish tyranny and persecution.

A NAIL IN HIS HEAD.

JOHN BASILIDE, Czar of Muscovy, a cruel and hard-hearted prince, ordered, according to some historians, a nail to be driven into the head of the ambassador of an Italian prince for having put on his hat in his presence.

However, when Jerome Bowes, ambassador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before the prince, he boldly put his hat on, and left him in the same manner. The Czar asked him whether he were ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received for a like temerity.

"I know it," answered the Englishman: "but I am the ambassador of a queen who has always her head covered, and who never suffers an insult put upon any of her ministers to pass unpunished."

The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, exclaimed, turning toward his courtiers: "This is a brave man who dares act and speak thus for the honor and interest of his sovereign! Which of you would do as much for me?"

SCORESBY'S MISTAKE.

A "NEWSPAPER" STORY.

OUR "funny man" has not been so funny of late. Scoresby made the discovery. Scoresby boils down the locals, writes the patent-medicine puffs, takes charge of the "Spring poetry" basket, to relieve the literary editor, and makes himself miscellaneously useful about the establishment. The *Progressive Daily Fulminator* appreciates Scoresby to the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents a week.

"Something's come over 'Old Dejected.' I can't make him out," said Scoresby to me one afternoon. (We slept mornings and worked afternoons on the *P. D. F.*) "His witticisms are forty per cent. below par—verge on imbecility, some of them."

"Underdone pie-crust," suggested I, dashing off condensed paragraphs of "foreign intelligence" at the rate of a mile a minute, more or less.

"I don't believe even that would make him get off such infantile ventures as these. Just listen."

And Scoresby stopped his pen in the midst of a burning eulogy of "Pain Annihilator for the million," and read aloud the following:

"'Straws show which way the wind blows,' said the man whose new Summer hat sailed off in a gale.

"'I have *dun* with thee for ever!' cried the dead-beat, when his laundress presented her bill for the fifth time.

"'The maiden's *tier*'—The dress-circle at the opera," etc., etc.

"Now," said Scoresby, striking his desk convincingly with a paper-knife, "anybody could get off such drivelings. It's a ghastly fact that O. D. is not up to the mark—clearly not up to the mark. It is another ghastly fact that Jupiter Tonans (a *sub-rosa* epithet for the editor-in-chief), is as 'fussy as blazes.' Put together those two ghastly facts, and you have, presto! a third g. f.—O.D.'s *dismissal!* Sure as fate! Mark my words!"

"Perhaps one of his rich relations died without leaving him anything, or maybe his mother-in-law is making him a visit," said I.

Scoresby laughed.

"I don't believe he ever fulfilled the primal conditions of a mother-in-law. Fancy Old Dejected making up to a young lady in that light! Perfectly preposterous!"

"I suppose we never shall know," I answered, and scratched away for dear life, to make up for lost time.

Of Old Dejected's family history, except that his real name was Jonas Cripps, and that he lived somewhere in the southern part of the city, we knew next to nothing. He was about forty, tall, gaunt and sallow, with an air of seediness about his garments, and of decorously suppressed hunger about his thin cheeks—rarely smiled, and seemed almost frightened if spoken to suddenly. The *P. D. F.* "appreciated" Old Dejected to the amount of nine dollars a week.

Scoresby and I once inveigled him into accepting a dinner at Galapagos & Son's, on some festive occasion—Washington's birthday, I think—but all our well-meant overtures failed to draw him out. On one point he was inflexible, he would not touch wine; and seeing that it was a matter of conviction, we forbore to press it upon him. We really liked the man, though we indulged in harmless chaff concerning him; and when Scoresby hinted at his possible dismissal if his paragraphs didn't improve, we felt a brotherly apprehension.

"Suppose you give him a gentle nudge, Ned. I should be sure to make a mess of it," said Scoresby, polishing his eyeglass with a caressing movement.

He quite prided himself on the article in question, feeling that without it his countenance did not betray the amount of mentality requisite in a "staff" member of so formidable a journal as the *P. D. F.* had proved itself to be.

"All right," said I, briskly arranging my sheets of copy.

* * * * * *

I began that afternoon.

"Fine day, Mr. Cripps," said I, cordially, as we put on our hats to go home for a few hours' rest.

He looked up, startled, a faint flush stealing over his sallow cheek.

"Ye-es," responded he, buttoning his thin, worn overcoat, for there was a slight chill in the Spring air still.

"If you don't object, I'll walk along with you a little way," I continued, sociably. "Of course, though, if it would be disagreeable——"

"No, no; not disagreeable. Oh, no, not at all," he stammered, evidently taken aback by the unwonted proposal, while his long, thin fingers twitched nervously over the final buttons.

"Somebody mends his gloves. Perhaps it's his landlady," thought I, catching sight of several neat darns.

"Driving life we newspaper-men have to lead, eh, Mr. Cripps?"

He nodded silently.

As we walked along he was gazing with a faraway look at the slender marble shafts of the outlying cemetery, which the April sunset was tipping with rose and gold.

I pushed the wedge a little further.

"Tremendous circulation the *P. D. F.* is having just now. A man from a Connecticut town told me last week that fully twenty-five hundred copies are taken there. Beats their local papers all hollow for news and spice."

"Ah, indeed!" was his brief reply.

"Jup—I beg your pardon—Mr. Wilberton will have only the most thorough work in his columns. The public are shrewd. They can tell to a dot when a paper begins to—to—*drag*, as it were, in any department."

I paused and glanced at him furtively. The rose and gold were fading now from the marble shafts, and he turned his head as if suddenly recalled from another world.

"Mr. Cripps," said I, "as a friend and well-wisher, would you mind—would it give offense if I were to propose—for your own good, you know, with Jup—I should say, Mr. Wilberton—that, merely as a timely suggestion, you understand, you make your paragraphs a little more —well, say *sprightly*, for instance!"

He worked his thin, gloved fingers, and a little sigh escaped him.

"Oh—ah—yes, yes. Sprightly, you say. More *sprightly*. Of course. Yes. Thank you."

Could it be a tear that I saw glistening in the hollow, dark eye that turned full upon mine as he pronounced the last two words?

I felt the nameless shadow of some grief that weighed upon Old Dejected's soul—I caught the chill of some viewless wraith, that kept his slow steps company through all the bright groups of humanity that filled the material streets, and struck with ringing steps the solid pavements.

Was it mourning—remorse—the anxiety of poverty—the hopelessness of future drudgery? I forbore to question.

We came just then to a narrow cross-street, presenting a vista of dingy houses suggestive of broken-down, genteel occupants—those who make shift to live from day to day, from month to month, on the scant earnings wrung from weary, treadmill processes of brain—the abiding-places of impecunious literary hacks, starveling teachers, "unappreciated" poets, artists and musicians, lady companions to peevish old women, and the endless ilk.

Crowded out from the ranks of the muscle-workers, pressed back from the high places of the not always deservedly-successful—toiling, toiling for a pittance of bread and the four walls of an obscure chamber—striving for the golden day that never dawns, listening for the gladdening word of release that never falls on the tense, strained ear—God pity them all!

"I—this is where I turn off. You are kind. I thank you again. *Sprightly!* Yes, I will remember. Good-day!" and Old Dejected was gone, while I walked slowly on, pondering on what had seemed so like a tear.

After supper and a few hours' rest, I roused myself at midnight to go back to the "grind."

As I sat in my armchair, drawing on my boots, my glance fell on the funereal figure of a stuffed crow (a gift from a fun-loving relative), which at that moment struck me in a particularly ludicrous light.

The sombre plumage, the drooping head, the dark, gloomy eyes, bore such a ridiculous resemblance to O. D. that I laughed outright.

"Poor old Cripps! Poor old Jonas! Fate forefend him from the thunderbolts of Jupiter Tonans!" said I, as I turned off the gas, locked my door, and hurried down the stairs. And then I thought of the tear!

* * * * * *

Scoresby found out the rest of it.

He was walking along Commerce Street a few days later, when whom should he see just ahead of him, coming out of a florist's, but Old Dejected, *carrying a bouquet!*

Actually a bouquet—mainly of white flowers, with a few delicately-tinted rosebuds and quivering smilax sprays. None of your gaudy "cabbage-roses" and flaunting dahlias, massed in a hideous conglomeration—but an artistic, an irreproachable bouquet!

Scoresby pinched himself to see if he were dreaming.

"He's heading for a mother-in-law, sure as fate! Rich! What wouldn't I give if Ned were here to see it! Oh, Cripps, Cripps! You gay deceiver! You sly old dog! Oh, Jonas!"

Now there was not a man on earth who would more fiercely resent the imputation that he could be guilty of a breach of good manners than T. Billington Scoresby.

He prided himself on descent from a family of English gentry, whom stress of circumstances had compelled to emigrate.

"Blood will tell, Ned," he frequently observed. "Whether in a hovel or a palace, blood *will* tell."

And he kept up little courtesies and amenities which are too often lost sight of in our hurry-scurry of democratic cis-Atlantic life; but we all believe in them just the same. Bless us! Of course we do.

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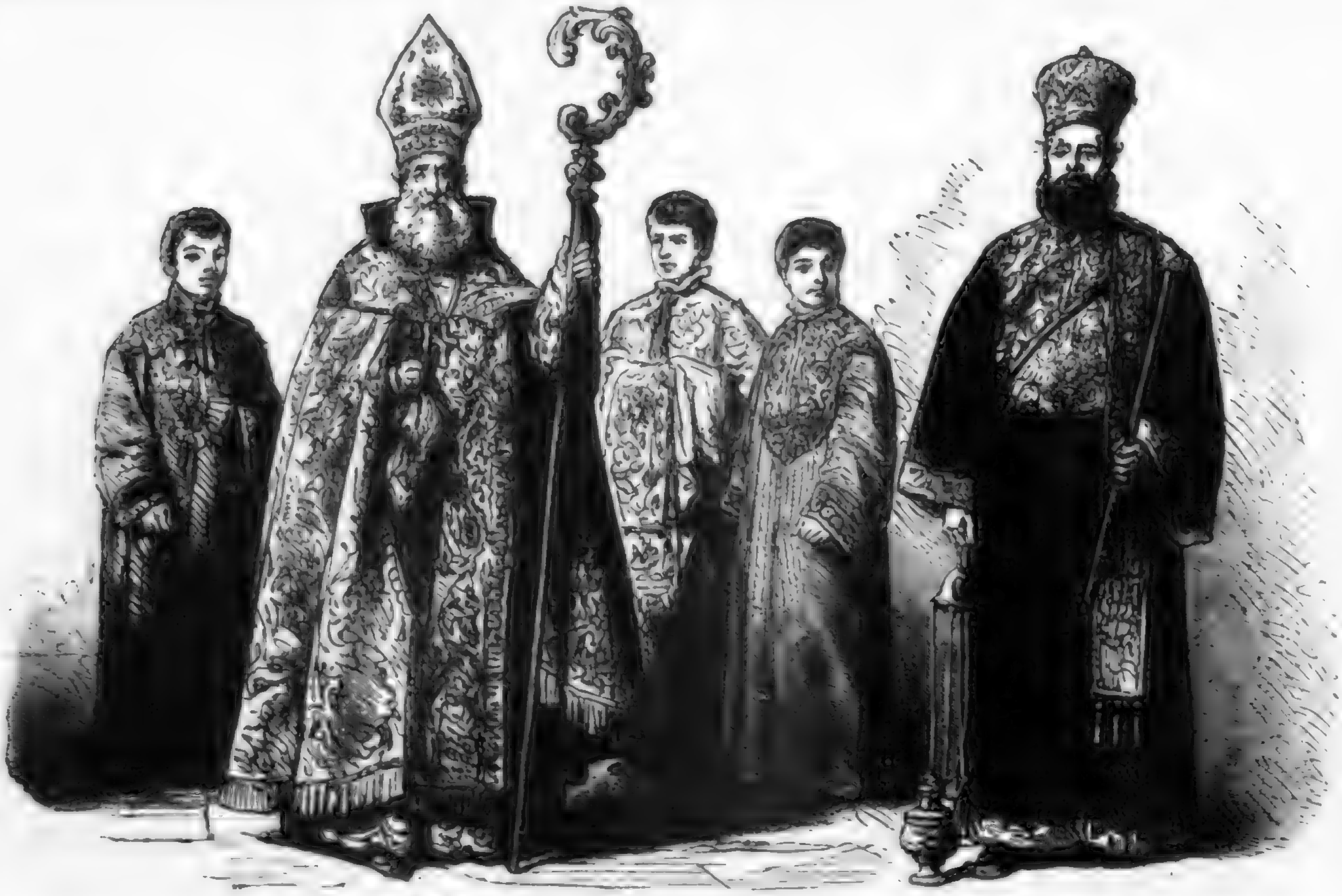


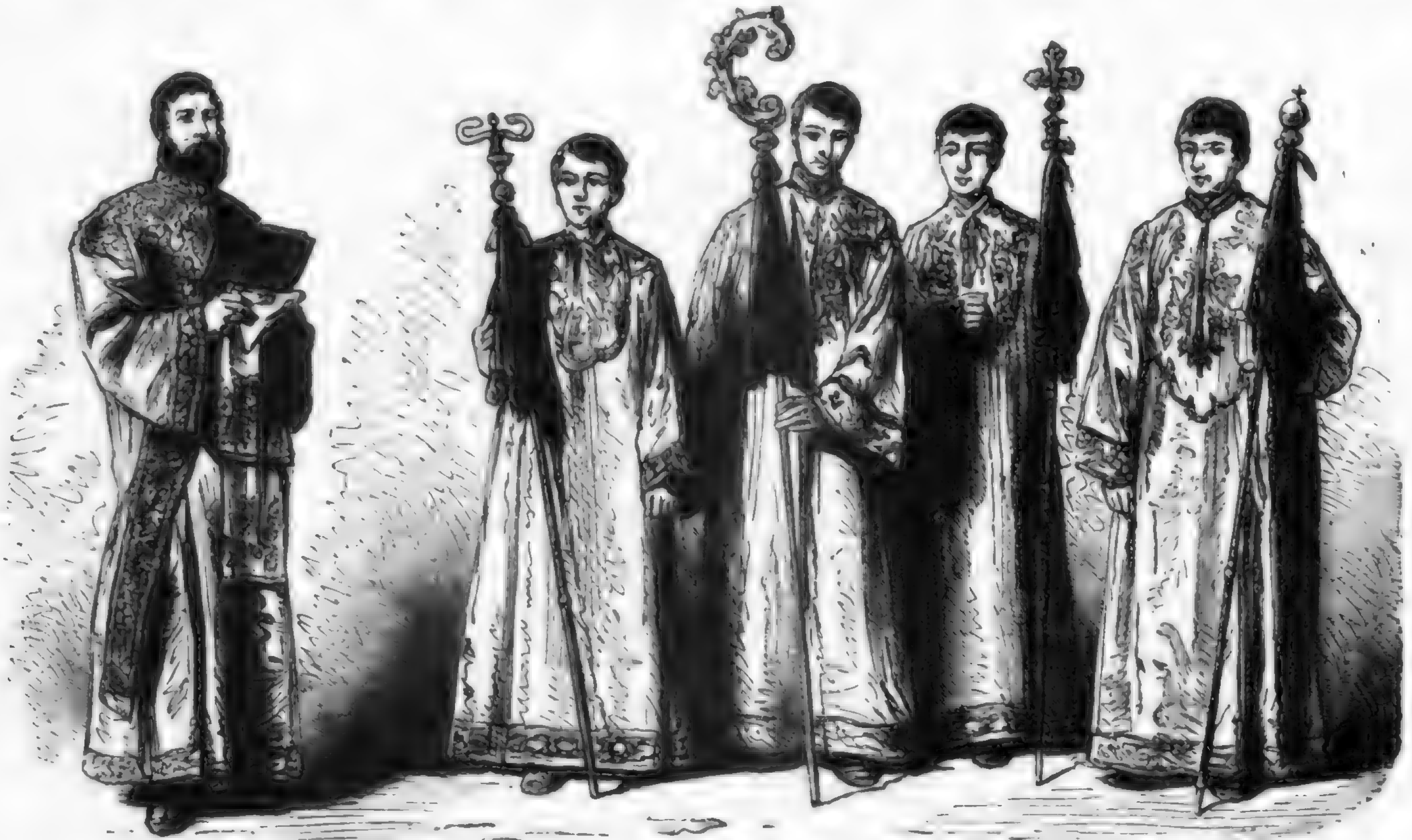
ARMENIAN ABBOT. ARCHDEACON.

Yet what could be more easy and natural just then than for Scoresby to linger far enough behind to keep O. D. in sight, just to see what the old chap is up to, you know, in a brotherly-interest sort of way. That bouquet upset all Scoresby's preconceived theories in regard to Cripps.

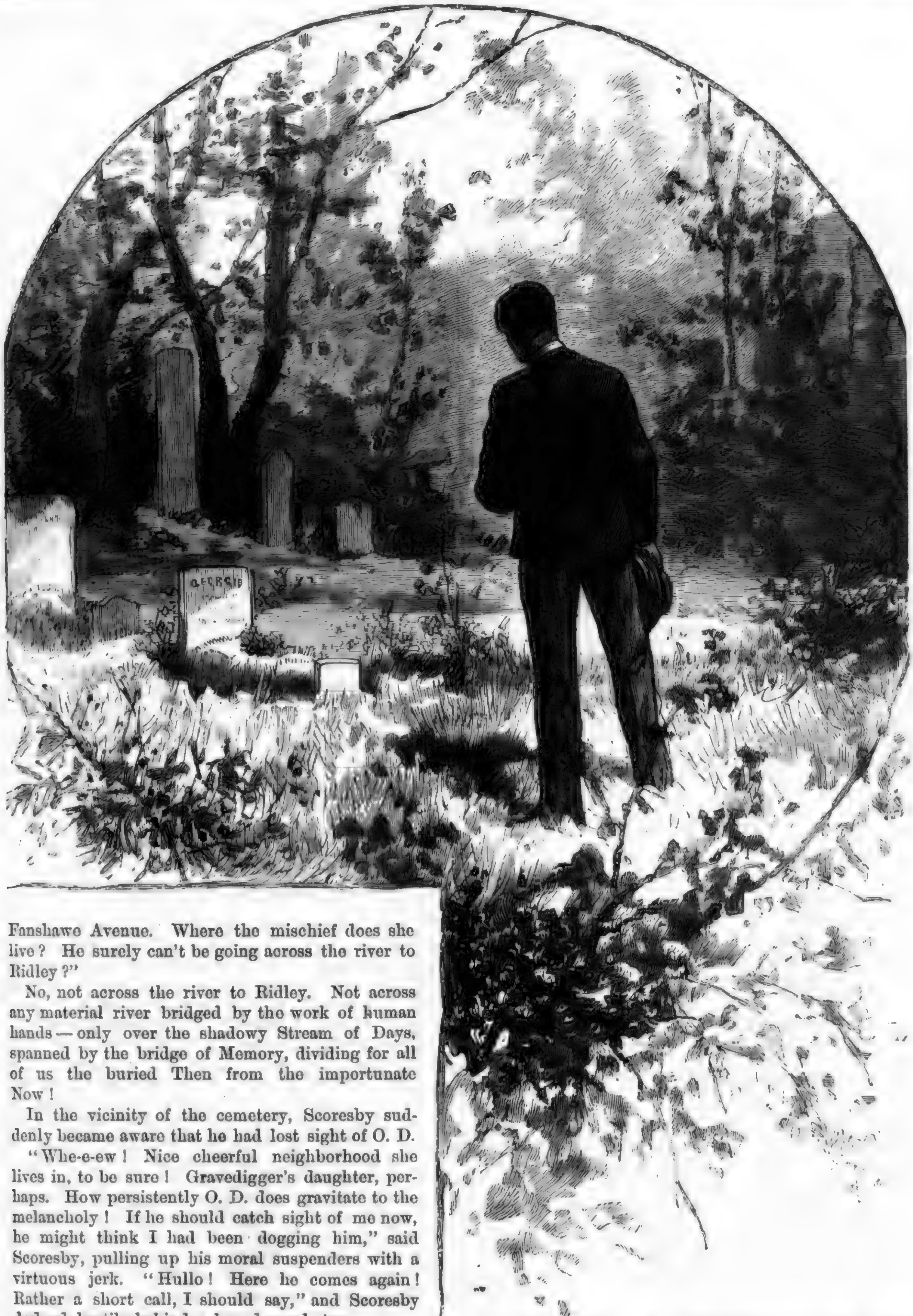
"Who would ever have thought that he knew there were such things as bouquets in the world, and that they were the proper thing to bestow on aspired-to young ladies? Perhaps she isn't young. Maybe she has red hair and a snub nose, eats with her knife, and all the rest of it. O. D. will never notice, if she does."

They had passed nearly all the cross streets by this time, O. D. wholly unconscious of Scoresby's brotherly interest, and having apparently only eyes and thoughts for his bouquet.

"She doesn't live on Myrtle Street, that's plain," cogitated Scoresby, "nor on Orange, nor Franklin, nor



DEACON. ACOLYTES.



SCORESBY'S MISTAKE. —"ON AN INEXPENSIVE SLAB WERE CARVED THESE WORDS, WHICH SCORESBY BRUSHED THE MOISTURE FROM HIS EYES TO READ : 'GEORGIE, ONLY CHILD OF JONAS AND ALMIRA CRIPPS, DIED MARCH 29, AGED 3 YEARS AND 1 MONTH.'"

Fanshawe Avenue. Where the mischief does she live? He surely can't be going across the river to Ridley?"

No, not across the river to Ridley. Not across any material river bridged by the work of human hands — only over the shadowy Stream of Days, spanned by the bridge of Memory, dividing for all of us the buried Then from the importunate Now!

In the vicinity of the cemetery, Scoresby suddenly became aware that he had lost sight of O. D.

"Whe-e-ew! Nice cheerful neighborhood she lives in, to be sure! Gravedigger's daughter, perhaps. How persistently O. D. does gravitate to the melancholy! If he should catch sight of me now, he might think I had been dogging him," said Scoresby, pulling up his moral suspenders with a virtuous jerk. "Hullo! Here he comes again! Rather a short call, I should say," and Scoresby dodged hastily behind a boxed maple-tree.

O. D. passed rapidly by, minus the bouquet, and with a peculiar hue of nose and eyelids.

"*What!*" Scoresby said to himself, and leaned

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against the tree-box to collect himself. "I never thought of—of that!"

He watched O. D.'s long, lank, disappearing form for several seconds, then for several more polished his eyeglass, which, for some reason, had grown strangely befogged.

"And so she's *dead*," said Scoresby, softly; "and he really *did* make up to some one 'in that light.' Poor Old Dejected! No wonder he isn't up to the mark! If I lay the case before Jupiter Tonans it may make a difference. It *may* make a difference. J. T. has 'been there himself.'"

The polishing process at an end, Scoresby replaced his eyeglass, shook out his cambric handkerchief, and restored it to his pocket, then opened the cemetery-gate and went in to reconnoitre, with a very genuine "brotherly interest" down in the depths of his waistcoat-pocket, or the region thereabouts.

It lay—the bouquet—near the entrance-gate, on the swelling curve of a tiny moundlet—very small and very new—over which the early grass was beginning to spread its light, filmy fingers. At the head, on an inexpensive slab, were carved these words, which Scoresby brushed the moisture from his eyes once more to read:

"Georgie, only child of Jonas and Almira Cripps, died March 28th, 1881, Aged 3 years and 1 month."

CAUGHT BY A GIGANTIC SHELL.

"You talk of shells that bite," said our jolly skipper, as one of the party writhed and groaned under the pinch of a hard-shell clam that he had endeavored to open. "I've seen a clam almost drown a man, and big enough to tackle a horse."

"Now, captain," pleaded Grimes, "if we are codfishing, it don't follow that we should be dosed with scaly yarns."

"It's as true as gospel," retorted the skipper, "and I'll just haul in my line and tell you about it."

"We were lying off Marblehead, in a Swampscott fisherman, and as the sun was well up, and the cod-bites were getting few and far between, no further objection was offered, and our red-faced skipper, after carefully whittling off enough navy plug to fill his pipe, leaned back against the main boom, and with a premonitory cough, to insure attention, commenced his yarn.

"The first voyage I made was from New London, nigh on to forty years ago, before they had any steam-whalers and patent booms. We had good luck for two years, and finally brought up at the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific.

"I was only a green hand, but I reckon I made more than a good many of the old hands. You see, I had made a contract with a Boston curiosity-dealer to ship him all the shells, coral, etc., I could get hold of; so almost every home ship we struck I sent off truck of some kind—sometimes a piece of whalebone, a whale's tooth, or an albatross; or, best of all, a swordfish that came near cleaning me out.

"Ye know or ye don't know, that when a whale's alongside, and they are out stripping the blubber, the hands work on it, and often I have been cutting away knee-deep in a whale, while sharks were eating away not three feet from me.

"Well, one day a big sheet of blubber broke away from the lift and fell overboard, and I swung out to drive in a hook. I leaned out over it, and was just about to run the hook in when I heard a yell from my mate on the whale, and the next moment I saw a rush of something, slipped and——

"Well, when I picked myself up there was a twelve-foot swordfish a-slashing about, his sword jammed hard into the blubber jest where I had stood, and if I handn't have slipped I'd been a-pinned as neat as you please. We got a harpoon into him in short commons, and so I got the skin and sword."

"Couldn't the fish pull his sword out?" interrupted one of his listeners.

"Scarcely," answered the skipper. "Whale-skin is as tough as a board, and we had to cut it out by piecemeal. Why, as far as force goes, I've seen a ship drydocked on account of a swordfish—the coppered oak-plank was cut through as if with a spike, and had broken off short. Ye can see a piece of the same ship, sword and all, in the Museum of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia."

"But how about the clam?" said some one, seeing the old man was drifting off the track.

"Well," he continued, "I was just getting to that. You see, every chance I got I kept my weather-eye open for curiosities, and so, when we brought up at the Tonga Islands, and I found the ship was going to provision and lie there for a week, I got three days' liberty, and went off on a regular curiosity-hunt.

"I hired one of the natives and his boat, and crossed over to a small island, where I spent about all the time getting coral and shells. You can't imagine the sight unless you've seen it. The water is as clear as can be, and you could see the shells on the bottom sixty feet down.

"Some of the coral spread out in great branches like trees, some like fern-leaves, while going in and out among them were fishes with such colors that you wouldn't believe me if I should tell you; the bottom was covered with plants, too, and fans and plumes, that waved to and fro in the tide, purple, red, yellow, and all colors.

"But the strangest thing about it was that in the night they gave out a bright light, so that, as you looked down into the water, they looked like the lights of some big city. I often told the time by holding my watch before them. In some the light would be blue, in others yellow, and sometimes blue-and-white. Phosphorescence, I've heard them call it.

"We made our headquarters on the little key and bleached our coral there, and at low tide every day started out. The tips of the coral were just bare then, so we could wind in and out among the lanes of sand, and upset the bunches of branch coral, and find all kinds of shells and crabs clinging to them.

"On the third day I started out before my man, dragging the canoe after me, and when I found anything good I put it aboard and moved on. The reef was about four miles around, and I must have been a mile from shore, when I heard a yell behind me. I looked back and saw my man near three-quarters of a mile off, up to his shoulders in the water, in a leaning position. He was waving a cloth in one hand and yelling as only a Tonga can yell.

"At first I thought he had found a rare shell, but soon saw something serious was the trouble. I knew there were no sharks in such shoal water. However, I put back, and it was slow work, as I could only wade through the lanes in the coral, and they wound in and out like one of these regular maze puzzles.

"After what seemed a long time I got near the poor fellow, who was moaning, and evidently held down by something, and the tide rising every minute, too.

"The coral cleared soon, and jumping into the canoe, I quickly reached him. There he was, one leg caught between a clam six feet long, that must have weighed nearly seven hundred pounds.

"The poor fellow realized his terrible predicament, and begged me to kill him, but I did not believe in that sort of business. It seems that those big clams are common there, and have a way of half sinking themselves in the dead coral; and when open, with the great white animal showing, they can scarcely be told from the bottom. And he had walked right on to one, and the lids had come together like a vise.

"The tide was coming in so fast that it lapped his shoulders, and we both knew in an hour they would be a foot or more of water over his head.

"I first tried jamming the oar into the small opening between the shell, but this only made the creature press together all the closer; and reddish streams that began to discolor the water showed that the knife-like blades were cutting in deeply.

"In desperation, I jammed the boathook into the animal, but the point broke off against the iron-like shell. It was awful, I can tell you. There the poor fellow was, his head just above the water, hanging on to the boat. You've heard of death coming on the ebb tide, but it came on the flood here.

"Inch by inch the tide raised, and I began to think I'd have to do as he wanted me to—kill him—when suddenly I thought perhaps I could cut his leg off, so I took a case-knife, and over I went. Holding myself under water, I made an attempt, but I only added to his suffering, for in my excitement I forgot that bones couldn't be cut with a knife.

"But this foolish attempt saved the man's life after all, as, when I was under water, I noticed that on the side of the shell there was more space between, and the thing occurred to me that here I might reach the big muscle that held the shell together.

"There wasn't a minute to lose, as the water was now nearly to the man's chin, while his efforts to keep above it almost sank the boat. His eyes staring and veins standing out, he was perfectly paralyzed with the horror of his condition.

"I took a big lead-sinker that I had brought along for sounding, and in a jiffy had slipped it between the shell, having to dive to do it. This secured an opening to work at. I then quickly lashed my case-knife to a piece of bamboo that I had, and down I went again. Sticking the knife in, I sawed away until my wind gave out, and then I came up. Getting a new supply, I tried it again, and this time could feel the round muscle, or scallop, we call them, as big as a man's thigh. I got the knife into it and cutting it, and putting one foot against one of the big shells, and bracing back, I wrenched them apart, and rose to the surface just in time to pick the poor fellow up. He had fainted clean away, and no wonder.

"I had him in the canoe in short commons, and when he came to he was so grateful he couldn't say or do enough for me. Between my carving and the shell, his leg was pretty well cut up, and the bone crushed all out of shape. All in all, it was about as narrow an escape as I ever saw or heard of."

"But did you get the shell asked one of his audience, as he concluded.

"To be sure I did," laughed the skipper. "I took an extra day's liberty on my own hook, and lost a month's pay as a fine; but that was only fifteen dollars, and I sold the shell in Boston for a hundred and fifty. I marked the place with an oar, and the next tide went back with rope and spikes and got it out. It was about six feet long, and each valve weighed nearly three hundred pounds. One of them went to Europe, while the other is on top of a cottage at Nahant, as a sort of ornament."

We afterward saw the famous shell, known to science as the *Tridacna gigas.* In some of the islands of the Pacific they are used as bath-tubs, or for washing clothes. The meat, which alone weighs two hundred pounds, is considered a great delicacy.

In the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, one of the valves of this gigantic mollusk is used as a baptismal font, and another for the reception of holy water.

Many of our museums possess fine specimens, though not larger than the one found by our skipper, and that almost took the life of a human being.

IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER.

When Thomson, after much difficulty, found a publisher for his "Winter" (the first of the "Seasons" that was published), the elegant poem remained unsold until one of the town wits—a lover and a fine judge of poetry—met it by chance. He spread its praises through the coffee-houses, and thus brought it into notice. The manuscript of "Jane Eyre" went the rounds of all the publishers of London without meeting with a purchaser, until it fell into the hands of a bookseller's daughter, who was so much delighted with the novel that she persuaded her father to publish it, and it met with immediate and splendid success. That gorgeous book of Eastern travels, "Eothen," was refused by twenty publishers, and at last Mr. Kinglake, its author, determined to publish it at his own expense, and his book was received with applause by the entire literary world.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

The Parliamentary reporters of the last century have been described as a sorry lot, but at the same time one which included men of real genius.

To the latter class belonged Mark Supple, a tall, raw-boned Irishman, blessed with a large measure of the true Hibernian wit.

During a lull in the debate in the House on one occasion, Mark broke the somewhat unusual silence by calling out lustily: "A song from Mr. Speaker!"

The scene which followed was a most ludicrous one. Pitt could scarcely keep on his seat for laughing, the House was in a roar, and Addington, the Speaker, was in dismay.

The sergeant-at-arms rushed off to the Strangers' Gallery (the reporters had to take their chance with the public in those days) to find out the culprit and bring him to justice, but his efforts looked like being in vain. Mark sat there like a tower and maintained an imperturbable gravity, until, finding that the sergeant-at-arms was growing impatient, he pointed out a fat Quaker as the offender, and who was at once marched off in custody.

But Mark afterward confessed that he was the culprit. The Quaker was, of course, released, and after expressing due contrition, the witty Irishman was also pardoned.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

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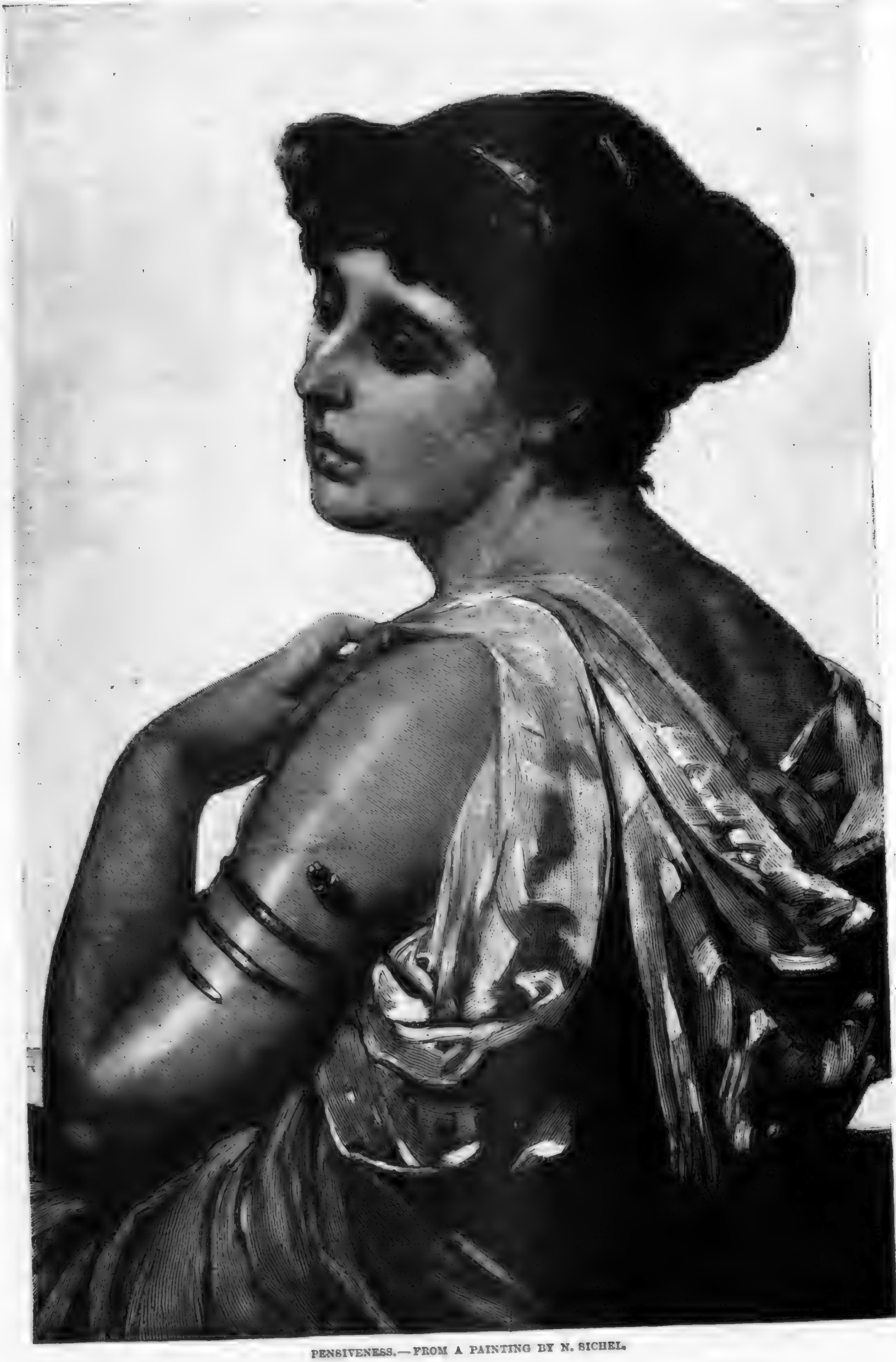
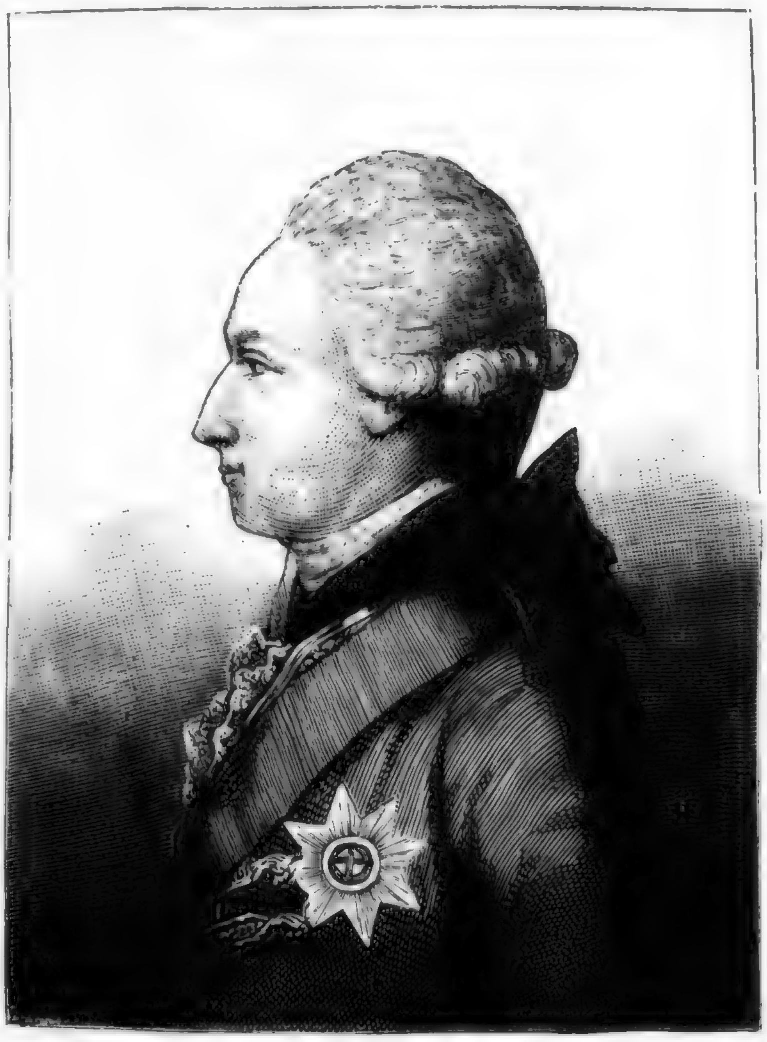


PENSIVENESS.—FROM A PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.

THE STORY OF QUEEN MATILDA OF DENMARK AND COUNT STRUENZEE.

By F. St. John Brenon.

Frederick V. of Denmark was a wise, just and deservedly beloved monarch, and his rule one of the happiest on record. Peace blessed the kingdom during the twenty-seven years of his reign, and learning, science, and the fine arts, found in him an untiring patron. A cloud fell on the latter years of his life, however, for he gave way to habits of intemperance, thus impairing his intellect and shortening his life. He married twice—his first wife was Princess Louisa, daughter of George II. of England, by whom he had two children, his successor, Christian, and the luckless Sophia Louisa, queen of Gustavus III. of Sweden. His second choice was a less fortunate one, for it fell upon the ambitious and wicked woman, Juliana Maria, daughter of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle; with this second marriage the whole character of King Frederick suddenly changed, and his domestic misery probably drove him to desperation. Juliana was sullen, selfish, jealous and unprincipled. Her busy brain was for ever weaving some new schemes for self-aggrandizement; she dabbled in politics and craved power and authority in the management of the affairs of state.



CHRISTIAN VII., KING OF DENMARK.

By her Frederick had one child, who was sickly and deformed, and on this boy she built all her ambitious hopes. The graceful, well-featured Christian was a striking contrast to her offspring, and one which augmented the bitter hatred and jealousy with which she perpetually pursued her stepson. It was asserted that she once tried to poison him whilst he was suffering from some childish malady, but was detected, and the fact made known to the king. Be this as it may, it is certain that the king had some grave cause for his displeasure and dislike, for during the latter years of his life he lived completely apart from her. The Crown Prince was the idol of his father, and in his drunken fits this boy was the only one who could restrain him from committing the most serious follies. At such time he would lavish the most costly gifts on his boon companions, rashly disposing even of his palaces and treasures. The king continued in violent excesses until nature would no longer resist the abuse, and he died in 1766, being then in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twenty-seventh of his reign. During the few years previous to his death, Count Holckte had been high in his favor, and the kingdom was entirely governed by him, and even the haughty Juliana was subservient to this man, for she feared as well as hated him. But when Christian VII. took the helm of power, on his father's death, the favorite fell from power and favor.

The dawn of the reign of Christian promised a bright future; for a time he appeared to be following in the once glorious path of his father, but the hopes of the people were not destined to be fulfilled, for the young king soon fell into wild and profligate habits.

In character he was mild and amiable, generous to profusion, and of a most affectionate disposition, but he had little love for learning, although he was not wanting in intellect. His extreme youth, when called to the throne, left him open to great temptations. Through the agency of Juliana, he was surrounded by a crowd of profligate courtiers, who encouraged him in every mad freak, and induced him to plunge precociously into the wildest excesses. Juliana is also accused of having mixed pernicious drugs in his food, and of having caused him to be allured to the most odious haunts of vice, hoping by such means to shorten his life.

The evil disposition of the queen-mother toward Christian was well known in Denmark, and in order to frustrate the plans to gain the crown for her own son, Christian was induced to select a wife. Matilda Caroline, daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister of George III. of England, was considered a suitable match, and the ceremony of marriage took place with all due magnificence. Matilda at this time was about fifteen years of age, and possessed great personal attractions; she was tall in stature, and somewhat given to *embonpoint*, her hair was flaxen, her eyes blue and expressive, her lips full and well-formed, and her teeth beautiful. Her disposition was amiable and gentle, and she was received most favorably in Denmark.

Juliana greeted her with simulated friendship, but her heart was full of wicked designs and fierce hatred. Any open attempt against Christian she knew would now be dangerous, but she still pursued him secretly and surrounded him with dangers. He was now twenty years of age, but his constitution was prematurely enfeebled by continued and excessive debaucheries, so Juliana still nourished hopes that the desire of her life would be accomplished.

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Christian made no pretense of love for his wife, and he openly insulted and neglected her. He had unwillingly entered into the bonds of matrimony, and would not acknowledge that it was necessary to alter his mode of life in any way.

Such was the husband of the young and blooming princess, whose youth, inexperience and terrible temptations must strongly appeal to all just and merciful minds for pity and pardon, when they recall this miserable woman's frailties.

Much to Juliana's chagrin, Matilda gave birth to a son on January 28th, 1768, and Denmark rejoiced. Enraged and mortified at this unexpected blow, Juliana shut herself up in her palace, with her deformed child, Prince Frederick, and would not be comforted. The newly-born prince, who was also named Frederick, was, however, a sickly child. Christian's dislike to his wife daily increased, and in a little time Juliana's hopes once more rose high ; there was as yet but the shadow of a king and the frail life of a delicate infant between her son and the throne.

Soon after the birth of the prince, Christian set forth on a tour throughout England, France and Germany, his ostensible object being to gain wisdom and experience in the art of governing ; but this idea, if ever really entertained by the thoughtless monarch, was soon lost sight of, and he passed his time abroad in orgies, routs and searches after adventure. His favorite companion in these mad revels was the dissipated nobleman, Count Holckte, whose habits, manners and tastes were truly congenial to the king, who hated all forms and ceremonies, and was impatient of the constraint which his position naturally imposed on him. He loved to wander about the purlieus of the different cities in disguise, attended only by Holckte, who pandered to all his vicious tastes and fancies, and endeavored to make himself indispensable to the weak Christian—a design in which, for a time, he succeeded.

The celebrated Struenzee accompanied the king on this tour in the capacity of chief physician. He was a man of insinuating manners and of great talent, a Freethinker and a libertine. His father was a German divine, and afterward professor of Theology in the Halle University. John Frederick, afterward Count Struenzee, was born on August 5th, 1739. He studied medicine in the Halle University for some time, but when he removed to Altona with his father, he abandoned that study, and became the editor of a newspaper ; finding such an occupation distasteful, however, he entertained the idea of going to Malaga, or the East Indies, and settling there as a physician. This plan he abandoned, and, in pursuit of a love intrigue, removed to Copenhagen, and here, through means of the celebrated general, Count Rantzau, was presented to Christian VII., and appointed his chief physician. Struenzee soon insinuated himself into the favor of the king, whose state of health gave him frequent opportunity for confidential intercourse. Christian himself presented his physician to the queen, recommending him to her special notice. The ascendency of Count Holckte was now at an end, for Struenzee soon became chief adviser and favorite of the king and queen, and shortly afterward was made privy councilor, and created count.

The motive of Rantzau for furthering the interest of Struenzee was purely selfish. He intended that the downfall of Holckte should be accomplished, but that he should fill the vacant place. He was a brave soldier, and had vast power with the army, but he was, at the same time, a dissolute and unprincipled man. His wealth and possessions were enormous, yet not content with all this, he desired a still higher post, and would fain be at the head of the Government. Through his intercession Count Von Brandt, a former favorite, was recalled to court after a long exile. The latter was a man of polished manners, brilliant education, and wide experience, so Rantzau rested secure in the hope of gaining the post he courted, as he had now surrounded the king with friends, whom he believed would have furthered his interests.

The health of the king was infirm, and his mind was already tottering, when a second child was born. Soon after this event the queen contracted a painful disease, and as a matter of course applied to Struenzee for medical advice. Frequent intercourse and the fascinating manners of this man soon brought about a close intimacy, and Matilda poured forth all her sorrows to her physician. He at first gave his counsel with respectful sympathy, and betrayed intense pity for her sufferings, shedding tears at the recitals of her wrong, and expressing the most tender solicitude for her restoration to health.

The queen was young and unhappy, Struenzee, handsome and sympathetic ; the temptation for both was too great, and it is from this period we must date the commencement of the disastrous intimacy between Matilda and Count Struenzee.

Christian had now become totally unable to discharge the duties of a sovereign, although he still appeared in public, dining in state with the queen, riding to the hunt, and driving out, but he took no notice of anything which went on around him, his demeanor being silly and listless. Any action which was required of him he could as a rule be easily induced to perform, but his reasoning powers were totally destroyed, and the affairs of the kingdom fell completely into the hands of Matilda and her lover.

The manner of the queen now assumed a marked change ; the once modest, gentle and dignified woman became bold, tyrannical and overbearing. She was much addicted to field sports, and rode to the hunt in male attire, striding her horse after the fashion of a man.

About this period (1771) a third child, a daughter, was born, and the state of the King's health gave rise to rumors and doubts concerning the legitimacy of this infant, who was, however, subsequently claimed by Christian after the divorce and exile of Matilda.

When the queen had recovered from her confinement, the whole court went on a visit to the country residence of Count Rantzau, at Ashberg, where the rural seclusion, and the many opportunities Rantzau enjoyed as a host for observing the queen's demeanor toward Struenzee, soon confirmed his suspicions concerning their illicit amours. He, however, concealed his discovery of their secret, meaning to use it hereafter for their downfall.

Matilda was now barely twenty years of age ; for the first time in her life she loved passionately, and made no secret of her love, thus leaving herself open to general scorn and contumely. She surrounded herself with a gay and sensuous court, which in the year 1771 was universally acknowledged to be more corrupt than that of the most profligate monarch who ever sat upon the throne of France, for in the train of Matilda it would have been impossible to point to one modest or virtuous woman.

The Prime Minister (Struenzee) occupied a sumptuous apartment underneath that of Matilda, a secret stair connecting the two. They dined and breakfasted together in Matilda's room, and at state dinners, Struenzee occupied a place of high honor. To him all ambassadors and functionaries of state paid that homage and respect which was due to the king. He dressed with the utmost magnificence, ordered his subordinates with an imperious air and an assumption of confident power which offended many. He displeased the nobles by abolishing the Privy Council, and by his dismissal of the old and favorite minister, Bernstoff. He dissolved the body of Royal Guards, and infuriated the seamen by effecting changes which they objected to, but when they broke out into open revolt he listened with the most abject cowardice, granting all they desired, and with tears imploring of the queen to sanction his flight from Denmark. Matilda reproached him bitterly for his cowardice, and desired him to keep his stand by her side.

But Denmark owed some small share of gratitude to Struenzee; his government was in many cases able and judicious. He abolished torture, emancipated numerous serfs on the royal domains, diminished the taxes, encouraged the useful arts, was tolerant to all religions; he was industrious, active, and earnestly desirous for the advancement, honor and welfare of Denmark, and under his direction the education of the Crown Prince was carried on in a wise and salutary manner, and the life and character of Frederick VII. evidenced the wisdom and soundness of his mode of education.

Whilst all Denmark rang with the scandals of the court, Rantzau abided his time. He espoused the cause of the poor idiotic king, whom he frequently visited, and endeavored to impress with assurance of his fidelity and friendship, which protestations were as little understood as valued by the helpless creature to whom they were addressed.

Juliana was not all this time inactive. The discontent and horror of the nation at the queen's conduct fired her ambition anew. A rumor was widely spread by her cabal that Matilda and her lover were forming plots against the life of the king, and Brandt was pointed out as an active conspirator.

Juliana and her favorites, Guldberg, Kohler Banner and Rantzau, were now in constant communication, and the props of power began to totter under Struenzee. Mutual interest had won Rantzau over to the side of Juliana, and the Prime Minister was hemmed in by enemies on all sides. He received many warnings of his approaching fate, but knowing that Rantzau had hitherto been the proclaimed and bitter enemy of Juliana, he did not number him with his foes. The British Ambassador, Lord Keith, informed him of his danger, and offered him on behalf of George III. a refuge in England, but Struenzee had grown bold and confident, and not believing that any real danger threatened him, gave no heed to these warnings.

A large and powerful body of nobles at length joined the hostile party of Juliana, and the arrest of Struenzee and the queen was decided on.

On the 15th of January, 1772, a masked ball was given by the queen; she and her lover had appeared together looking radiantly happy, little dreaming of the terrors which a few hours would bring forth. On the dawn of the 16th of January, Rantzau entered the king's bedchamber and aroused him from sleep, informing him that a plot had been discovered formed by the queen, Struenzee and Brandt, to murder him—and that in order to preserve his life their immediate arrest was necessary. The king wrung his hands piteously, and begged of Rantzau to leave him; he seemed incapable of keeping his mind fixed on one subject for any length of time, and Rantzau failed to arouse him to a sense of his supposed danger.

The queen-mother and her son were now summoned to join their entreaties to induce the king to sign the warrants. He held out weakly for a time, but was finally induced to give way, on being assured that the queen's arrest was merely a formality and that her imprisonment should only be temporary.

After the ball, Matilda had retired to her chamber accompanied by Struenzee, who evidently remained with her for some time, as his fur cloak was found in her room after his arrest. About four o'clock in the morning Struenzee's valet, who slept in a room adjoining his master's, was awakened by the sound of footsteps and strange voices at the door. "Open, in the name of the king," was the order. The terrified valet obeyed, and Kohler Banner stood upon the threshold, accompanied by his officers; and the next moment entered Struenzee's bedroom. He slept soundly, utterly unconscious of the entrance of his enemies, who stood beside his bed holding blazing torches aloft. Banner contemplated his victim for a moment, and then shook him by the shoulder. Struenzee started up, half wild with terror, exclaiming: In God's name, what is this?"

"You are the king's prisoner. Dress yourself," was the reply.

The wretched man tottered to his feet, and hastily snatched the garments which lay nearest to his hand—a blue velvet frockcoat and waistcoat—the clothes which he had worn at the ball, and in which he was afterward executed. The valet wept bitterly, and begged to be allowed to fetch his master's fur cloak. Permission being granted, he hurried to the queen's room, accompanied by one of the officers, and much to his horror and amazement, he beheld her standing in the middle of the room, half-dressed, one of her ladies lacing her corset, and surrounded by Rantzau, General Eichstad and several officers. Perceiving the valet, Matilda turned her flushed face toward him, and said: "Tell your master to emulate his queen, and repel insult with scorn and defiance."

In a few moments more Struenzee was placed in a hackney-coach and carried to the Citadel of Morgengaden. Brandt, who was next arrested, defended himself bravely; but was finally overpowered and compelled to give up his sword, and was conveyed to the same prison as Struenzee.

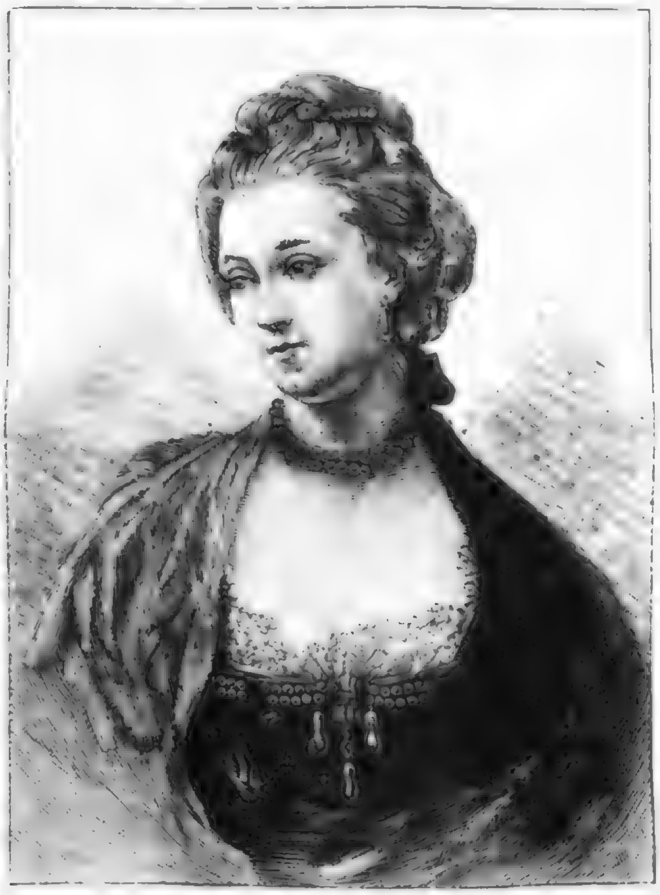
Rantzau was still in the apartment of the queen endeavoring to hasten the preparation for her departure. She demanded an interview with the king, but this was denied her; she then turned upon Rantzau, and reproached him for the part he was taking in her downfall. He assured her, with a seemingly respectful manner, that he did not deserve her reproaches, as the painful duty he was constrained to perform was merely for the purpose of insuring her safety.

Half clothed, and struggling wildly, the young queen was hurried to a carriage, attended by Rantzau, who stood uncovered in her presence. As she was stepping into the carriage, she struck him violently in the face, exclaiming: "Take that, you accursed traitor, and remember that this treason will cost you your head."

"I am no traitor, madam. I fear God, I love and honor my king, and I wish your Majesty a pleasant journey," said Rantzau, bowing.

The infant daughter of the queen was allowed to accompany her on her sad journey to the Kroninsburg prison; for some time she maintained a cold and hardened demeanor, but as she was passing the Palace of Hircholm, she covered her face with her vail and, clasping her child to her bosom, wept bitterly.

When the arrests were publicly known, the populace exulted wildly, and the air rang with execrations upon the head of the once beloved queen. The fury and



QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE.

excitement of the lower orders was accelerated by the distribution of intoxicating liquors, secretly supplied by Juliana, and they ran wildly through the city, crying out for revenge and demanding that the prisoners should be given into their hands. A large rabble marched upon the Castle of Kroninsburg, with the intention of breaking into it and seizing the queen, but Rantzau rode amongst them and announced that the cannon would be turned upon them if they did not disperse.

Meanwhile, Juliana and her son accompanied the king, gorgeously arrayed and seated in an open carriage, on a royal progress round the city, and the hired rabble shouted wildly, coupling the name of Prince Frederick with that of the king.

Rantzau expressed his displeasure at these proceedings, and openly reproached Juliana with her want of delicacy and feeling; but his expostulations had little effect, and he soon began to regret the part he had taken in hurling his queen to destruction.

But to return to Struenzee: He was a man of no personal courage nor determination of character. His conduct throughout his imprisonment was painfully illustrative of this fact. The blow had fallen on him with unwonted heaviness; he wept continually, and for a long time refused food. His treatment in prison was most cruel; he was loaded with chains, and denied even the common necessaries for personal cleanliness. Thus he remained for five weeks, ignorant of what his fate would be, unquestioned and alone.

At the end of this time, priests, and spies under the garb of priests, the creatures of Juliana, daily visited the prisoner. These men exhorted him to confession with the promise that he would escape the terrible tortures with which he was threatened if he would confess all, and even held out hopes that he might obtain mercy. With abject cowardice the man made a full confession of his intimacy with the queen, and amongst other revolting charges, he accused her of having first seduced him, which loathsome accusation sealed the fate of the miserable woman who had loved him so passionately, and who now so boldly faced her destruction, making no charges against her destroyer, nor any confession which could affect Struenzee or herself.

On the 21st of February, when brought up for examination for the first time, Struenzee made his confession publicly, and repeated it again on the 24th. It was then drawn up with the usual formalities, his signature being affixed to every page. When this damnatory document was laid before Matilda, she knew there was no hope for her, and for the first time during her confinement she gave way to despair.

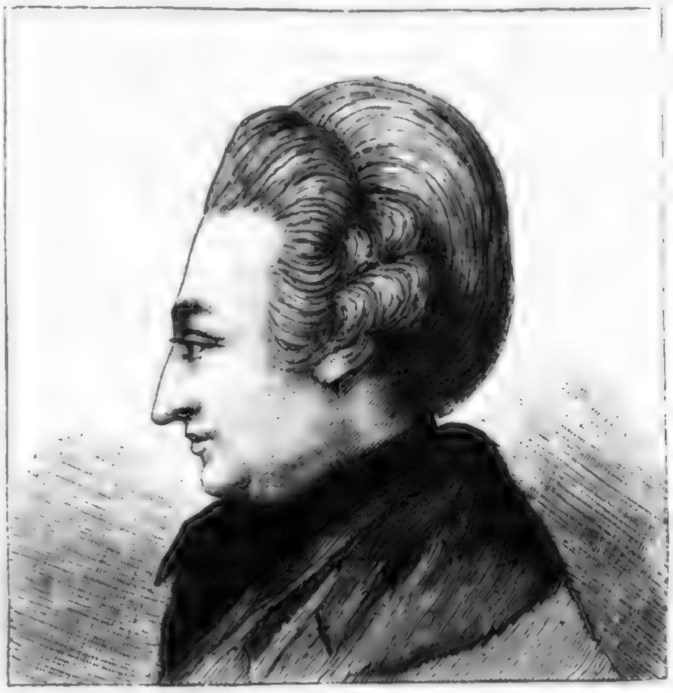
Struenzee soon regretted his perfidious weakness, and saw that the hopes of mercy which had been held out to him were merely chimerical, and had been fabricated only for the purpose of criminating the queen more hopelessly. When he knew that his end was at hand, he wrote a lengthy defense, which is well known to the world, entitled, "The Reply of Count Struenzee to the King's Commissioners." In this paper he sought to excuse himself for his base cowardice, but he failed lamentably to palliate by any expression the vilest act of his guilty life.

After three months and nine days' cruel imprisonment, Struenzee and Brandt were sentenced to be executed. Brandt was the first to meet his fate at the hands of the executioner, and mounted the scaffold with undaunted mien; but Struenzee was so agitated that he could scarcely stand, and was held down by force whilst the executioner beheaded him.

All the horrible features of the execution were made known to the queen, and his name never after passed her lips, but she always passed the anniversary of his death with prayer and fasting.

Through the mediation of George III., who caused his ambassador to take the most active measures to save Matilda, the proceedings were stayed, but she was divorced and sentenced to perpetual banishment and imprisonment in the fortress of Alberg, in Jutland, a sentence, however, which was commuted to perpetual retirement to the Palace of Celle, in Hanover. Thither she was conveyed by a British man-of-war, and left to repent her sins and end her days in dismal solitude.

George III. supplied her with ample means, and sur-

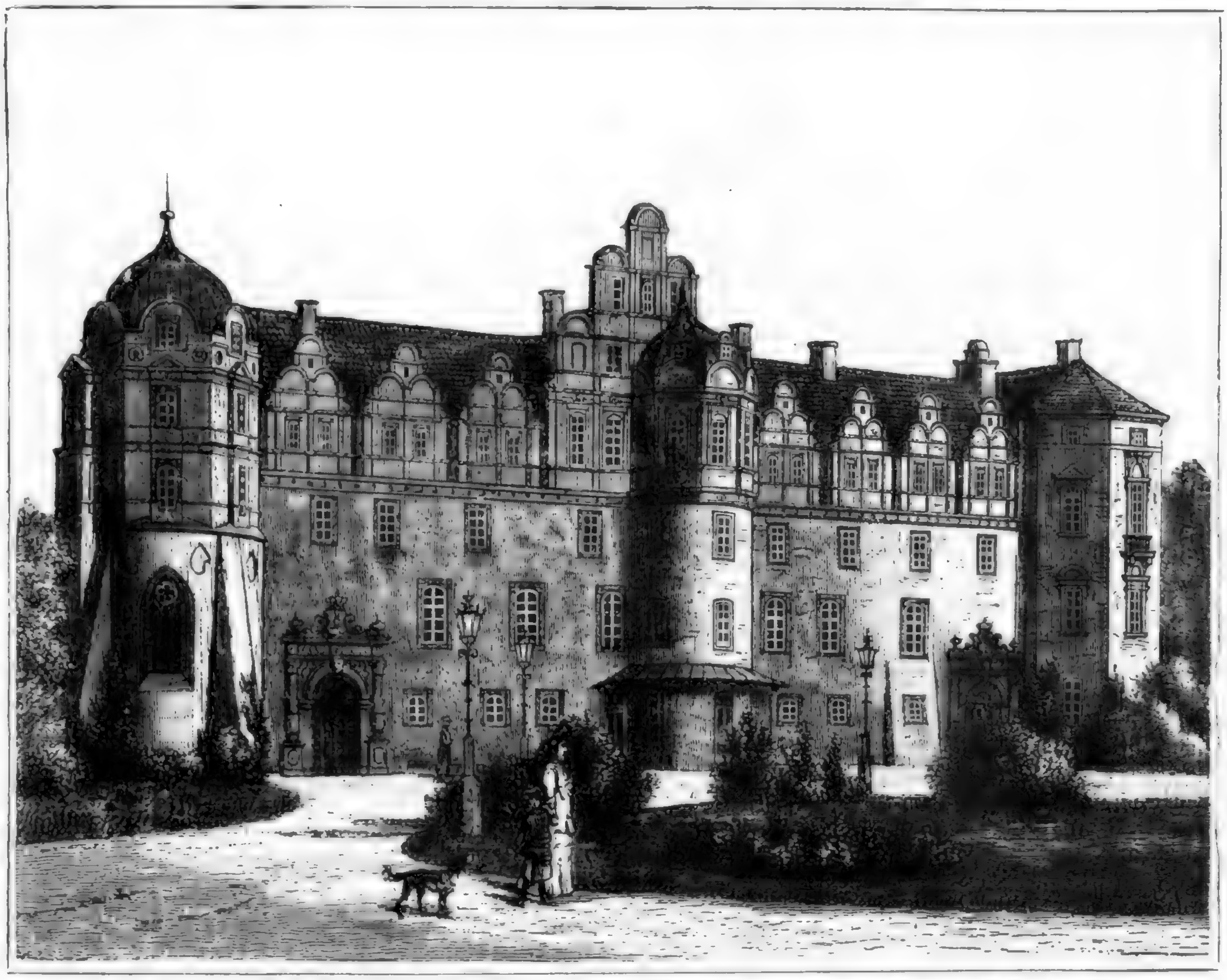


COUNT STRUENZEE.

rounded her with all the necessary comforts of life, but he refrained from offering her a home in England.

Juliana did not long remain in power; she placed her son in the nominal position of Regent, she herself directing all the affairs of state, finding no difficulty in obtaining the signature of the idiotic king to any document she chose to lay before him. She formed an Interior Cabinet, making him its head, and dismissed Rantzau from her presence, and subsequently banished him from Denmark.

When the Crown Prince came of age, Juliana and her party were deposed for ever, and if incalculable misfortunes visited Denmark during the reign of Frederick VI., it was not through the misgovernment of the king, whose honesty, intelligence, and earnest desire for the happiness of his people, endeared him to the entire nation.



CELLE CASTLE, HANOVER, WHERE QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE WAS CONFINED.—FROM A SKETCH BY NIELSEN.

ALL MADE FROM SMOKE.

The old saying that nothing is wasted or lost to nature is true in regard to the smoke from the furnace of Elk Rapids, Mich. In this furnace are manufactured fifty tons of charcoal per day. There are twenty-five charcoal pits, constructed of brick. Each pit is filled with one hundred cords of hard wood and then fired. The vast amount of smoke from these pits, which was formerly lost in the air, is now utilized. Works have been erected to convert the smoke into chemicals and acids.

These works are a curiosity. First, they have a circular tube, made of wood, with pine staves, sixteen feet in length, bound together with heavy iron hoops. This tube is placed directly over the pits in a horizontal position, with an opening from each pit into the tube. At the end nearest the building there is a large drum containing a rotary fan propelled by machinery, the power of which is gas. That acts as a suction or draft for the smoke, which is conveyed into the fire-stills filled with copper pipe two and one-half inches in diameter. The boxes in which the pipes are situated are twenty feet square, eight feet deep, made of heavy pine, and filled with cold water; they are all connected by copper pipes; they are connected with the main still, one hundred feet in length, ten feet wide, and eight feet deep, filled with copper pipes two and one-half inches in diameter, in horizontal position, surrounded by cold water; from this conveyed to a purifier, from which runs what is called pyroligneous acid, which is as clear as amber, with an unpleasant odor.

From the acid is produced, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; fourth, gas, which is consumed under the boilers. Each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke; 2,800,000 feet of smoke handled every twenty-four hours, producing 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol, and 25 pounds of tar. These products have a commercial value in the manufacture of various articles. The smoke from 40,000 cords of wood consumed per annum is thus made a source of much profit, as the works are automatic, and require no workmen to run them.

A QUIET MIND.

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet Mind;
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
When as the Mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the Mind alone:
For many have been harm'd by speech
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease:
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death;
Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the Mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

MISS CRESSET.

By Etta W. Pierce.

I first met her upon the landing, outside the door of the shabby room which Ruby and I called home. She was a small woman, slightly bent—with infirmity, not years. Her iron-gray hair was dressed in the fashion of thirty years ago; her bright, keen, observant eyes pierced one through and through like gimlets. She wore a brown serge dress, neatly darned here and there; a little threadbare shawl covered her shoulders, and some real lace, mended in many places, clung about her thin throat, and fell over her well-shaped hands. I had never seen a more perfect specimen of genteel poverty. She made me a fine, old-fashioned bow, and drew courteously back to let me pass. I found Ruby seated in our one window, dressing a huge wax-doll for a fashionable shop. Her lovely face was unusually pale and worn.

"Who is she, dear," I cried, flinging down some bundles on our deal table—"that curious fossil in brown serge, with the air of some grand court dame?"

Ruby looked up with a faint smile.

"That is Miss Cresset, our next-door neighbor—an Englishwoman, and high-born, our landlady says. We are poor enough, Heaven knows, but I fear she is poorer. All the same she tries hard to preserve her gentility."

"A difficult task, I should say, in this shabby lodging-house," I answered, as I took from its brown paper wrap our supper—a hand's-breadth of beefsteak and a loaf of bread.

Ruby and I were strangers in Poverty Court. We had entered into possession of our dingy back room, up two weary flights of stairs, just a week before. I sold all sorts of things behind the counter of a fancy-goods shop on a well-known street. Ruby, whose health was failing, earned her share of our income by dressing dolls from the stores, curling feathers, mending fine lace, or any other thing which her deft hands could find to do. Being constantly at home, she saw more of our fellow-lodgers than I did, and already she had gathered scraps of information concerning every one of them.

She arose now, put down her work, lighted the lamp, and stirred up the fire in our tiny stove. She was three years my junior—this sister of mine—and her delicate, flower-like loveliness was my especial pride and delight, yet it often made my heart quake with fear. The small oval face was as white as frost; the great pansy-dark eyes looked hollow and weary. Of late a troublesome cough had come to annoy and alarm me. Ruby needed luxury and ease—needed to be carefully nurtured, like some hothouse exotic; but, alas! we were the children of poverty and toil, dependent on our own exertions for daily bread.

"Have you coughed much to-day, Ruby?" I asked, anxiously scanning that pale, young face, cut like some exquisite cameo.

"Do not be anxious or fret about me, dear," she answered, evasively. "I shall do well enough. I have a little cold, that is all."

Was it all? I tried to think so. We spread the table, browned the toast, made a pot of tea, and broiled the steak in a faultless manner. Then we drew up to our repast. I was as tough and strong as a gypsy, and could always eat vigorously, but Ruby was like some dainty robin; close confinement in our sunless back room was not conductive to appetite.

"Judith," she said, suddenly, "I wonder if Miss Cresset had any supper to-night?"

"Isn't she in the habit of indulging in such a luxury?" I inquired.

"I'm afraid not. She supports herself by fine embroidery. It is needless to add that the employment is not remunerative."

"Have you made her acquaintance, Ruby?"

"We often meet on the stair and landing. Once I ventured to borrow a lucifer match of her, and I had a glimpse of her room—such a poor, poor place, Ju! She has been very friendly to me ever since. I know she *is* well-born, or she would never cultivate such fine manners."

"Has she lived long in Poverty Court, I wonder?"

"Twenty years. Think of it and shudder. She can scarcely earn enough to keep body and soul together and pay the rent of her little room; and yet only yesterday she told me, with the grandest air possible, that she had a brother in England who was a baronet—lord of halls and manors. She amazes everybody with the same story, and the landlady says it is perfectly true. Miss Cresset *is* a person of quality. She really has blue blood in her veins; but, alas! her titled brother holds no intercourse with this threadbare sister who is an exile in Yankee land. Poor thing! I do not believe she tastes meat from one month's end to another."

"Do you think it would do to offer her a bit of this steak?" said I. "Would a high-born Englishwoman, who has claims upon baronets and blue blood, receive such an attention kindly from two plebeian work-girls?"

Ruby arose and upon the only spare plate which we possessed she arranged a juicy bit of the steak, and some slices of crisp brown toast. Then she flew across the landing and rapped at the door of our English neighbor.

Miss Cresset opened it promptly. At sight of the plate her starved face lighted, but she put on an air of polite indifference.

"My dear, how very kind of you; but I have had my tea."

From our threshold I discovered that her room was destitute of fire, and bare of every comfort.

"Oh, *do* take it, Miss Cresset," urged Ruby, who saw, as I did, the secret struggle betwixt her great pride and her famished stomach.

Miss Cresset extended a shaking hand, half drew back, but, with tears in her eyes, finally took the plate.

"Thank you, my dear. I would not hurt your feelings for the world!" she stammered, and then vanished inside her own quarters.

We sat down together after our meal, Ruby and I. She had put away her work for the night; we were in a quiet state of expectation; upon the table near us a lamp burned; its light fell full upon my sister, showing me the wasted outlines of her lovely young face, the transparent look of her slim hands. A hard rebellious feeling arose in my heart as I looked at her. The world was full of money, and for want of a little she must fade away, perhaps die, before my eyes.

"Ruby," I burst out, you look dreadfully ill. You must consult a physician to-morrow."

"Physicians cost money," she answered, with forced lightness.

"You shall have advice at once, if I am forced to sell my last gown!"

"Pooh! your gowns would bring very little in the market, dear——"

Then we both started; a step was ascending the stair, it reached the landing, approached our door. A familiar knock echoed on the panel.

"Enter, Reginald!" cried Ruby, and the object of our quiet expectation stalked into the room. He was a stout, gray-eyed young fellow, was my lover, with a strong, brave face and a thoughtful manner. I do not know whether other people called him handsome or not, but to my eyes he was grand, he was perfect—in all the world there was none like him! He glanced from Ruby to me.

"I sail to-morrow," he said.

For a week I had been in hourly expectation of this announcement, nevertheless it struck me like a blow. Ruby, too, turned pale, but held out both hands gayly.

"I wish you rare good luck, Reggie. Make your fortune in China as quickly as possible, and hasten back to us. We shall miss you sorely, but Judith is a heroine—you can rely upon her at all times and in all places."

Then she vanished into an adjoining closet, where our bed stood, and left me alone with Reginald Ward, my betrothed husband.

We did not speak for some moments. He was holding my hands and, with sad, loving, regretful eyes, looking down into my face.

"Will you wait for me five years, Judith?" he said, at last, wistfully.

"Ten times five," I answered.

"If all goes well with me, I shall have made a moderate fortune by that time. My uncle means to give me a good chance. But, meanwhile, how will you get on here with Ruby? I cannot bear to leave you, darling, to five years of this life."

My own heart sank, but I kept a brave front. He was quite as poor as myself—it was imperative that he should go to China. A rich uncle in the silk trade at Canton had offered him a lucrative position in his own establishment. I felt that he must go, that all our future prospects depended on his going. I would not think of myself now.

"Do not worry about us," I answered, bravely. "It is probable that you will find us in this very spot when you return, Ruby dressing her dolls, and I still at work among Claxton's fancy goods."

He looked at me narrowly, a doubt in his gray eyes, an uncertain smile on his lips.

"I hope old Claxton will not marry you before I come back; his thoughts seem to be turning that way."

"Claxton!" I echoed, in amazement. "What nonsense, Reginald! He pities me, I suppose——"

"Pity is akin to love."

"He is kind to me in many ways, but that is all."

"Is it?" he queried, in a teasing tone. "I hope so; but the way in which he eyes you over the top of his glasses is enough to make my blood boil. Oh, my darling!"—passing suddenly from jest to earnest—"it is very hard for me to leave you! How will you stand five more years of toil and privation?—how will Ruby stand them? The child looks sadly worn. My heart is as heavy as lead, Judith. I have a great mind to throw up my chance with Uncle Middleton even now. I feel a presentiment of evil."

So, too, did I; but I would not allow it to influence me in this crisis of Reginald's destiny. For a long time we had been very dear to each other, but our mutual poverty had prevented our marriage. Now that fortune was beckoning him from afar, *I* would not hold him back. I would be a help, not a hindrance, to him; for his sake I could endure all things; so I said:

"You would be mad to cast away this chance, Reggie! Have no fears for Ruby and me. So, make your fortune, dear, and I will wait patiently for you. I am sure, *very* sure, that all will go well with us until you return."

He was easily encouraged. We sat down together and talked of the future, I bravely, he with gradually rising spirits.

"In five years," said he, "I will come back, darling, with money enough to support Ruby and you in luxury."

Ruby! with her hacking cough and increasing languor, where would *she* be in five years? But I only smiled and answered:

"The time will go quickly. You will see how brave I can be."

We both broke down at parting. China was so very far away. It seemed as if he was about to pass into another world.

"Be true to me as long as I live, Judith," he pleaded, wistfully; "I am not selfish enough to wish to monopolize you a day or an hour after death, but while I live, love me, darling, and be true to me."

He strained me to his heart, kissed me again and again, then went away down the stair, out into the darkness, leaving me to wrestle as best I could with the sharpest sorrow I had ever known in my life.

He sailed for China the next day. My tears were shed in secret; not even Ruby knew how dark the world looked to me then. Only John Claxton, my elderly employer, suspected the truth.

"Are you ill, Miss Gwynne?" he asked one day, as I was putting on my hat to go out to the meagre meal which I called my dinner.

He was a small, wiry, unhandsome man. He wore spectacles, he was brusque and variable in manner, but he was rich.

"Ill? Oh, no!" I answered, quailing a little under his close scrutiny.

"Unhappy, then?"

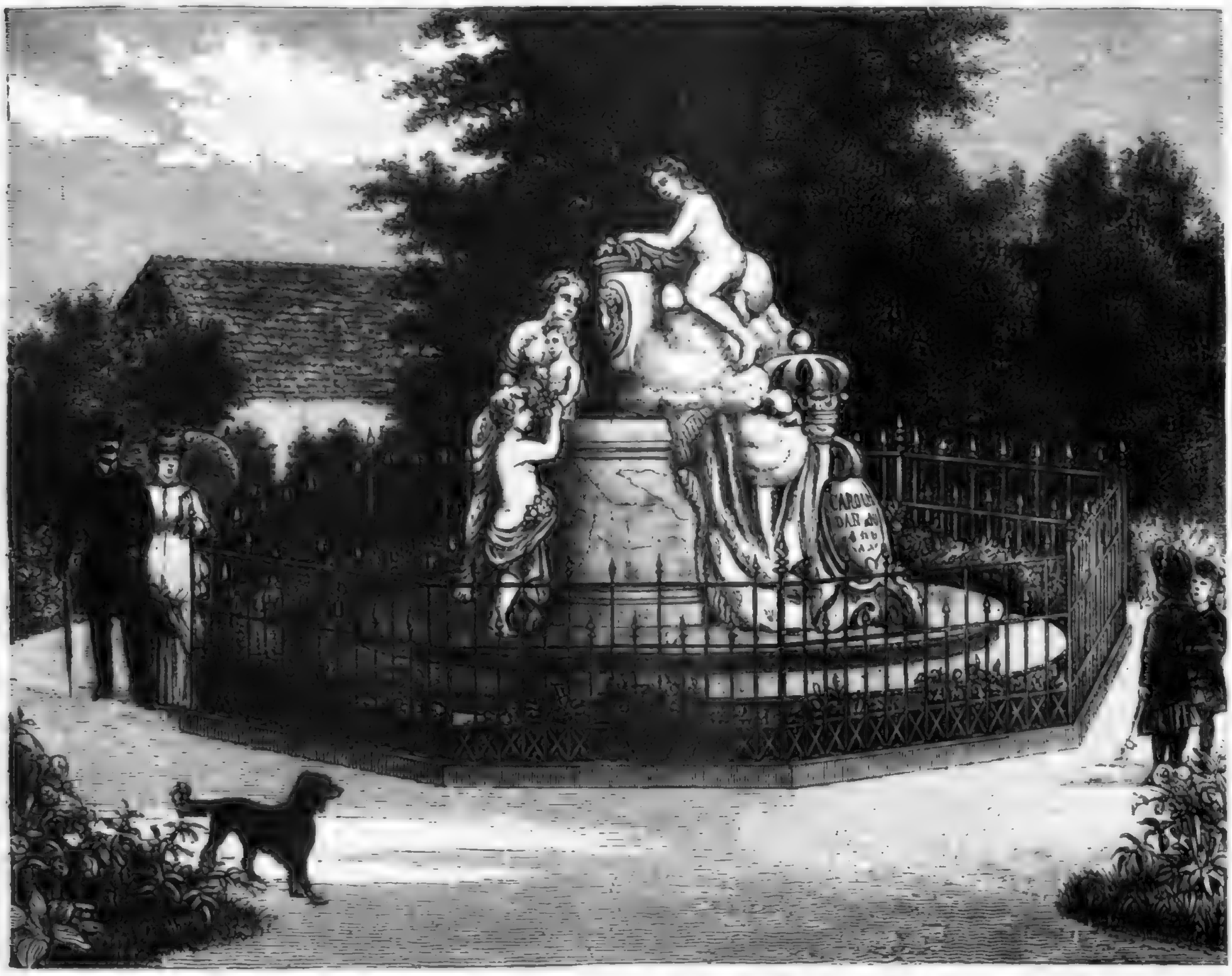
"Not in the least."

His spectacled eyes fairly glared at me.

"I am compelled to doubt your word, Miss Gwynne. Why do you tell me a deliberate falsehood? However, it is no affair of mine. I do not wish to force your confidence."

And he turned away with an offended air.

XUM



MEMORIAL OF QUEEN MATILDA CAROLINE IN THE FRENCH GARDEN AT CELLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY NEILSEN.—SEE PAGE 293.

At home I began to see a great deal of Miss Cresset. Ruby and I had both conceived a lively interest in this high-born but impecunious Englishwoman. We discovered that she ate her baker's crust without butter, and feeling sure that the dry crumbs must stick in her poor throat, we presented her with a yellow pat, stamped with a clover-leaf.

Often we carried to her door such little offerings as a baked potato, a plate of salad, a glass of milk, or a well-browned chop.

Poor as we were, we never missed anything given to Miss Cresset. She always received our gifts with grateful protests.

"My dears—my dears, this is too much! You rob yourselves. Why should you constantly think of a stranger like me? You quite break my heart with your kindness."

Half the time she was in arrears to the landlady for rent; half the time she had no fire in her sunless back room, and often, I fear, she would have suffered with hunger but for her humble fellow-lodgers across the landing.

One night, as I toiled up to our room, a little more wearied and dispirited than usual, Ruby, who was just rising to light the lamp, said:

"Miss Cresset received an English letter to-day; from her grand relatives, probably."

"I hope the grand relatives have sent her something substantial."

Ruby shook her pretty head.

"She has been stitching wildly all the afternoon, with not a bit of fire in her room. I wonder her fingers can hold the needle. I have asked her to take tea with us."

I nodded approval.

Half an hour after we heard Miss Cresset's dignified little rap.

She came in, looking pinched, blue and frozen. Heaven knows I had troubles enough of my own just then, but my heart ached for her. I made haste to set her a chair by the stove and pour her a cup of hot tea.

"It is such a hard world for women," she said, piteously—"for women, my dears, who are alone and without help."

We agreed with her fully. Presently the warmth, the supper, Ruby's pitying face, seemed to raise her spirits. Smoothing the worn lace down over her skinny hands, she said at last, with dignity:

"To-day I received a letter from my aunt, the Honorable Miss Dorothy Cresset, of Chetwold Hall, Tweedwell, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I was born at Chetwold, my dears. She tells me that my brother, Sir Godfrey Cresset, died at his London town-house six months ago. He was a good man, but—flinty."

It was the first time she had ever spoken of her noble relatives in my hearing.

"Oh," said I, with breathless interest, "he has left you a legacy, maybe."

She sighed.

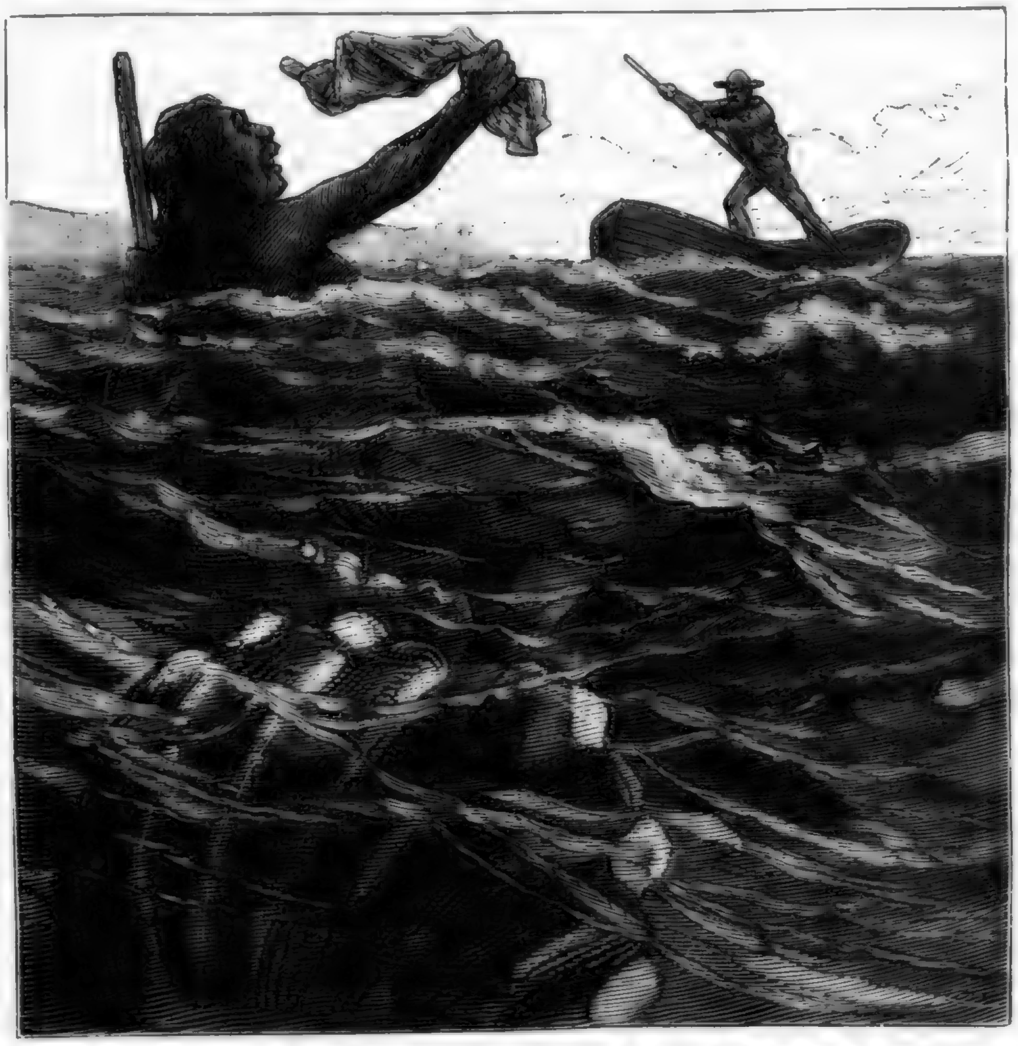
"No, my dear. Twenty-five years ago I offended him beyond forgiveness. He disowned me. My Aunt Dorothy, who lives the life of a recluse in a grand old house at Kensington, is the only member of my family with whom I now hold any intercourse. Every year she writes me a letter—only one. But it is very kind of her, for she is now past eighty, and in feeble health. Poor Godfrey! He has been lying six months in the vaults of Chestwold Church. His son Ralph succeeds to the title and estates. Ah, he was a handsome lad five-and-twenty years ago—a true Cresset."

Ruby's eyes began to shine. Here was a bit of genuine romance touching upon our plodding, prosaic lives.

"A real baronet!" she cried. "How nice! Why, it sounds like a story, Miss Cresset. Pray tell us more."

Our fellow-lodger's pinched face seemed to grow more pinched.

"My dear, in my youth it was my misfortune to love one far below me in station; he was, in fact, my younger brother's tutor. I married him, and for that act was cast off by my relatives—the Cressets are a hard, proud race—and driven out of their midst. The Old World was virtually shut against myself and the man I had chosen, so we emigrated to the New. It is hard for me to tell you what befell us here. We were very, very poor. My husband grew reckless, and plunged into bad courses. Discouragement, you know, makes men wicked. He sank lower and lower. My marriage did not turn out well. It would have been better for me had I listened to my own kin. At last he was killed in a drunken brawl, and after his burial I never more called myself by his name. I became Miss Cresset again. It was better so, I thought."



CAUGHT BY A GIGANTIC SHELL.—"I LOOKED BACK AND SAW MY MAN UP TO HIS SHOULDERS IN THE WATER. HE WAS WAVING A CLOTH IN ONE HAND."—SEE PAGE 290.

We were greatly surprised to find that our neighbor was a widow. She said not another word regarding her marriage. She never told us the name of the man for whom she had thrown away wealth, home, position.

It was plain that the poor little woman had suffered much, and that it was very painful for her to recall her past.

We asked if she had never wished to return to England. She shook her head.

"My friends and kindred are all dead to me. Even my Aunt Dorothy, though she is kind enough to write once a year, would not wish to see me again. No, no, my dears, I could not go back if I would, and I do not know as I would if I could. As well starve here as there."

After this conversation Ruby and I felt a deeper interest than ever in our fellow-lodger across the passage.

The bleak Winter was upon us, with its bitter frosts and cruel winds that howled around the windows of our lodging-house, and always set me thinking of stormy seas and dismantled ships floating hopelessly to destruction.

It was a dreary January night, and Ruby and I sat by our little stove, sad, silent, burdened with the same thought, when, of a sudden, we heard somewhere outside the door a heavy fall.

We rushed forth. At the bottom of the steep, narrow stair lay a heap of something, we scarcely knew what, until Ruby, flying to investigate, raised in her arms the limp and senseless figure of Miss Cresset.

In descending the flight she had made a false step and fallen headlong, and whether she was alive or dead we could not tell.

Ruby and I carried her to our room—she was a light weight.

"Burn feathers under her nose, dear," I cried, "and slap her hands vigorously."

And then I threw on hat and shawl and ran for a doctor.

I was fortunate enough to find one in the next street. He returned with me to the lodging-house, examined Miss Cresset, and announced that she had sustained a bad fracture of the leg. This unparalleled misfortune struck us all dumb. Only the poor know the sorrows of the poor.

"Is she a relative of yours?" said the doctor, looking at me over Ruby's golden head.

"No," I answered; "but a neighbor—a friend."

"Where does she live?"

"In the room across the passage."

He took up my lamp, stepped to Miss Cresset's door, gave one look into the fireless, comfortless room, then came quickly back.

"She had better be conveyed to the hospital at once."

XUM

I shall never forget the horror and despair which blanched and convulsed Miss Cresset's worn face at these words.

She put out one shaking hand, and grasped my dress convulsively. This mute appeal, together with the agonized protest in her eyes, went to my heart. I glanced at Ruby; she answered with a nod.

"No," said I, "she shall not go to a hospital—she shall remain with us. We can make her comfortable here; we will take care of her—my sister and I."

The doctor looked at me attentively.

"You are assuming a heavy burden," he said; "she will be helpless for a long time."

My courage rose to the occasion.

"Like the majority of people, she shrinks from a hospital. We are her only friends; we will do our best for her," I cried.

"Exactly," echoed my brave, lovely Ruby.

The big tears gathered in Miss Cresset's grateful eyes, and rolled down her pinched cheeks. She humbly pressed the folds of my dress to her lips.

"Bless you, bless you!" she sobbed.

The doctor set the broken limb. We moved Miss Cresset's cot-bed into a corner of our own room, picked up her poor belongings and stowed them away in odd corners, delivered her key to the landlady, and prepared to play the part of the good Samaritan to our high-born but penniless fellow-lodger.

"Oh, my dear!" she said to me, piteously; "how can I ever repay you?"

"Have you not heard that virtue is its own reward?" I answered, with a gayety which I did not feel. "We shall never miss the bite and sup which we give to you, Miss Cresset, nor the corner which your bed occupies. And Ruby declares it will be a positive pleasure to attend you. In short, we have decided to stand by you till your poor limb is sound and strong again."

"Privately, I remarked to Ruby:

"We shall be obliged to economize a little closer, dear. I cannot buy a new dress this Winter. You must help me to renovate my old one."

"Judith, Mr. Claxton will turn you out of his store because of your extreme shabbiness—see if he does not, and then what will we do?"

"Borrow no trouble, Ruby, but help me to battle with that which is already upon us."

We altered the old dress on quiet evenings, turned a breadth here and another there, and plaited new trimming over the worn places, until, by our combined efforts, it was almost as good as new.

Miss Cresset lay on her little bed, and watched us all the while, but made no comments. She suffered greatly with her broken limb, but her patience was something marvelous.

No complaint ever passed her lips.

"She is a sweet old saint," said Ruby; "and I love her dearly. I actually delight to pinch myself, Judith; yes, and pinch *you*, which is saying far more, for her poor sake."

So pinching was done in that little room, though we tried to be very sly and clever about it, which Miss Cresset's sharp eyes did not fail to see. Not that she ever made remarks, but often those same eyes would fill with tears, and her hands tremble as they touched her own, and somehow we felt that she was keeping a silent record of every little sacrifice which we made, every effort put forth in her behalf.

The bitter, blustering February brought me to my twentieth birthnight. I left the store at dark, and plodded home through rain and sleet, murmuring to myself all the way.

"Where—where is he? Still on the sea, or under the sky of Canton? And is he thinking of me? Why does he not write? I had hoped to receive some word from him ere this. My darling, my darling, how can I live without the sight of your face, the sound of your voice, for five weary years!"

I found our humble table spread for tea, and Miss Cresset and Ruby talking softly together beside the fire.

"I remember well when my nephew, the present baronet, was born," the former was saying, as I entered. "Everybody at Chetwold Hall went mad with joy—even my younger brothers. Poor things, they are all dead now. Sir Godfrey kept open house, and every tenant on the estates had a joint on the spit that day. Ah, he was a bonnie boy! Many a time I have seen him riding his pony through the Yorkshire lanes, his brown curls blowing over his little velvet jacket, ahead of his groom always, and he but five years old!"

"Go on," said Ruby, who delighted to hear Miss Cresset talk of her high-born relatives. He must be thirty now."

"Every day of it," sighed Miss Cresset.

"Tell me something about his wife."

"His wife? My dear, he has none; at least, he was a bachelor when my Aunt Dorothy last wrote."

Ruby leaned back in her chair and closed her lovely eyes.

"I see it all," she said, softly smiling. "The old Elizabethan hall, with its turrets and gables and twisted chimneys, the old-fashioned pleasaunce, the gnarled yew-trees, the waving park—all as you have described them—and the wild moors covered with whinberries and fern and purple heather, and the yellow gorse that smells, you say, like a cocoanut. It is like fairyland. I wish I was there."

Then her violet eyes flashed open again on disagreeable realities.

"Here is Judith ready for tea," she added, gayly. "Behold the toast! Could Sir Ralph's cook have browned it better? And I have broiled a bit of ham in honor of this birthnight. Partake, Miss Cresset, and fancy yourself once more in the stately halls of your ancestors."

During our frugal supper, Miss Cresset, who was in a retrospective mood, continued to talk of Chetwold and its splendors; of her wonderful nephew, Sir Ralph; of grand county families, and whole generations of dead and gone Cressets, while Ruby and I listened as to some pleasant fiction.

"I would much like to see my nephew once—just once," she sighed. "Then I think I could die content."

"Why does he not write and recall you to England and Chetwold?" cried Ruby, indignantly. "Believe me, Miss Cresset, your Sir Ralph is a hard-hearted wretch!"

And at that moment a rap echoed on the door, and John Claxton entered.

Embarrassed and almost ashamed of the poverty of our one poor room, I arose to receive my employer.

He nodded stiffly to Ruby and Miss Cresset, then turned again to me.

"Pray be seated," I stammered, hospitably, though in my heart I wished him miles away. "Perhaps you will allow my sister to pour you out a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you; I abhor tea. Have you seen the evening papers, Miss Gwynne?"

I shook my head.

"Then I have news for you. Do you remember the name of the ship in which Reginald Ward sailed for China?"

I went straight up to him, and looked into his grim, wrinkled face.

"The *Ocean Queen*. Something has happened. Speak! What is it?"

"The *Ocean Queen* was burned at sea a month or more ago, and every soul on board her perished, save one colored seaman, who was picked up by a passing vessel."

I heard Ruby and Miss Cresset utter a simultaneous cry, then they vanished from my sight. John Claxton's grim face vanished—I fell at his feet. They restored me to consciousness; they wept over me—at least Miss Cresset and Ruby did—they sought to comfort me with vain words.

"Here is the story," said Mr. Claxton; "read it for yourself."

He threw two or three newspapers upon the table and departed, and I opened them and read how the gallant ship, alone on the cruel sea, in the dark of a tempestuous night, with a sick, almost dying captain, had been surprised by the terrible element; how bravely passengers and crew had fought the death which finally overwhelmed them; how one grand fellow, Reginald Ward by name, had surpassed all others in his superhuman efforts; how he had lowered a boat, placed in it the women, the children, and the sick captain; how he had restrained the frantic sailors when they began to lose hope and courage, and how, when the boat was swamped, he had nobly perished in attempting to succor the shrieking women.

I had no need to read further. He was dead. Love was over, life was over. My sun had set in utter night.

Grief rarely kills; it is the fate of most of us to thrive upon suffering. I did not die—I dared not wish for death with Ruby and Miss Cresset depending upon me for food and shelter. No, I went daily to my place behind Mr. Claxton's counter; I sold gloves and lace and trimmings with a calm, smiling face, and my employer, who watched me closely, was the only person to suspect my secret agonies.

Before Miss Cresset and Ruby I always managed to preserve my courage and composure.

Slowly the poor little Englishwoman was gaining strength, but Ruby, my beautiful Ruby, was losing it every day. More and more aggressive grew her little cough, fairer and thinner her perfect face. The long-talked-of, long-delayed consultation with a physician became at last imperative.

"Can you tell me what ails my sister?" I demanded of the man of medicine.

"She has consumptive tendencies," he answered, as calmly as if his words were not like daggers in my heart.

"What can be done for her?"

"She needs a change of scene, a milder climate," he replied, with the same maddening composure—the professional indifference peculiar to his kind—"rest, ease, rich food and pleasant surroundings."

Great heaven! How could I obtain these things for Ruby?

"I would sell my soul for money," I said to myself, in my desperate anguish; and not many hours after the opportunity came.

At nightfall, as I was leaving the shop, Mr. Claxton put on his hat and overcoat, and followed me out.

"Life goes hard with you, does it not?" he demanded. "I hear that your sister is ill."

"Yes," I answered, briefly.

"Is that old Englishwoman still with you?"

"Yes."

"Why do you burden yourself with one who has no claim upon you?"

"She loves Ruby and me—we love her; that, surely, is a claim."

He drew a little nearer to me upon the slippery pavement.

"You need money for your sister and your friend—you are harassed with care, and worn with sorrow. Judith, will you marry me? Do not start. Doubtless you still remember Reginald Ward, but I am not the man to be jealous of a dead rival. I love you with all my heart. I am rich, and you shall see that I can be generous."

For a moment a terrible temptation assailed me. Should I sell myself to this elderly wooer, and save Ruby? Other women did not shrink from such marriages, why should I? And then, betwixt myself and John Claxton the pale, sad face of my lost love seemed to arise, and look at me with reproachful eyes. He had asked me to be true to him till death. I would do more: I would be true till eternity.

"It cannot be," I answered. "I cannot so wrong you, Mr. Claxton—I cannot so wrong myself! Do not tempt me; my heart is buried with Reginald."

"It will rise again."

"Never."

"Stuff! nonsense!" he cried, gruffly.

"I shall live and die unmarried."

"Is this decision final?"

"Yes," I answered, and he turned from me abruptly, and stalked away down the street.

I went home to Poverty Court, feeling that I had lost my last friend. John Claxton was angry with me; he would probably turn me out of his shop. I said nothing to Ruby or Miss Cresset, but all night I tossed restlessly on my pillow, tortured with anxiety. Fortunately the morrow was a legal holiday, and I could remain at home, and consider at my leisure the best course to pursue under the circumstances that environed me.

Breakfast was over. Miss Cresset sat stitching in our one window, with a crutch which I had bought her leaning against the wall by her side, and Ruby and I were setting the room in order, when we heard the landlady's step on the stairs, and a letter was thrust suddenly under our door. I picked it up. It had an ominous black border, and it bore Miss Cresset's name and an English stamp.

"Your Aunt Dorothy is growing kinder with increasing age," I said, as I carried it to our crippled *protégée* in the window; "she has written twice in six months."

Miss Cresset changed countenance, dropped her embroidery, and hurriedly opened the letter. Ruby and I watched her with a strange fascination. We saw a stunned, bewildered look creep over her thin face, then her hands fell helplessly into her lap.

"My dears," she cried, looking blankly from one to the other, "this letter is from our family solicitor in London. The Honorable Miss Dorothy Cresset died at her Kensington house on the 5th of the present month. She has bequeathed to me her entire property. I am instructed to draw upon a banker of this city for all the money I require, and start for England immediately."

Ruby and I could only stare at her in amaze and wonder. She stretched out her arms to us, a cry broke from her lips, a great light overspread her worn face.

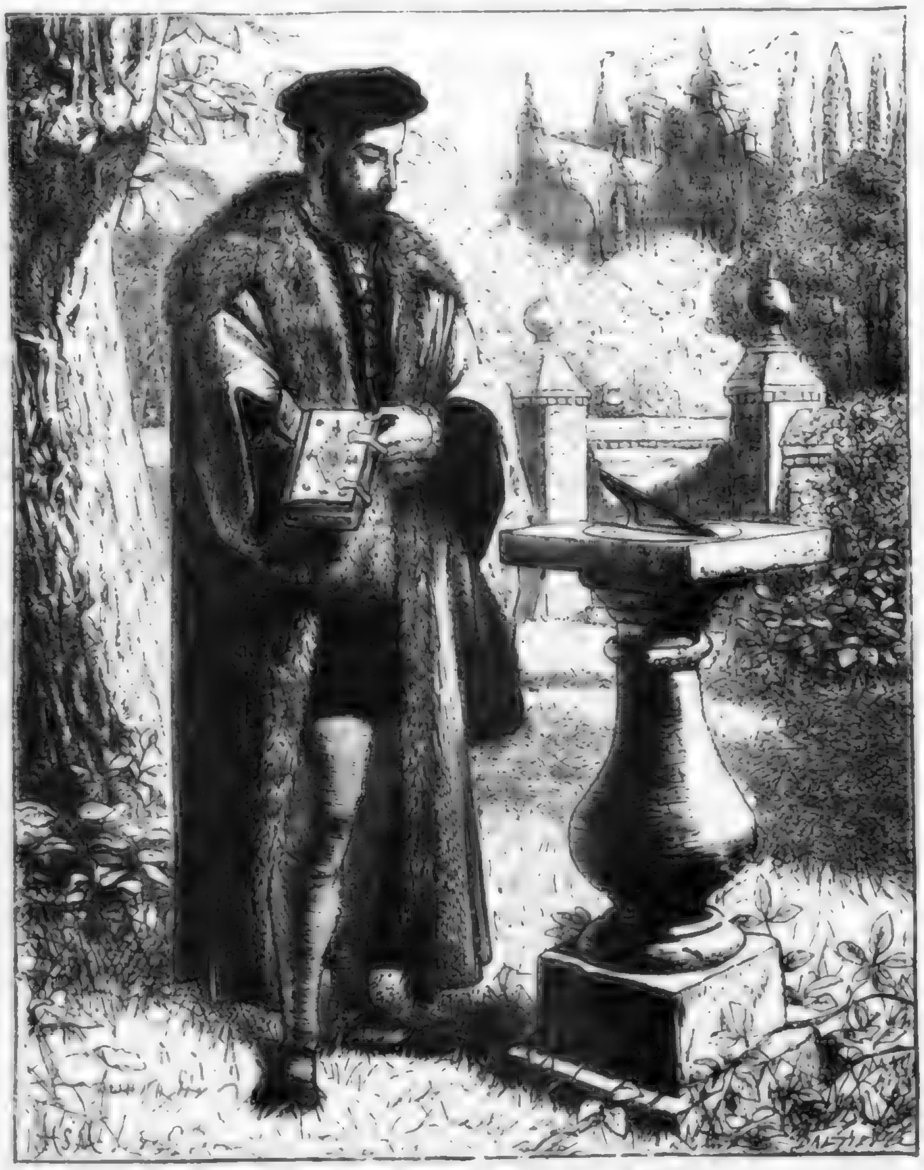
"Oh, my dears! you have pinched and toiled and struggled to shelter and feed me. I have seen all your patience, all your self-denial, and now my time has come! From this moment you are my children. Good little

Samaritans, as you have divided your store with me, I will now divide mine with you. Whither I go you shall go also, and whatever good the Lord hath sent to me shall be yours as well! Embrace me. This day a new life begins for us all."

* * * * * *

We could scarcely believe our wonderful change of fortune. Our small charity had brought us such a bounteous reward, that we were for a time utterly dazed and overwhelmed. It was like a nursery tale, and Miss Cresset was the kind old fairy who had in a moment transformed us from beggar-maids to princesses.

"Judith, dear, we are dreaming," said Ruby; "by-and-by we shall awake."



A QUIET MIND.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 298.

But we did not. Miss Cresset's legacy was a reality — her gratitude, her generosity, were realities.

"You two girls are joint heirs to all that I possess," she said; and in this character we bade adieu to Poverty Court, to the dolls and the shop, to the toil and privation, and sailed with Miss Cresset for England.

In London we remained long enough for our dear benefactress to consult a physician in regard to Ruby's failing health, and arrange some business affairs with her lawyer. Sir Ralph Cresset was traveling on the Continent, and the old Yorkshire Hall was closed. By advice of the London doctor we then journeyed on to Switzerland, and Summer found us established at the hotel of a charming little town in the fair, high valley of the Engadine. There, among the odorous pine slopes and fields of gentians, and brawling torrents, and mighty, white-peaked mountains, something happened.

It was a cloudless day. The westering sun shone brightly down upon the gray-green glaciers and feathery larches, on the village street, and low, deep-roofed houses, with their little wooden balconies and countless casements, and on the swift mountain river, washing with its cool, silver flood the roots of the fadeless pines.

Dinner was over. In a corner of our balcony Miss Cresset was sleeping in a stiff armchair. Her gold-headed cane—she still walked with difficulty—leaned against her knee; her dear old hands, covered with Cresset diamonds—part of her rich inheritance—lay peacefully on the lap of her smart black-silk gown.

Ruby and I sat beside her, looking up at the lilac mountain-peaks, and down at the queer roofs of the houses below, talking the while in hushed voices.

Our altered fortunes and the air of Engadine had wrought a mighty change in my beautiful darling. Her figure had rounded into rich curves. The little cough was gone. A delicate bloom brightened her pearly cheek. Her pansy-blue eyes glowed with health and joy. Daily she was gaining flesh and strength—Miss Cresset had saved her.

"Hark!" said Ruby, suddenly. "I hear a sound of wheels and bells. There's a carriage under the balcony, Judith. A new arrival. I hope he has dined on the road, for I fear we have eaten everything in the hotel. This mountain air gives one a frightful appetite. I do not think there is so much as a biscuit left in the *salle à manger*."

I leaned over the railing, and saw upon the stones below the balcony a huge, dusty vehicle, with jaded, smoking horses, and a Swiss driver. Our landlord let down the steps, and a single traveler descended — a tall, brown fellow, straight as a pine, with clean-cut features and eyes like a hawk's.

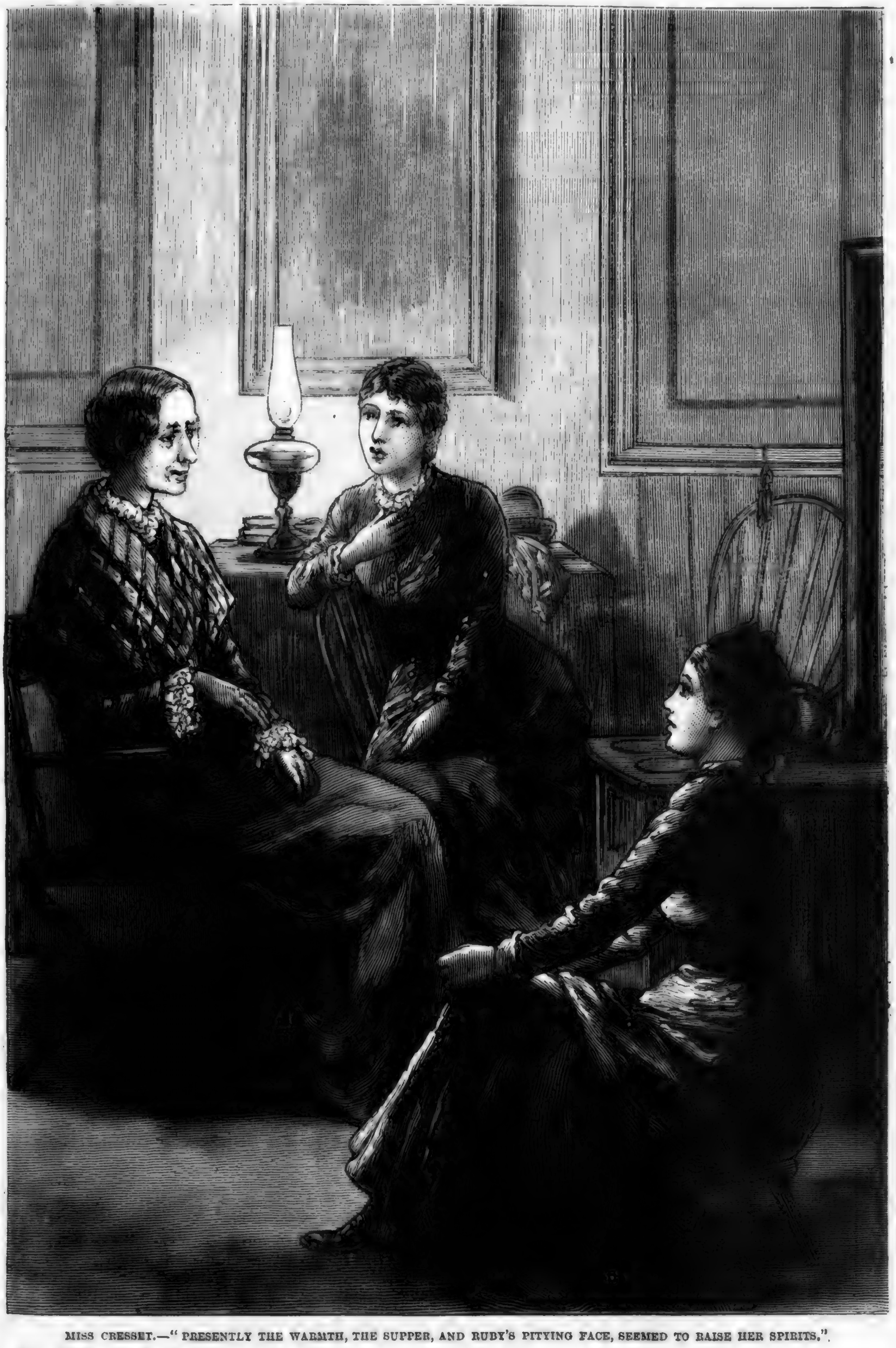
"How good-looking!" I murmured, involuntarily.

He could not have heard me, but something impelled him to lift those wonderfully keen eyes straight to our balcony. *I* was not much to look at—a sober American girl, dressed in deepest black, for, with Miss Cresset's consent, I donned that color, and meant to wear it till I died; but Ruby, in a dinner-dress of pale-blue silk, with forget-me-nots in her crown of yellow hair—ah, she was a sight to bewilder and dazzle the masculine gaze!

Such unequivocal admiration leaped into the bold brown face of the newcomer, that my fair sister started back from the balcony railing in dire confusion, and the movement awoke Miss Cresset.

"What has happened, my dears?" said our fairy godmother.

"There's a new arrival," answered Ruby, with a little laugh. "A servant is just carrying away his hatbox and



MISS CRESSET.—"PRESENTLY THE WARMTH, THE SUPPER, AND RUBY'S PITYING FACE, SEEMED TO RAISE HER SPIRITS."

portmanteau. From his insolent bearing I am positive that he is an Englishman, Miss Cresset."

"I should scarcely call him insolent," I remarked; "but he is decidedly *distinqué.*"

Half an hour later a servant appeared at our door, bearing a card on which was written the name, "Sir Ralph Cresset."

Our dear old friend gave a cry of mingled astonishment and joy.

"Show him in at once!" she said: and in he came, handsome, ardent, eager to make the acquaintance of his unknown aunt.

"I heard you were here," he said, with a smile that instantly won my heart, "and I hurried from Bergen expressly to meet you. You and I are the last of the Cressets, my dear aunt, and we ought to be good friends. I hope you do not lay the sins of the family at my door. You have been badly treated for the last five-and-twenty years, but believe me *I* had no part in the matter. It is only since my father's death that the facts have been told me."

Miss Cresset was of a generous, forgiving nature.

"Not a word about it, dear boy," she said, as she embraced him warmly; "let us forgive and forget everything. For a long time I have earnestly wished to see you. Friends! yes, indeed, we will be that. You look as did your father at your age. Thank Heaven that I have lived to clasp hands with Godfrey's son!"

Then she presented him to Ruby and me.

"Since you are my aunt's adopted daughter," I heard him say to my sister, "I may call you cousin, may I not?"

She shook her yellow head.

"That's a very serious question," she answered, mockingly; "the duties of a cousin are so difficult to discharge creditably! You tax my courtesy too much."

"I feel that I must establish some claim upon you. Thanks be to the powers that led me to the Engadine!"

In a half-hour this handsome *débonnaire* young baronet was as much at home with us as if he had known us all our lives. He sat upon our little balcony, and saw the sun go down, and the stars appear over lilac peak and pine-girt mountain-side and gray-green glacier. He looked at Ruby, and talked to Miss Cresset, of England, of Chetwold, of the improvements which he was making upon his fair estates, and he was infinitely polite to *me*. Miss Cresset told him her whole story, dwelling with an ardor which greatly embarrassed Ruby and me upon the simple part which we had played therein.

"You are rich, Sir Ralph," she said, frankly; "you need no more of this world's goods. I have made my will, and given every farthing which I possess to these dear girls, the children of my adoption."

"I am glad to hear it," he cried, promptly, and the sincerity of his tone was beyond doubt; "their claim upon you is greater than mine. My dear aunt, you have done quite right." And he picked up a forget-me-not which had fallen from Ruby's golden hair, and fastened it in his buttonhole.

We remained in the valley of the Engadine till the end of Summer, and Sir Ralph was our constant companion, our devoted attendant everywhere. The night before our departure for England, Ruby came to me with an unspeakable glory in her beautiful eyes.

"Judith," she said, and her voice was tremulous from excess of happiness, "Sir Ralph Cresset has asked me to be his wife! I love him with all my heart, and oh—oh—was ever anything so strange?"

"Pooh!" I answered; "it is not strange at all. Miss Cresset and I have been expecting it for weeks. And so he has chosen a little American nobody for the future lady of Chetwold Hall? My dear, my dear, do you remember our old Boston lodging-house, and the dolls, and the poverty, and John Claxton's store?"

"No," she answered, laughing; "I think all that was a dream. I think we have always had a fairy godmother, and rich dresses, and English gold, and great expectations, and health and joy."

I looked down at my black gown and sighed. To me the past was no dream. Its shadow fell even upon the gay and abundant present. So we bade farewell to the glaciers, the peaks and the pine-wood, and went back to England to make ready for Ruby's marriage.

Her health was perfect, her happiness secure. She was not to die, but to live—live to become the wife of a baronet, and be called "my lady," and dwell in ease and luxury and splendor for the rest of her fortunate days.

Winter found us installed in Miss Cresset's Kensington house, a wonderful old place, full of oak wainscoting and Cromwellian furniture and antique carving, and the relics of a dozen dead and gone generations. There I waited for my twenty-first birthday.

It came in cloud and storm. The weather was unusually cold; the London pavements were slippery with sleet. In the melancholy gloaming I sat with Miss Cresset before a blazing fire, in a cheerful little boudoir, made brilliant by clusters of wax-lights.

We had dined, and in an adjoining conservatory Ruby was dawdling with her big brown lover. We could hear their mingled voices, and now and then my sister's low, sweet laugh, full of infinite happiness and content.

Conversation flagged. Miss Cresset was gazing thoughtfully into the red fire. I lay back in my deep chair, lost in a sad reverie.

Presently my companion began to croon, scarcely above her breath, these lines of the old familiar hymn:

"'Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'"

Would the sorrow of *my* heart ever know healing? Not on this side of the grave! Miss Cresset looked up at me quietly.

"Do you remember one year ago, Judith?"

"Can I ever forget it?" I answered.

"My poor child Ruby leaves me, but you will stay always, will you not?"

"Always, Miss Cresset; for me there is no other future."

Silence for a space. The coals snapped in the grate. A cab rumbled through the street without.

Miss Cresset heaved a deep sigh.

"My dear, will you ring for the tea-tray?" she was just saying, when her pompous old butler appeared in the doorway.

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room to see Miss Gwynne," he announced.

"A gentleman—at this hour?" cried Miss Cresset; "what name?"

"He gave me none, ma'am. He bade me say a friend from America was waiting to speak with her."

"Can it be Mr. Claxton?" exclaimed Miss Cresset, as she looked at me in a bewildered way. "You had better go down, my dear."

Down the shallow, oaken stair I went, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. I was dressed in deepest black, unrelieved by flower or ornament, and I must have made a sombre picture as I opened the drawing-room door and looked around for my visitor. On the high carved mantel wax-lights burned in silver candelabra. The rich old furniture cast back shadows against the polished wainscot. Portraits of long-dead Cressets frowned from the walls. At one corner of the hearth stood the tall, motionless figure of a man. His face was partly averted. I advanced slowly toward him.

"Mr. Claxton!" I stammered; "*is* it Mr. Claxton?"

He was the sole male acquaintance that I had left in America; consequently I, like Miss Cresset, could think only of him.

The figure started, stepped forward to meet me. The wax-lights shone full upon his face. Great Heaven! had the sea given up its dead? Nearer he came and nearer. I was paralyzed. He looked at me with the eyes that I had thought never to see again; he spoke to me with the voice that I had thought never to hear more.

"Judith," it said, "it is I, come back to you—alive—from the sea. Oh, my darling, my darling, will you not speak to me?"

The room reeled before my sight. I shrieked out his name once. "Reginald! Oh, it cannot be!" And the next that I knew his arms were around me—his living, loving arms! I was pressed to his wildly beating heart. I felt his warm lips trembling upon mine. He was not dead, and I could only cling to him and sob over his name in awe and amaze and rapture.

And then I heard his story—how he had floated for a night and a day on a fragment of the *Ocean Queen;* how a Dutch vessel had picked him up at last, and carried him to Sumatra; how, in a port of that fair island, he had lain for weeks, sick and delirious; how, upon his recovery, he had written again and again to tell me of his safety—these letters I never received; how he had made his way to Canton to find that his Uncle Middleton had suddenly departed this life but a few days before, leaving his nephew, Reginald, sole heir to his worldly goods; how he had hastily settled his relative's affairs and hurried home, to learn from John Claxton of the strange good fortune which had befallen me; how he had tracked me to Switzerland and then to London—to Miss Cresset's Kensington house.

He held me off and looked at my white face, at the mourning-dress which I had donned for him, and tears filled his bonnie blue eyes.

"Oh, my faithful love, my brave, true girl!" he cried.

I clung, laughing and sobbing, about his neck.

"Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," I answered. "Thank God this birthnight has healed the sorrow which the last one made!"

Then there was a sound of feet on the oaken stair, and the tap of a cane, and Ruby and Sir Ralph and Miss Cresset came rushing in to rejoice with me in my unspeakable joy.

"See how strong and happy I am, Reggie," whispered Ruby. "You have come back just in time for my wedding."

"And for my own also," he answered.

"Dear me! I have lost *both* my children!" said Miss Cresset, with a smile and a sigh.

The sea had given him back to me—my sorrow was over. On the day which made Ruby the lady of a stately Yorkshire manor, and Sir Ralph the proudest man in England, I, too, gave my hand to my "ain true love" at the altar-rail of St. George's.

ALL Roman schoolboys were required to learn the laws of the "Twelve Tables" by heart.

PORT WINE.

PORT-DRINKERS (says the London *Globe*) have scarcely yet been fully awakened to a full conviction of the sad fate which threatens their favorite beverage. They have had no difficulty in storing their cellars with the produce of excellent vintages—vintages, indeed, which are supposed likely to become as celebrated in due time as those of the magic '47 and '34, or even the now almost historic '20 and '15.

Ever since '61, when there was another "grand" vintage, the markets have been rather overstocked than understocked, and prices have fallen, owing to the greatly diminished passion for the liquor which was before that year most highly prized in England. Accordingly, the stocks bought by wine merchants, in that and several subsequent years which showed almost equally favorable results, had no great run made upon them, and little difficulty has been experienced by the surviving connoisseurs in this department in laying down at a reasonable price the bins which are now making their hearts glad. Accordingly, the agonies of apprehension which have overtaken the drinkers of Claret and Burgundy have not been shared by the more old-fashioned *bon vivants,* who have rather smiled at the panic of more fashionable topers, and congratulate themselves that the generous liquid which nurtured the heroes of Pitt's time was in no danger of succumbing to the deadly enemy of the French viticulturists.

Such gratifying reflections are now shown to have been founded on a complete error. The flattering unction that port-drinkers have so gladly applied to their souls will soon be no longer efficacious; and they are destined to fall into a state of despondency which will, perhaps, be more hopeless than that of the worshipers of Margaux and Lafitte. A message has come, from the most authentic source, destroying at a blow all the most sanguine hopes which long immunity had inspired.

The British Consul at Oporto, with stony-hearted candor, has revealed the existence of a fatal canker which has for some years been gnawing at the bud of Portuguese prosperity. Mr. Crawfurd explains to us, with all the eloquent brevity that best embellishes a true tale, the sad havoc wrought in the vineyards of the kingdom by the last and most deadly foe of the vine.

Since 1871 the ravages of the Phylloxera, trifling as they were at first, have been steadily attaining more important dimensions in Northern Portugal, and have now attained to such proportions as leave no doubt about the magnitude of the evil. This plague is the fifth in order of those which, during the last thirty years, have brought their malignant influence to bear on the grapes in this famous district.

In 1852 the series commenced with the Oidium, which seemed at one time likely to make an end of the plants. Then came the Anthracnose, known to the learned as *Sphaceloma ampelinum,* which was treated with green copperas as the other had been treated with sulphur. The next enemy was the fungus called *Peronaspora viticola,* and described by the Portuguese in a corrupted English word as Mildiu. For this a liquid preparation of borate of soda was found the best prescription. Fourth, came a worm which attached itself to the roots of the vine, and was locally called Anguillula. This is a more recent and less common pest; but as it lives and moves and has its pernicious being underground, it may no doubt exist in unsuspected multitudes.

The mortal enemy of the Bordeaux vineyards has now come, as the pessimists opine, to put the finishing-touch to the sufferings of the Portuguese stocks. They declare that these old plants, which have been yielding fruit for so many hundred—or as the Consul rather hyperbolically puts it, so many thousand—years, have no longer sufficient vitality to resist the repeated attacks made on them, and must perish unless some means can be found of grafting them upon an entirely new stock, such as those brought over from America for the purpose.

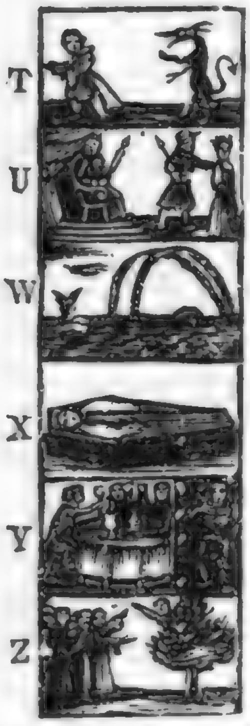


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

The district in which Port wine is grown is a tract twenty-seven miles long, and from three to fifteen miles broad. It commences about sixty miles from Oporto, and extends along both banks of the River Douro as far as the Spanish frontier. The soil is a brown, slaty schist, the mountains are lofty and precipitous, and the land is ill watered, most of the lateral valleys having no more irrigation than is afforded by a tiny brook, which is dry in the height of Summer, and in Winter becomes a torrent.

Roads in the true sense of the word do not exist, and it would be safe to say that no equal portion of the earth's surface, so rich in agricultural wealth, possesses means of irrigation so extraordinarily bad. The origin of viticulture in a large part of this district is comparatively recent. It dates back to a period certainly some time later than the Methuen Treaty, concluded in the reign of Queen Anne.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

By Mary Titcomb.

Half a century ago, conservative critics complained that there were too many books for children—that the variety and novelty of them was dissipating to the susceptible minds of the young. Even a century ago, the same fear weighed upon some conscientious hearts, with the additional distress that illustrations were becoming too profuse. One learned writer of that period, Professor Christian, thus gave his opinion: "We do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations."

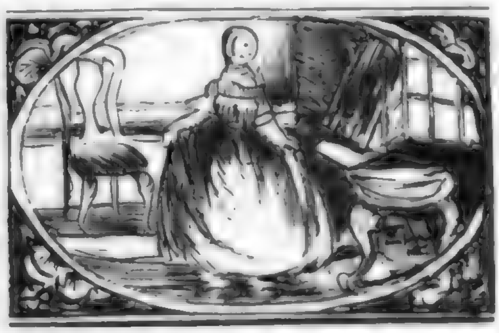


ILLUSTRATION TO "UPON OVERMUCH NICENESS," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

Undeniably, the illustrations of a hundred years ago were often coarse, rude and grotesque, yet how would the good professor have lamented over the profusely decorated books of 1884?

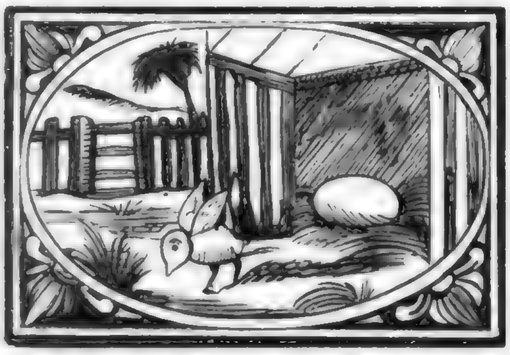


ILLUSTRATION TO "MEDITATION ON AN EGG," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

We sometimes pick up in the nursery, nowadays, the torn, discarded magazine, or picture-book, dreamily marveling at the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the illustrations, and query whether the little ones have any keen appreciation of these; whether they are not a little surfeited with dainties; whether they really get half the enjoyment out of their countless choice designs that the children of fifty years ago extracted from the one small cut that headed the weekly number of the *Youth's Companion*, or the carefully studied representations of the "Calculating Milkmaid" and the unfortunate "Boy in the Apple-tree," which adorned the back part of Webster's old "Spelling-book," or the expressive figures of "The Fox and the Crane," "The Lion and the Mouse," which pointed the moral of old Æsop's "Fables."

Notwithstanding all the improvements which a century or more has brought in children's books, one cannot help feeling that the pendulum may have swung a little too far—an error that time will correct—and that the extreme beauty of illustration, of print, paper and binding, while acutely pleasing to adults, would be better appreciated by the child himself if he were not so overwhelmed with pretty picture-books. He is brimfull, and cannot hold any more; the rarest delicacies kindle no keen appetite, because he never has a chance to get hungry.

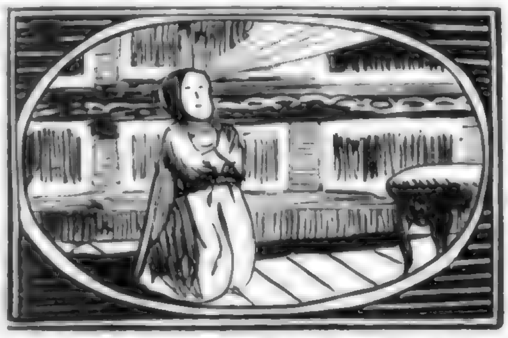
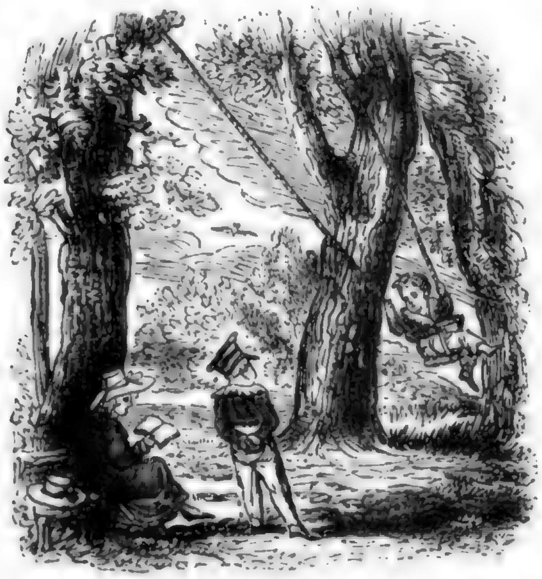


ILLUSTRATION TO "UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER," FROM "DIVINE EMBLEMS."

As we, from the standpoint of to-day, look back and discern mistakes in the mental, moral and religious teaching which in books was put before our own childish vision, as well as before our parents and grandparents, we wonder how it will be fifty or a hundred years hence. What kind of judgment will the critics of 1984 pass upon the juvenile literature and illustrations of this age? Who can tell? It is to be hoped that the future will prove a wise yet gentle critic, even as the present should be of the past, discerning both the good and the evil, accepting true methods and rejecting false, mindful that every generation shows real progress, which is the result of intelligent experiment.

How charming is the change from the roughly-bound, coarsely-printed books in old times called juvenile, to the tastefully-covered works of art which find their way into the nurseries of the present day! Yet the stiff, straw-made covers, coarse type, and rude pictures, recall old friends of childhood, few in number, much prized, and slowly but eagerly read in every leisure hour that could be snatched from dull school-toil, or inevitable "chores." Hidden away in the old attic, or secreted in some shady nook of the neighboring woods, the child pored over the old tale or ballad that had strayed into his hands, or, indeed, any book written for adults in which could be traced the semblance of a story—unless some good fortune had brought him "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," or, perhaps, the "Swiss Family Robinson," or the "Parents' Assistant."



"THE SWING," FROM A CHILD'S BOOK OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Literary "Milk for Babes" was not unknown by name in the days of our great-grandmothers; but a healthy child could neither relish nor digest what was so called, and the genuine article was scarce indeed. The pictorial alphabet presented to the infantile eye was of the style found in the old "New England Primer." Not that primer, "revised and greatly improved," as it is seen by modern eyes, but the version which existed a couple of hundred years ago, originating in something of still earlier date.

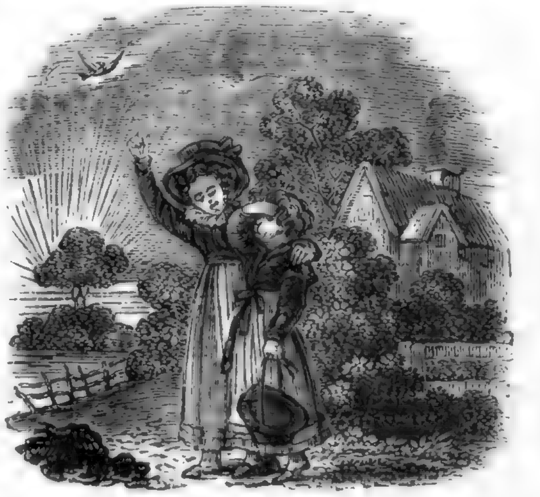
A similar illustrated alphabet is found in a book entitled, "A Guide for the Child and Youth," published in London, 1762; but this can be traced back to about 1690. These pictures, grotesque in design, and coarse in execution, are far inferior to those in the modernized "New England Primer" of fifty years ago. The familiar couplet,

"The bat doth play,
And after slay,"

is brought down to infantile understanding by means of an extraordinary-looking feline performing on a fiddle, while four mice dance a jig.

"The Lion bold,
The Lamb doth hold,"

is explained by a meek-looking creature with its paw gently resting on the head of a lamb lying quietly at his feet. More modern primers indicate that the lamb has waked up, and is about to trot away, unhindered by the lion's paw.



"THE LARK," FROM A CHILD'S BOOK OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

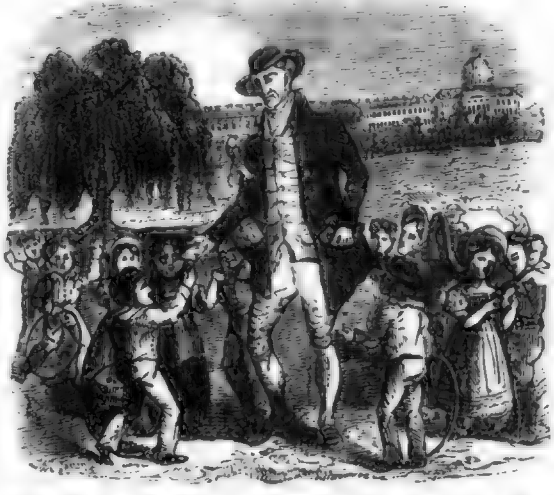
The ambiguity of,

"Young Sam'l dear
The Lord did fear,"

is increased by the circumstance that "Young Sam'l's" face is wholly undistinguishable—and although

"Zaccheus, he
Did climb the Tree,
His Lord to see,"

"he" looks as if standing on nothing in mid-air, with the tree as a background—his face a mere white spot, on which are four dots of features, his arms and legs outspread, the poor man evidently in imminent danger of falling. More modern artists have seated Zaccheus comfortably in a bend of the tree, his arm entwined around a bough; but the idea of astonishment conveyed by the older picture is lacking.



"PETER PARLEY," AS HE APPEARED IN HIS FIRST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

There was a certain vividness in these old pictures, however inartistic, or grotesque in design; and the child was not likely to mistake their purpose, or forget them. Few modern illustrations stamp such an impression on a child's mind as did "The Burning of Mr. John Rogers," represented in the "Puritan Almanac" of 1691, and reproduced in primers thereafter. The wavy mass of flame that surrounds, but apparently does not touch, the distressed-looking martyr, the stolid executioner holding the battle-ax, the "wife with nine small children and one at her breast," standing in solid phalanx, all made an ineffaceable picture on the brain.

"A Guide for the Child and Youth," to which we have referred, contains some poetical counsels to children, interesting as compared with the milder maxims and more flowing verses given to the little ones of the present day. The quaint style and old-fashioned injunctions might amuse or puzzle modern children; but they might take useful hints from some of these verses—as for example:

"CHILD'S BEHAVIOR.

"On Rising.

"Down from thy chamber when as thou shalt go,
Thy Parents salute, and the household also.
Thy Hands see thou wash, thy Head also comb,
Keep clean thy apparel, both abroad and at home.
This done, thy Sachel and thy Books take,
And to the School haste do thou make."

"On Going to School.

"In going your way and passing the street,
Thy hat pull off, salute those you meet.
When to School thou shalt resort,
Salute thy Master, I do exhort.

* * * * *

"When from School you shall take your way,
Make haste to your Home, and stay not to play;
The House then entering, in the Parents' presence
Humbly salute them with due reverence."

"At Table.

"Be meek in thy Carriage, stare none in the Face,
First hold up your Hands, and then say thy Grace;
The Grace being said, if able thou be
To serve at the Table, it will become thee.
If thou canst not wait, presume in no case,
But in sitting down, to your Betters give place.

"Suffer each man first served to be,
For it is a point of great courtesy.
Let not thy Tongue at the Table walk,
And of no matter either jangle or talk;
For *Cato* doth say that, in old and in young,
The first step to Virtue is to bridle the tongue."

Good John Bunyan, who died in 1688, did his best for children as well as for grown folks, when he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," which to-day is in every family library: while scarcely anywhere can be found even an old musty copy of his "Divine Emblems; Or, Temporal Things Spiritualized. Fitted for the use of Boys and Girls." The copy of this curious little volume, from which we make some extracts, was printed in Philadelphia, as late as 1808, and is "embellished with forty-nine cuts"—"profusely illustrated," no doubt it was then considered. The cuts are manifestly from plates of an old date, and are all uniform in size and style. The specimens given are a fair sample of both poetry and pictures:

"Meditation Upon an Egg.

"The egg's no chick by falling from the hen;
Nor man a Christian till he's born again.
The egg's at first contained in the shell,
Men afore grace, in sins and darkness dwell.
The egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken,
And Christ by grace the dead in sin does quicken."

"Upon Overmuch Niceness.

'Tis strange to see how overnice are some
About their clothes, their bodies, and their home;
While what's of worth they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it at all, or slovenly.
Their houses must well-furnished be in print;
While their immortal soul has no good in it.
Its outside also they must beautify,
While there is in't scarce common honesty," etc.

One of the shortest and best of these "Divine Emblems" is "*Upon the Swallow*":

"This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs, my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

The swallow, as represented by the artist, is, unfortunately, a most ugly-looking bird, which rather diminishes the force of the comparison.

The light of modern times reveals strange errors in the religious views of former days; but if the best those days afforded was offered to the young, it can only be regarded a misfortune that broader and more liberal instruction was not given.

In 1726 Isaac Watts, evidently a lover of children, sent out his "Divine and Moral Songs. Attempted in easy language for the use of Children." The poetical merit and real beauty of many of these have given them a lasting place in juvenile literature. Hymns which were as familiar as the alphabet fifty years ago, such as those beginning—

"I sing the Almighty Power of God,
Which made the mountains rise";

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour";

And—

"Whene'er I take walks abroad,
How many poor I see,"

might well supplant some of less value in our modern Sunday-school hymn-books.

A copy of "Divine and Moral Songs" on our table, which was published in Charleston in 1804, omits the so-called "Moral Songs," of which one of the most beautiful is the "Cradle Hymn,"

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.
Holy angels guard thy head,"

and substitutes "Good Advice to Children," and a "Prayer to be Used by Children," expressed in language so wholly beyond the comprehension of any child, as to seem almost absurd.

With the exception of a few religious works, the scanty juvenile reading that crept into the hands of children in the days of our great-great-grandmothers, was almost exclusively of the marvelous and romantic kind. Old nursery ballads and legendary tales then thrilled the child with a wild delight, and a single one in his own possession was esteemed a treasure, and was read and re-read with unflagging interest. Making use of old historical facts or dim traditions, France, Spain and Germany added to the little stock of English stories; and not the strictest notions of the sternest Puritans could have kept these wonderful little books from crossing the ocean, when, in America, the children's hands stretched out pleadingly for them. "Jack, the Giant-killer," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Whittington and his Cat," "Little Red Riding-hood," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," "Cinderella," and like fairy-tales, were eagerly devoured by every child who could get hold of them.

Many of these date back so far that their origin cannot be traced. "Cinderella" is mentioned in German literature as early as the sixteenth century. Charles Perrault, who was born in 1628, wrote the story of "Blue Beard," the original upon which he founded the tale being Giles de Laval, who was Marshal of France in 1429, and had made himself infamous by the murder of his wives. It is an interesting fact, by-the-way, that although the writings of Perrault were numerous, consisting of poems, dramas, histories and compilations, all of them have long been practically forgotten, except his collection of "Fairy Tales," which attained great popularity, and have been translated into many languages.

"In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might"—

and in 1630 a little work entitled "Tom Thumb, his Life and Death," was published in London.

Tracing the "Children in the Woods" back further than 1600, we ourselves may get lost; but nothing in ancient poetry is more touching than this simple ballad; and the little ones of the present day are not so story-hardened as to keep their eyes dry while they read:

"These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

"They wandered, these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

As books and ballads in which the thread of a story could be found always attracted the juveniles of old times just as of the present, so in spite of much that they stumbled against, interest was aroused by such lines as—

"God prosper long our noble king
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall";

Or—

"Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timbers strong;
A hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong.
And they so cunningly contrived
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in and out."

And "Chevy Chace," "Fair Rosamond," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "Robin Hood," etc., were read alike by young and old, the interest occasionally being intensified by the addition of a quaint illustration. In fact, at a period when comparatively few books were written for anybody, children and their parents fared much alike. If happy chance brought such a child's book as "Robinson Crusoe" into the meagre family library, it gave keenest delight; but in their hunger for anything story-like, little folks promptly seized the "Faerie Queene," "Don Quixote," the "Spectator," the "Rambler," and similar works.

The immortal "Mother Goose"—a real personage, bearing the unique name of Elizabeth Goose, and a native of Boston—will never cease to be admired as long as there are babies to be put to sleep and little children to be kept in happy humor. Whether "Mother Goose" sang to her own children we are not told, but when she became a happy grandmother she warbled her songs in the nursery from morning till night, much to the annoyance of her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. And when Thomas found that he could not, by complaint or ridicule, keep the good old lady quiet, he resolved to use her ditties for his own benefit, and accordingly published a book bearing this title: "Songs for the Nursery; Or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet at his Printing House, Pudding Lane [now Devonshire Street], 1719. Price, Two Coppers." Ever since that time mothers have said and sung the pretty, flowing nonsense to their children; and the little ones have unconsciously but very positively shown their gratitude to "Mother Goose" and "T. Fleet."

The eighteenth century seemed to awaken authors and artists to a keener sense of the mental wants of children; of the necessity of something more juvenile in literature and art which should be their very own. Perhaps a general feeling of growing sympathy with the young may have inspired Cowper to write "John Gilpin" and "The Retired Cat"; Goldsmith to prepare his "Animated Nature"; and Wordsworth to sing "The Pet Lamb" and "We are Seven." But the majority of writers for children at this period were women, who, perhaps, from circumstances of home life, had come to an appreciative understanding of the needs of the little people, and felt a longing to supply them.

Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, Jane Taylor, and Hannah More, were prominent among the many who freely used their pens for the young. And although some of the books they wrote may seem dull enough to modern eyes, they were gladly welcomed by the half-famished children of that period. And stories such as Hannah More's "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," and Mrs. Sherwood's "Little Henry and his Bearer," could not fail to interest young and old alike, and to retain a place in literature.

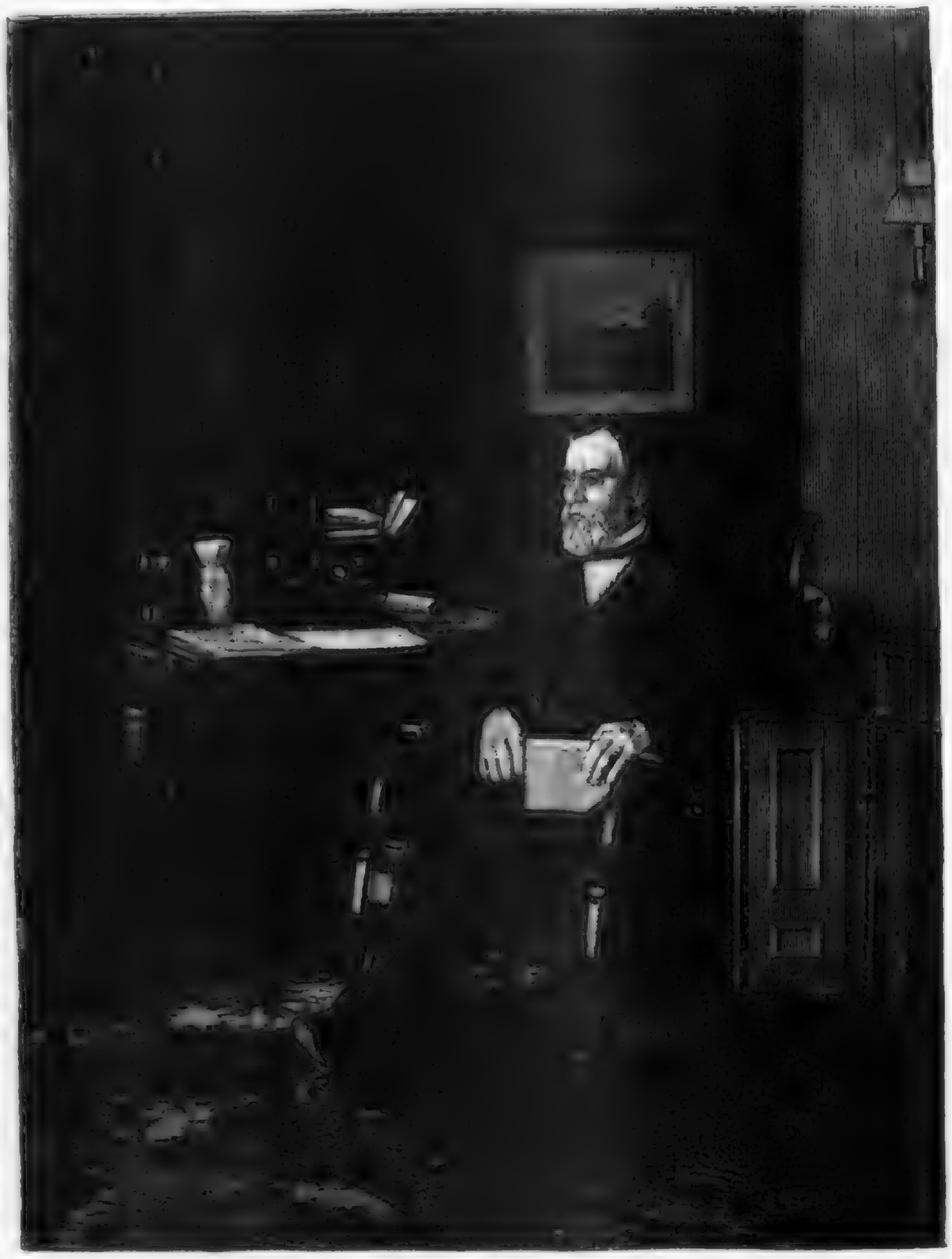
However the fictions of Maria Edgeworth may seem open to criticism from the luminous standpoint of the present, the *children* gave them no doubtful reception. Her "Parents' Assistant," "Rosamond," and numerous popular tales, were devoured by the young folks. How many there are, even now, who vividly remember with what delight they used to pore over the stories of "Lazy Lawrence," "Simple Susan," "The Filigree Basket," "Waste Not and Want Not"—tales far more entertaining than any they had previously read, and which were unhesitatingly put into their hands because they were instructive, and inculcated the highest moral principles known. Whatever imperfections may now be discovered in her works, Miss Edgeworth found a warm welcome and a lasting place in the hearts of children fifty years ago, and gained a permanent position in literature as one of the best writers for the young in the age in which she lived.

Arnauld Berquin, a French writer, made himself very popular by his "Children's Friend," which was first issued in twenty-four volumes between 1782 and 1784. Translations quickly found their way into English and American families. Two odd volumes, worn and rusty, yet bearing the same ancient look familiar to our childish eyes, have the imprint on the title-page: "Newburyport. Printed by John Mycall for the Proprietor of the Boston Bookstore, No. 59 Cornhill, Boston." No date is anywhere given; but the quaint preface is as follows:

> "To the Affectionate Parents who wish to inspire their Children with the love of Information and Virtue; and to the rising Offspring whose early Impressions and Habits materially affect the Happiness of Parent, Friend, and Citizen, this Work, which artfully interests the Feelings, judiciously regulates the Passions, and with innocent Enchantment leads the Mind to Knowledge and Virtue, is respectfully dedicated by the American Editor."

XUM

Many of the early efforts to combine amusement with instruction seem, to our present judgment, stupendous failures. As what had gone by the name "elementary" had often been the driest of statements, puzzling the brains even of adults, so now it became the grand object to simplify everything, and to surround the dry moral or scientific pill with enough sweetmeats to cause it to be unconsciously swallowed. But none so keen as a bright child to discover this device; none so quick to resent it, unless done naturally or with consummate skill. Forced attempts to simplify, to bring in desired instruction, to deduce a moral, were not only perfectly obvious, but the tucking in of advice and admonition at every step became a constant irritation.



JACOB ABBOTT IN HIS STUDY.

Can any one whose childhood dates back thirty, forty or fifty years, fail to recall some dull tale which was but the thread on which to hang moral or religious precepts? or, perhaps, some interesting story, which had no sooner become thoroughly enjoyable than the pleased imagination was suddenly checked by the formal presentation of the proper "lesson" to be learned from it? Who does not remember how, when he chanced to get the book by himself, he adroitly skipped all these deductions and picked out the story alone? It was less aggravating to the child when suffered to have the story comfortably first, the *moral* following in large type, as a distinct thing which he was admonished to remember carefully.

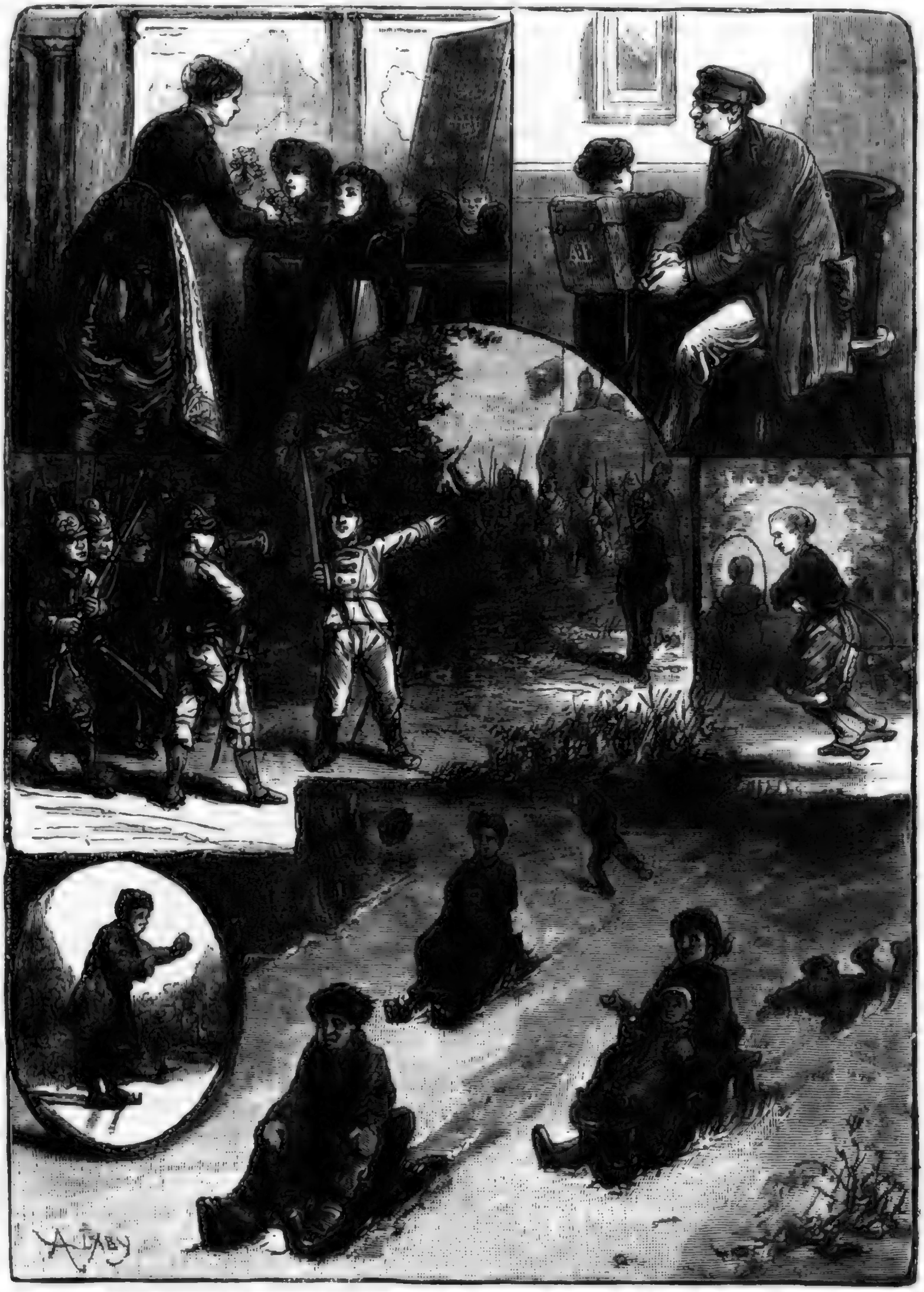
Yet how great progress was even then apparent as compared with the time when scarcely any literature was specially prepared for the young! Dull, dry schoolbooks began almost imperceptibly to be modified by the introduction of scanty elements of entertainment; and, by-and-by, here and there, a picture—a sight rare, indeed, to the old-time child.

The pictorial illustration of juvenile books received a remarkable impulse from Thomas Bewick, the notable reviver of wood-engraving, who was born at Cherryburn, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1753. He was a lover of Nature from a boy, and showed great skill in drawing at an early age. When fourteen, he was bound out to an engraver, but employed his leisure time in sketching under a master. He was constantly studying the forms and movements of animals; and he found that he could express ease, freedom and spirit much better on wood than on copper. In 1775 he received a prize from the Society of Arts for an engraving on wood called "The Old Hound."

The first books in which Bewick's designs appeared were some children's primers, published by Thomas Launt, of Newcastle. Afterward he illustrated many books for the young, in connection, for a time, with his brother John. In 1784, "Select Fables" was published, containing numerous cuts designed and engraved by the Bewick brothers. Every detail is exact in these pictures, showing the peculiar characteristics of Bewick's style; and they were incomparably superior to anything previously done in wood-engraving, although a certain stiffness is apparent. Each fable has a "head" and "tail" piece. The former are all uniform in size and style, being small, of oval shape, and inclosed in framelike lines—a marked contrast to the varied and fanciful arrangement of pictures nowadays.

The "History of Quadrupeds" appeared in 1790, with accurate representations of animals, and a brief sketch of each; and in 1797, the first volume of the "History of British Birds" was issued. This latter work, completed in 1804, surprised and delighted the public by the peculiar clearness and delicacy of the delineations. Bewick's pictures, as well as his general style of engraving, were extensively copied; and children far and near reaped the benefit of his labors.

Alexander Anderson, born in 1775, was the first wood-engraver in America; and during a long life of ninety-four years he gave much attention to this art. To some extent he followed Bewick in style, and the children's books of the earlier part of the present century were brightened by his skillful hand. The first edition of Webster's Spelling-book, and also Dillworth's old Spelling-book, were illustrated by Anderson. And it is probable that he contributed many designs to "Peter Parley's" books, in the adornment of which various artists, later known, also took part. For when once it became popular to treat the little folks to pictures, there were not lacking, both in this country and abroad, artists who gave them their best work.



CHILD-LIFE IN GERMANY.—ILLUSTRATION FROM "FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTERBOX."

George Cruikshank, the famous English caricaturist, must have had a genuine love for children, for this is revealed in every line by which he depicts them. Even when he makes them grotesque or ludicrous, he redeems that feature by some skillful touch of grace or beauty; and children and grown folks laugh together over the fruit of his pencil. The earliest artist-efforts of Cruikshank, who was born in 1794, were directed to the production of children's pictures on single sheets of paper—sometimes as many as sixteen on a sheet. These were designed for the poorer classes, and were sold for a halfpenny a sheet. Soon he began to illustrate juvenile story and song books; and later some of his best work is found in Grimm's Fables, and various Fairy Tales.

As the most popular writers for children are those who reveal a loving sympathy in their feelings, so the best illustrators of juvenile books awaken admiration by those gentle, tender, caressing touches inspired by true love of childhood.

The pictures in juvenile books published in this country during the first half of the present century appear to eyes accustomed to the fanciful designs of to-day to be characterized by a certain matter-of-fact, true-to-nature aspect, which would seem tame enough to the full-fed imagination of modern children. Even those adorning Fairy-books bore a quiet, simple look, quite at variance with the more startling productions of later years.

At that period *facts* seem to have been thought appropriate for children—facts of all kinds; and these were served up to them, sometimes judiciously, and sometimes quite otherwise, according to present judgment. It is thought worse than useless in our time to harrow up the feelings of the little ones by written or pictorial delineations of debasing crime and wickedness, even with the purpose of teaching good lessons by contrast. But religious books and papers formerly made much use—for example—of the horrors of heathenism to impress the young with the importance of Christianity; and death was invested with untold gloom in consequence of melancholy and ill-judged pictures. A burial scene was often the only illustration in the little Sunday-school book. Two child-biographies now before us, printed in New York, in 1828, have the same dark, gloomy picture of a funeral twice inserted in each of them—the sole illustrations.

The *Infants' Magazine*, "price one and a half cents each," published in Philadelphia, in 1832, presents as the opening article of the September number, "The Earthquake in Syria," beginning: "An earthquake is one of the most terrible judgments of God. Oh! how awful it must be for the earth to open and swallow up whole cities and villages, with many, and sometimes all, of their inhabitants." And the horror of such a scene is impressed on the infant's mind by a representation of it.

Nevertheless pleasant illustrations rapidly increased. School-books began to be far more comprehensible to children, as well as more entertaining. The Westminster Assembly's Catechism fell a little into the background, and Bible history was taught by more simple methods in Sunday-schools. In 1825 there was published in Boston "The Evangelical Primer," containing among other things a "Minor Historical Catechism," "with 72 cuts." This outline of Scripture history from Adam to Paul, in short, easy questions and answers, awakened new interest in Sunday-school lessons, and might well take the place of more complex text-books at the present time. The little pictures would by no means please little ones nowadays, but then they were studied until every detail was imprinted on the memory.

"Infant Schools," similar in design to the Kindergartens of to-day, became popular; and for the use of the little pupils there were blackboards, letters and words on blocks, large pasteboard cards on which were colored pictures of Scripture scenes, or animals, globes, numeral frames, and other apparatus. A "Manual" for the use of teachers of infant schools was issued in 1830, containing a great variety of exercises. From a battered old copy we extract a few specimens of the rhymes:

"Oh, how pretty 'tis to see
Little children all agree.
Try to keep the step with me
While you're exercising.

"Right hand, left hand,
Keep the time,
All the rules be sure to mind,
While you're exercising."

"When to march you all begin,
Hold up your head, and in your chin,
Toes turn out, and heels turn in,
While you're exercising.

"We'll go to our places,
And make no wry faces,
But say all our lessons distinctly and slow;
For if we don't do it,
Our teacher will know it,
And into that corner we surely shall go."

"See me, I am a little boy,
Who comes to infants' school;
And though I am but few years old,
I'll prove I am no fool.

"For I can count 1, 2, 3, 4,
Say 1 and 2 make 3,
Take 1 away, then 2 remain,
As you may plainly see.

"Twice 1 are 2, twice 2 are 4,
And 6 is 3 times 2,
Twice 4 are 8, twice 5 are 10,
And more than this I do.

"For I can say some pretty rhymes
About the dog and cat,
And sing them very sweetly, too
And to keep time, I clap."

From the contents of the "Infant School Manual," it is evident that the system of object-teaching was adopted as much as was then considered practicable. School-books for older pupils assumed an attractive appearance hitherto seldom seen. The dull reading-books of earlier date, such as the "American Reader," published in 1811, were supplanted by those containing more pleasing and more simple selections, such as the "Primary Class Book," published in 1827, which became the beloved companion of many a child.

What pleasant associations cluster around the name of "Peter Parley"! No one who has passed middle life can fail to remember gratefully this friend of his childhood. Was he not a genial-looking man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, with a cane under his arm? Were not both his capacious coat-pockets stuffed with books which he distributed freely to scores of eager children who crowded close about him? Such is our remembrance of the pictured representation which formed the frontispiece of some of the charming gifts that "Peter Parley" offered to "all his little friends." His histories, sketches from nature, and anecdotes, were so graphic, his pictorial illustrations so new and beautiful for that period, that he won all youthful hearts.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1793. About 1828 he began publishing little books under the *nom de plume* of "Peter Parley," and amid many other duties he continued the preparation of various kinds of juvenile literature throughout his life. From 1841 to 1854 *Merry's Museum* and *Parley's Magazine*—the delight of young folks—were edited by him.

His books numbered not less than 170 volumes, of which 116 bear the name of "Peter Parley." They attained great popularity. The children liked them. Three million copies of his "Geography for Beginners" were sold, and other books met with similar success.

Mr. Goodrich was a great traveler. He crossed the Atlantic sixteen times, and had acquired a vast fund of information, which he had the faculty of imparting in a manner agreeable to the young; and his liberal use of pictures was a novel feature in juvenile literature. That he was personally fond of young folks is apparent from all he wrote; and there are those now living who can recall the pleasant garden-parties he used to give for the children who lived in the vicinity of his country residence near Boston. The sudden death of Mr. Goodrich in 1860 brought his useful and pleasant labors to a termination; but he had done a good work, and has been held in grateful remembrance by a vast number to whose youthful entertainment he ministered.

Meanwhile another lover of children and youth had been quietly wielding his ready pen in their behalf. Jacob Abbott was born in 1803 in Hallowell, Me The earliest of his numerous books—which, with scarcely an exception, were written expressly for the young, or with reference to their training—appeared about 1829. The publication in 1832 of "The Young Christian" brought the author prominently before the public by the extraordinary popularity of that work—the first of what is known as the "Young Christian Series."

In 1834 Mr. Abbott wrote his first "Rollo Book"—the beginning of a long line of story-books, whose aim was not simply to amuse, although they *did* amuse; nor to give information, although this was most happily accomplished; but especially to develop the moral and intellectual powers of the young, to cultivate habits of discrimination, and to establish correct principles of action. This was done with such rare skill in the "Rollo," "Lucy," "Jonas" and "Caleb" books, in the "Florence," "Franconia" and "Juno" stories, and in a host of other volumes, that the young reader was fascinated, and at the same time instructed, trained and developed. Many of these books were equally entertaining to young and old—a sure test of a really good book. Exactly in what the charm of them consisted might not be easy to say; amusing yet instructive, simple yet fascinating, true to nature, yet never tedious, they became at once exceedingly popular.

Mr. Abbott's creations were founded on realities. He loved children, and was constantly studying child-life. He always liked to have the little folks about him. They never seemed to disturb him, even in his busiest moments. For he had a marvelous tact in training them to amuse and occupy themselves; yet in such charming ways, with such personal interest and adroitness, that the child was delightedly conscious of having a thoroughly good time, while, perhaps, he was simply learning how to draw a circle, or drive a nail. There seemed to be some personal magnetism about him that attracted every child with whom he came in contact. His genial face, serene and gentle methods, his unvarying courtesy, his sympathetic understanding of a child's feelings, won from all a reverent love. Yet they yielded instinctively to his control.

In conversation Mr. Abbott was charming; genial cordiality and unassuming wisdom, a quiet playfulness and gentle dignity, marked his social intercourse. One could scarcely be with him the shortest time without learning something; yet he never wore the aspect of the *teacher*, nor incited in another any uncomfortable consciousness of *being taught*. Even explanations to a child were ingeniously given without obvious recognition of his ignorance. He wrote with wonderful facility anywhere and everywhere, for the same simple ease that marked his conversation characterized his written words.

The varied information pleasingly imparted, the philosophic yet simple explanation of the reason of things, the high moral principles inculcated, and the manifest sympathy with children, combined with remarkable skill in influencing and developing them, were marked features of Mr. Abbott's books, forming a new kind of juvenile literature at the period when his earlier works appeared, and giving them permanent value and interest. Illustrations, sparsely used at first, but freely in later years, were never the chief attraction in Mr. Abbott's productions. It was rather the thought awakened, and the true-to-nature representations that delighted children and their elders. His stories were stories of everyday life—of realities, or what seemed so—a wholly different type from those most charming of fairy-tales, which somewhat later came across the ocean, from the pen of Hans Christian Andersen.

When physical health began to fail, Jacob Abbott, in accordance with lifelong quiet tastes, retired to his country residence, "Fewacres," Farmington, Me. And when he gently passed away, October 31st, 1879, tender remembrances stirred thousands of hearts whose better impulses had been awakened, or quickened, by his living words.

Fifty years have rolled away since the author of the "Rollo Books" opened a new, rich vein in the then comparatively unworked mine of juvenile literature. A host of writers, and an army of artists, too numerous to mention, but whose names are fresh in mind, have since endeared themselves to children. The best thought and feeling of the time has been given lavishly to the little ones in storied delineation of real life, and fairy-land, in graceful flowing verse, in history, biography and fascinating adventure, as well as in exquisite pictorial illustrations, clear, attractive type, and book-bindings of artistic elegance. The children of the present day sit at no second table. They are served with the very best—an abundant supply of every kind.

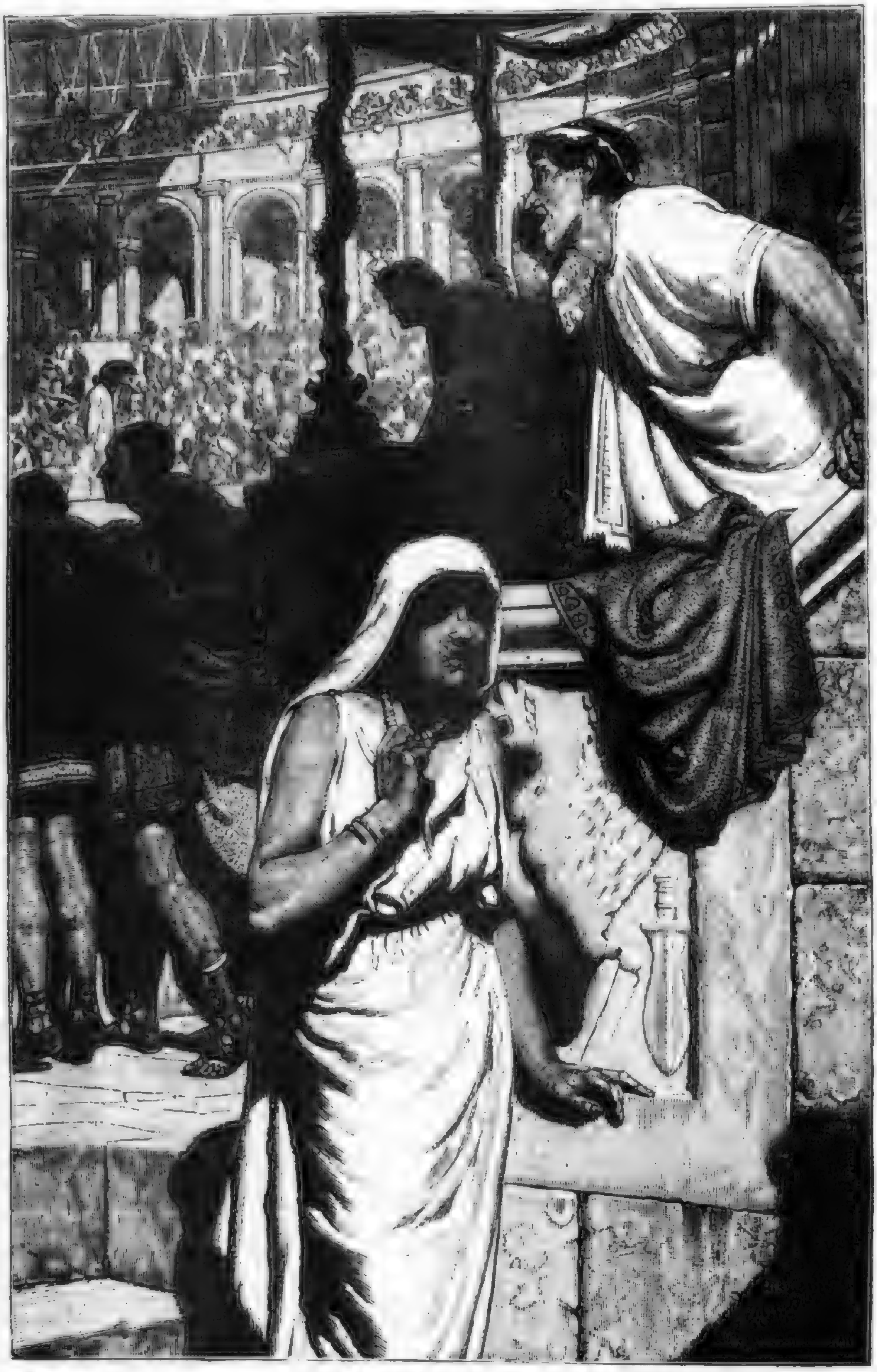
Even if from a mature and thoughtful standpoint the tendencies of present juvenile literature seem leaning toward excess, premature excitement of the imagination, and unwise stimulus of tender brains, it is only just to put a kindly check on criticism. Grown-up people judge of their own child-books, having their views tinctured with vivid *remembrances* of what *they* enjoyed or disliked. The keenness of youthful appetite is gone. And as nothing in after years so delights the palate as the home-dainties that "mother used to make," so maturity naturally dulls the taste for certain mental luxuries which the young devour with unfailing relish. By-and-by, the children of the present day will give their judgment of *their* childhood's books, colored, it may be, with the rainbow hues of earlier years, but, nevertheless, a matured judgment. What will it be? How will it differ from the criticisms now passed upon the same literature?

Careful observers and true lovers of the little folks cannot fail to have been impressed by certain facts.

Children, from their receptive nature, are trained more easily than is generally supposed to discriminate between good and bad reading. If the taste and morals are rightly educated, they will instinctively pass judgment upon what is objectionable. And such general training is the surest safeguard in an age when all kinds of reading is within easy reach of every young person.

The moral of a story is far more effective when inferred naturally than when expressed. Impressions of courage, noble deeds, generosity and refinement, made by examples, are deep and lasting.

Childlike, rather than childish, stories suit even the youngest best, and the use of simple but correct English is ordinarily more pleasing as well as useful to them than a large admixture of "baby-talk." Children never like to be *thought* babies—they always want to be grown up—and palpable simplification, or anything whereby they are shown to be immature, is usually resented—mentally.



THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.—PAINTED BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

Imagination has its rights, and it should be fed as well as any other faculty. A due proportion of both fancy and fact is needful. But when a child turns away from unexaggerated incidents, and craves highly wrought fantasies, something is wrong. Naturally new things within the range of his understanding, and simply related, are interesting to him, and if he always demands exciting tales and adventures, it is a dangerous symptom.

The refining influence of delicate and beautiful pictures on the youthful mind may be imperceptible for years, but is as certain as is the insidious blunting of pure susceptibilities by coarse illustrations.

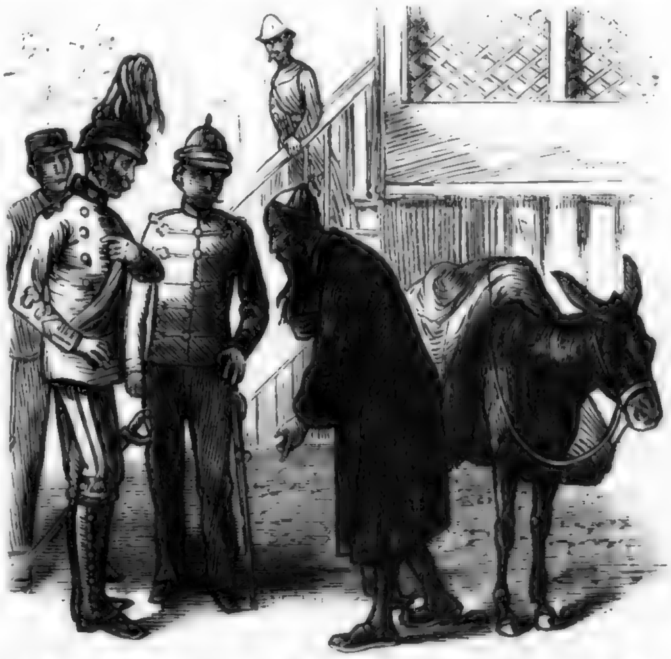
It is a pity to blight the flower by forcing the tender bud. Why shorten the beautiful child-time by hurrying the little ones into maturity? Why introduce into children's books topics which have no legitimate place therein, which do them no good, and which—if they are not of hothouse growth—they neither like nor understand? Love-making, for example, is inappropriate in juvenile books. We do not want prematurely grown-up children.

"Is it true?" is the oft-repeated question of the little folks, and is it not wise to remember that errors presented as truths, or received as such, may be infinitely more harmful than the most extravagant exaggerations which are readily perceived to be only fancies?

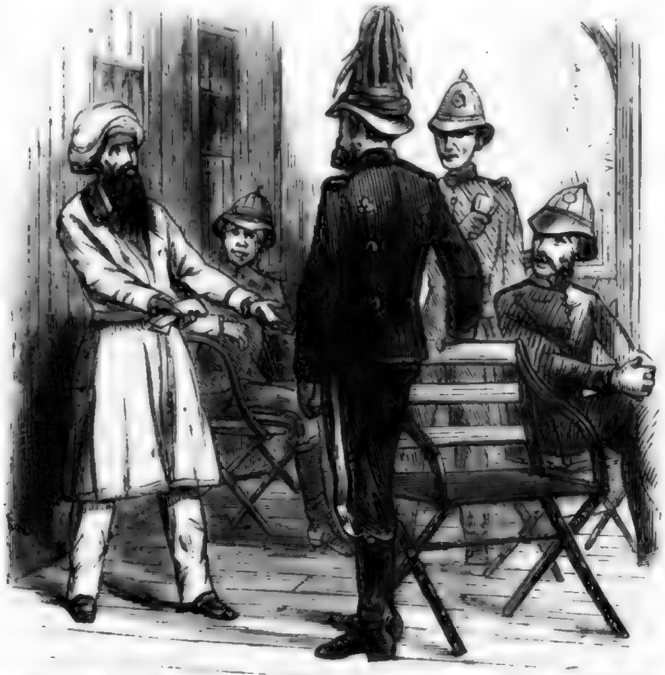
The child loves to feel the inward growing of his own powers, and within certain appropriate limits, the presentation of matters beyond his comprehension is a helpful stimulus, so long as undue forcing of the brain—the great error of the age—is avoided. But many writers seem to have the *parents* in their mind's eye, rather than the children whom they are ostensibly addressing. What is well written for children should please the parents also; but an author may easily shoot over the heads of the little ones if he aims at the parents.

A noble army of American writers are giving their best energies to juvenile literature, and the press is sending forth a continuous stream of beautiful volumes, adorned with the daintiest illustrations.

Many of these will prove ephemeral—they will have their day of success and pass out of sight and out of memory. The writers who will retain a permanent place in the hearts of their readers, whose books will be read long after the time in which they were penned, must inevitably be those whose words are kindled by warm, genuine personal sympathy and love for real live children.



A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"'PEACE BE WITH YOU, ANNESLEY SAHIB,' SAID SIDI, SALAAMING ALMOST TO THE GROUND BEFORE THE OLD COLONEL."



A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"'IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS,' SAID CARRINGTON, 'DOWN WITH YOUR MONEY. HERE'S MINE.' OLD SIDI HANDED A ROLL OF BILLS TO THE COLONEL."

A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.

By David Ker.

"We talk of 'catching a Tartar,'" says Colonel M—— of the —th Native Infantry, as we sit on the veranda of his comfortable house in the most picturesque part of the Bombay Ghauts, watching the evening train go puffing and rattling through the deep, black gorge below, on its way to Jubbulpore. "Well, I've seen a good many cases of that in my time, but the most perfect one I ever saw or heard of happened when I was up in Afghanistan, just after I first came out; and if you care to hear about it, I'll tell you:

"Toward the end of '57, just after our last fight with Persia, a lot of us were quartered in a village not far from Herat, which the Shah, thanks to the persuasion of our bayonets, had just given back to the Ameer. It was rather a rough sort of place, as you may think, but there was plenty of game for those who were that way inclined, and some very fine scenery for those more artistic among us; so on the whole we got along well enough.

"Now, I needn't tell *you*, who know those parts pretty well yourself, that the one great industry of the Heratees is robbing, and that they follow it diligently all the year round—trust an Afghan for that! But just then, when the whole country was in confusion after the war, and there was nobody to keep order, the robbers worked so briskly that our old colonel used to say he daren't go out in the daytime lest some one should steal his shadow.

"One of the most noted of their chiefs, a fellow nicknamed Dagh-Zadeh (Son of the Mountain), had established himself with his band in a pass among the hills to the north of us, and they made the road so hot for all comers that most people found it best to go thirty miles round, by way of the plain country.

"Just a few days before they had attacked a Government convoy, put the escort to flight, which wasn't surprising, for more than half the soldiers were in the same line of business themselves, and divided the stores and money, share and share alike.

"Well, one evening we were having our smoke under the trees of the market-place, which was just in front of our quarters, and talking over the exploits of this fellow, Dagh-Zadeh. One of our subs was very indignant at the rascals daring to play such tricks under our very noses, as he said, and declared that we ought to send a couple of companies and clean the whole place out.

"'That's all very fine, my dear boy,' said the old colonel, who knew a thing or two; 'but when your "couple of companies" got there, they wouldn't see so much as a robber's eyelash from one end of the pass to the other, and then, as they were coming back again, tired and done-up, down would come a volley among 'em from the rocks on each side, and knock 'em over like sparrows, without their even seeing who hurt 'em. That's the sort of fellows the Afghans are.'

"'Fine chance for anybody in search of an adventure,' put in the senior captain, laughing, 'to go right through that pass single-handed, from end to end.'

"'Perhaps some of these native fellows might manage it,' suggested I. 'They beat the world for dodges, although they're not much good at fair fighting.'

"'I'd just like to see one of them try it,' cried Charlie Carrington, our junior lieutenant, a young fellow with more money than brains, who couldn't see a fly settle on a window without making a bet out of it somehow. 'Look here, I'll lay a thousand rupees' (five hundred dollars) 'right down that no man living, native or Englishman, can go through that pass alone. Who takes the bet.'

"A little, thin, piping voice from behind answered, suddenly: '*I* do!'

"We all started and turned round; and when we saw *who* it was that had accepted the challenge, we started a good deal more—as well we might.

"There stood a shriveled little Hindoo merchant, whose wizened old face and long white hair made him look just like a snipe done up in paper. We all knew him well, for he had supplied all sorts of things to our mess, and made a pretty penny by doing it; but, to look at him, you'd have said he was just the man to jump down his own throat if he only heard a goose cackle. So, when he chimed in like that, we stared at him with all our eyes, I promise you.

"'So *you* take my bet, do you, Sadi Lao?' says Carrington. 'All right, then; here's the money, and the colonel shall hold the stakes; but who's the man whom you back to do it?'

"'Myself,' answered Sidi Lao, as quietly as ever.

"For a moment we were all fairly struck dumb, and then up went such a roar of laughter as shook the air. Certainly the idea of this timid, quiet, puny little fellow venturing single-handed among the fiercest cutthroats in Afghanistan was enough to make anybody laugh; for, you see, we never dreamed of his being really in earnest, and thought he was only just taking a rise out of Carrington.

"Carrington himself thought so, too, and began to get angry.

"'Enough of that rubbish!' cried he, in English, which the old Hindoo understood as well as any of us. 'If you mean business, down with your money. Here's mine!'

"Old Sidi answered not a word, but quietly produced a roll of bills and handed them to the colonel, who counted and found a thousand rupees.

"*Then* we all began to look rather blankly at each other. We knew old Sidi to be so fond of money that he'd almost have sold his own skin for an *anna* (three cents), if anybody would have given him as much for it; and his putting down all this at once showed that he was quite in earnest about undertaking the job.

"'Come, come, Sidi,' said the colonel, kindly, 'this is no laughing matter. We mustn't let you go and get your throat cut, just because this foolish fellow, Carrington, has chose to speak rather hastily. You'd better just let me give you back this money, and we'll say no more about it.'

"'Sahib,' answered the old man, with a touch of real dignity in his manner for once, 'I cannot go back from the thing which I have said. To-morrow, at sunrise, I will be here all ready to start on my journey.'

"And with a low salaam to the colonel, and another to the rest of us, away he went.

"When he was gone, we held a regular council of war upon the whole business. It was plain enough that the old fellow was quite determined to go through with *his* share of it; and knowing, as we did, that he never risked a penny without being pretty sure of a good return, we really began to think that he must have hit upon some way of managing the thing, although none of us could imagine what.

"Even Carrington was beginning to look rather blank, as if he didn't feel quite so confident of winning, now that the match was fairly on; and the first thing he said was:

"'Look here—how are we going to find out whether he's really done the thing or not? I'm not going to take his own word for it, you know—not so green as all that. We all know that a Hindoo's game to tell a lie as broad and as black as a frying-pan only to make *one* rupee, let alone a thousand!'

"'There's something in that,' said the senior captain, meditatively; 'but I really don't see how we're to manage it, all the same. We can't very well ask the chief of the robbers to oblige us with a written certificate; and I, for one, shouldn't much relish the notion of going after the old fellow to see how he gets on.'

"'*I* have it!' broke in the colonel, suddenly. 'You see, there are only two roads by which he *can* go—the pass itself, and the caravan-route round to the eastward, on which we've just planted a picket. Now, of course, nobody can pass *it* without being challenged and reported; so, if he comes *back* by the caravan-road without having passed the picket before, we may be pretty sure that he must have *gone* by the pass. What do you say, Carrington?'

"'Yes, that seems all right,' answered the lieutenant; 'there can't very well be any mistake *that* way.'

"And so it was all settled, and our conference broke up.

* * * * * * *

"The next morning we were all punctual at the place of meeting, some of us (and Carrington, I fancy, among the rest) having a faint hope that the old gentleman might think better of it, and not show up at all. But that only showed how little we knew our man.

"We had scarcely got there when a solitary figure came trudging along the road beside a laden donkey, and as we approached, we made out this donkey-driver to be no other than our friend Sidi Lao.

"But we had to look pretty hard at him to recognize him again; for he was so transmogrified that his own father would scarcely have known him. His trim white robe had given place to an awful-looking old tunic, so ragged and dirty that one could scarcely tell what color it was; and instead of his neat turban, he had mounted a greasy old cap, such as a respectable scarecrow would have been seen wearing in any public place; and his bare feet were thrust into tattered sandals, which no beggar would have taken as a gift. His very face seemed changed, too, and looked as chopfallen as all the rest of him; and the half-sulky, half-idiotic look that he had put on, added to his tagrag dress, certainly made him the most hideous old hobgoblin I ever set eyes on.

"'Peace be with you, Annesley Sahib,' said he, salaaming almost to the ground before the old colonel, who was staring at Sidi as if he had been a two-headed dog. 'If these noble gentlemen will honor me with their company as far as the mouth of the pass, they can see for themselves that all is fair so far.'

"No sooner said than done. We ordered out our horses, and away we all went, with old Sidi and his donkey in the middle, just like a troop of mounted police escorting a convict, as Carrington whispered to me.

"'What on earth have you loaded that donkey with, Sidi?" asked the colonel, presently. 'It seems a pretty good load, whatever it is."

"'That, sahib,' answered the old fellow, quite gravely, 'is a present which I've got ready for the robbers when I meet them. I've learned that they're very fond of the spiced bread of this place, and that they haven't been able to get any since you occupied the district; so I'm just taking them some by way of a treat.'

"At that we all laughed, as well we might, to think of his expecting to conciliate a gang of Afghan cutthroats so easily as all that. But I saw our senior captain's face change suddenly, as if he had got an inkling, for the first time, of the old fellow's plan; so I ranged up alongside of him, and whispered:

"'I say, Hawkins, have you any guess yet what he's driving at?'

"'Well,' says he, 'I thought I had, just this minute; but, after all, I may be mistaken, so I won't say anything about it yet.'

"By this time the village was left far behind, and the hills began to loom out ahead of us, plainer and plainer every minute.

"At last we got to the mouth of the pass, but it looked so deep and black and murderous, that it gave us quite a turn to think of this poor old fellow going down into it all alone, without a friend or a weapon of any kind.

"'Come, Sidi,' cried the colonel, 'think better of it while there's time: it's no use getting yourself killed for nothing. We'll think none the worse of your courage, I promise you, if you like to change your mind; and we're quite ready to give you your money back—eh, Carrington?'

"'*I'm* game,' said Carrington, who wasn't a bad fellow in his way; 'anything, rather than let the poor old boy be murdered.'

"But old Sidi shook his head quietly, and saying, 'May prosperity attend you, sahibs,' went quietly down the gully, and vanished into the shadows beyond.

"For the next two days there was no word of our old friend, and we began to fear that the robbers had been too sharp for him. Every afternoon some of us rode out to the picket on the eastern road; but nothing had been seen or heard of Sidi there.

"'Look here, Hawkins,' said I to the captain, on the second evening, 'you seemed to have an idea the other day how old Sidi was going to work it. Now, if you don't like to tell your guess, just write it down and put it in a sealed envelope; and when the old boy comes back, if he ever does, we'll open it and see if you were right.'

"The others all seconded me, and the thing was done forthwith.

"Well, the very next day, as a lot of us were riding across the plain to visit the picket, a cloud of dust began to rise from the mouth of the famous pass, through which broke a flash of steel every now and then.

"We pulled up at once and got out our revolvers, thinking it must be the robbers coming down upon us; but as the cavalcade drew nearer, we saw that the riders wore the cavalry uniform of the regular Afghan army, and that a good many of their lances had got heads on the points—a very common ornament in Afghanistan.

"'I have it!' cried Captain Hawkins. 'The robbers have been surprised and cut off, and these fellows are on their way to Herat to claim the reward. Old Sidi's at the bottom of this job to a certainty.'

"Just then we noticed two men in the centre, who seemed to be the leaders of the troop. One was a fine-looking native officer, with a long black beard; the other, to our unbounded amazement, proved to be old Sidi Lao himself, on a splendid gray horse, and dressed out so grandly that he looked more like a governor-general than the scarecrow he had been when we last saw him.

"'Peace be with you, sahibs,' said he, as quietly as ever. "The pass is clear at last, Carrington Sahib, and here'—pointing to the heads upon the spears—'are the men who held it.'

"'Well done, old fellow!' cried Carrington, slapping him on the back. "I don't grudge the tin a bit, for you have won it fairly. Come along back with us, and we'll hear all about it.'

"The Afghan officer wouldn't be persuaded to stay and dine with us, for *he* thought of nothing but getting to Herat as quickly as possible and presenting the heads to the Ameer; but he told us enough on the way back to the village to bear out every word of old Sidi's story when we got it, which we did that same evening after dinner.

"The old gentleman's Tom-of-Bedlam get-up had not been for nothing after all. As soon as he got within sight of the brigands, he went right up to them and asked, in the most idiotic way he could, whether this was the right way to Shelat—the town at the other end of the pass.

"Of course they all began laughing at him, taking him for a simpleton, and asked him what on earth he was doing there. So he told them he had been sent by his master with a present of spiced bread to the commandant of Shelat, but that he thought he must have got into the wrong road somehow.

"The minute they heard him say 'spiced bread' they thought no more about *him*, but just flew upon the bread like so many hungry wolves.

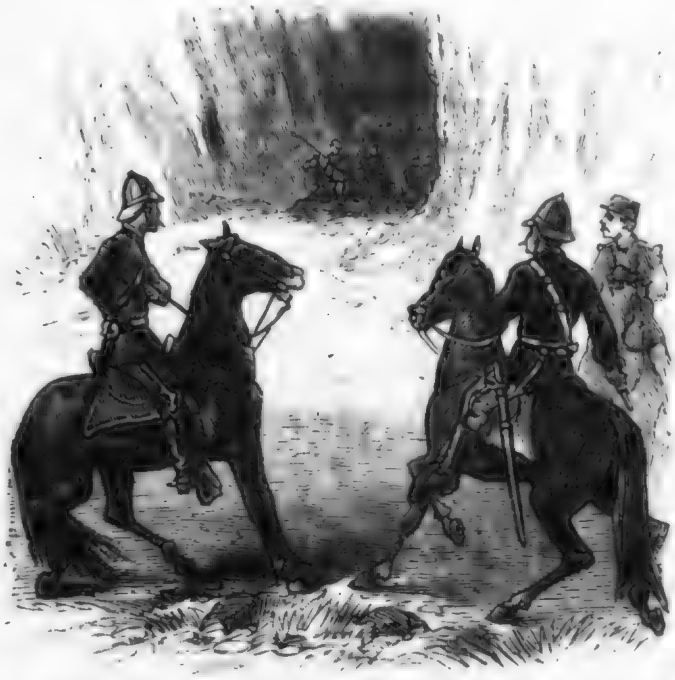
"Down it went, cake after cake, as if for a wager; but they had scarcely swallowed the last piece when down *they* went, too, and were all fast asleep directly.

"Just at this point of the story, I saw the colonel's hand go into his pocket and fish out Captain Hawkins's envelope, in which, when opened, there was one word—'Drugs.'

"The captain was right. All the bread had been doctored with a stupefying drug which the natives call 'sleep-berry,' and, as you see, it had done its work pretty well.

"Meanwhile old Sidi—who belonged to some native sect that forbids the shedding of blood, and so couldn't kill the fellows himself—seized one of their horses, and went like the wind to Shelat, where he told the whole story to the commandant, who at first didn't believe a word of it.

"However, the recollection of the reward offered for



A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"WE PULLED UP AT ONCE AND GOT OUT OUR REVOLVERS."—SEE PAGE 317.

the destruction of the band made him decide at last that it might be worth while to see whether it *was* true or not. So he turned out his soldiers, and riding down the pass, finished off the whole gang at one stroke; and what with his share of the spoil and his share of the reward, and the thousand rupees won from Carrington, old Sidi made a pretty good day's work of it. And, now, my boy, if you don't believe that story, yonder comes Sidi Lao himself, and you can hear what *he* says about it."

JAPAN'S NATIONAL FLOWER.

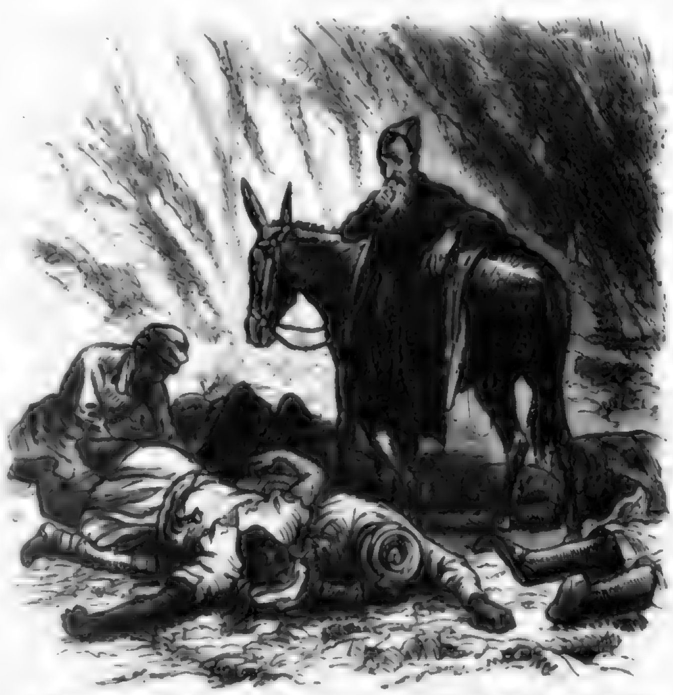
THE cherry-blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England; the lily, of France; the thistle, of Scotland; and the shamrock, of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry-tree. The Japanese cultivate all over Japan by the millions the sakura-tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blossoms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose.

Picnics in Japan are called "going to see the flowers." In June, millions of the people go out to sing, and sport, and laugh, and play under the cherry-trees, or to catch "the snow showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry-tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms under them, as to even worship the famous old trees.

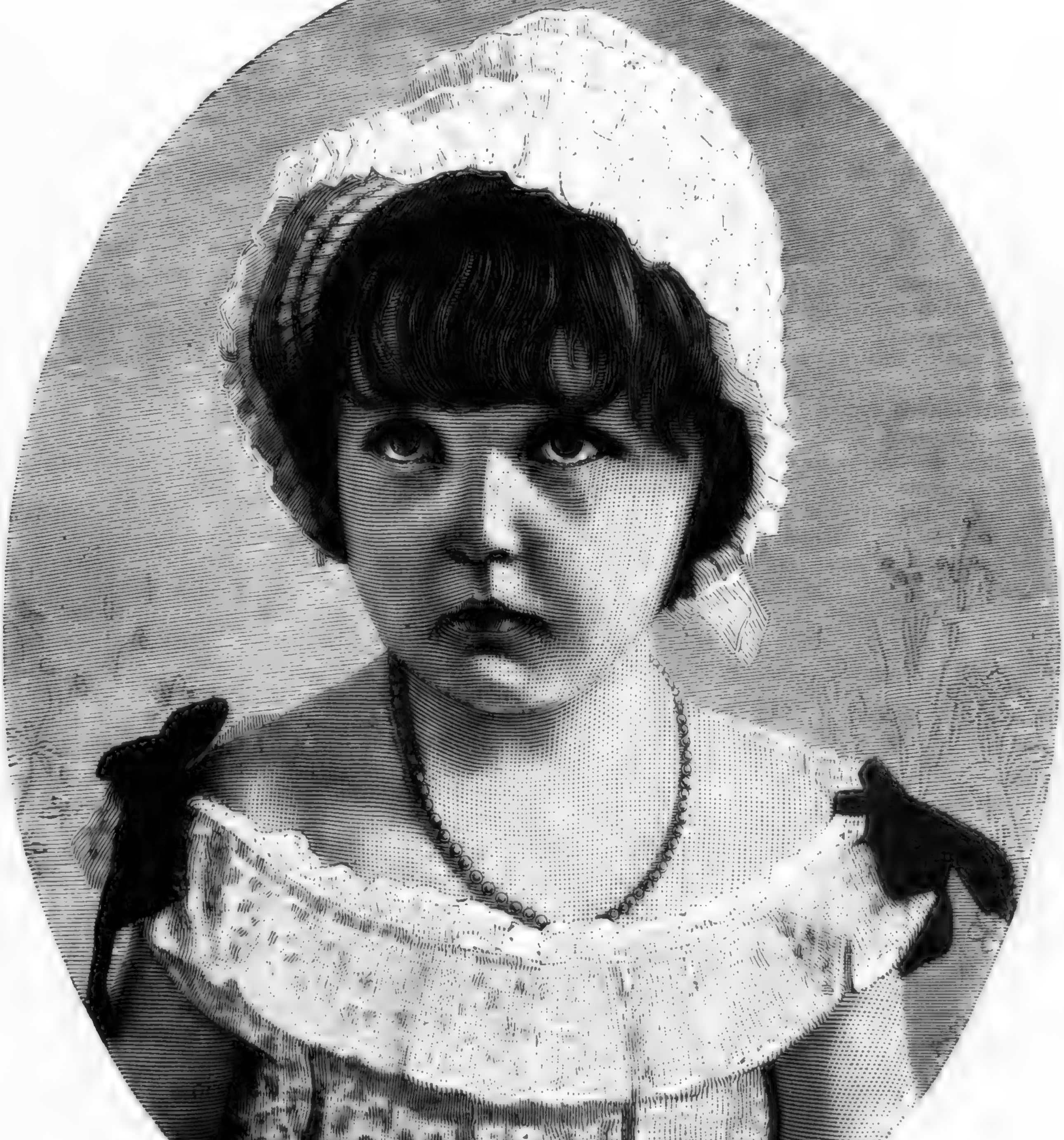
HOW FORTUNE COMES.

YEARS will often elapse before a doctor gets any return for the money which his friends invested in obtaining his diploma. On the other hand, a single fortunate case may bring patients by the score. About twenty years ago a young doctor who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart, and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage-money, and a week before his ship was to sail went into the country to say good-by to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the platform, when a groom in a smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraph message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between the two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of ——, a member of the Cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the house of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that "her grace was in a terrible way." The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it. "I am a medical man," he said to the groom, "and I will go to the Hall to offer my assistance till another doctor arrives." The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said: "Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the Hall; any one will tell you where it is." The doctor went, was gratefully received by the duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The duke was suffering from typhoid fever; and when the eminent physician arrived from town he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was that the young doctor was requested to remain at the Hall to take charge of the patient, and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight, and were printed in all the daily newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of 500 guineas, took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

WE generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends might, perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third; when, to permit them to make their own choice would be his ruin.



A MEETING WITH AFGHAN ROBBERS.—"THEY HAD SCARCELY SWALLOWED THE LAST PIECE OF SPICED-BREAD WHEN THEY WERE ALL FAST ASLEEP."



A CITY CHILD.

THE DEATH-MARK.

BY GARRETT WALKER.

CHAPTER XXII.

DURING the two ensuing days it almost appeared as if the gay threat of the baroness was, in fact, to be realized. The grim spectre, who for so many weeks had held in his icy clutch the terrified inhabitants of Abois, seemed about to disappear under the mountain of rose-leaves which dozens of pretty white hands were ready to hurl at the sanguinary phantom, which threatened an untimely end to all their amusements.

It was as if the vail of crape which had shrouded the town was suddenly lifted away, and the bright, warm sunlight of heaven once more allowed to pour down its revivifying rays—as if the dull monotony of a funeral march had suddenly swelled into the exciting and enthusiastic clang of martial music.

With that fickleness and variability which is so essentially a component part of the French character, the citizens eagerly seized upon the new topic of thought and conversation afforded them by the promised review of the Hussars.

The town was a prey to the fever of military excitement. Nothing else was heard save the grandeur of the French army and the courage of its soldiers, together with many personal recollections of acts of heroism performed during the war by the Volunteers and Franc-Tireurs of Abois—recollections which had grown dim and indistinct, moldering away in the recesses of the brain, and now dragged forth for the delectation of many a gaping crowd of eager listeners, in the *cabarets* and *cafés*, on the streets, and, in fact, in all places of public gatherings; many who could boast the possession of indelible records of the sanguinary struggle, in the shape of scars and wounds inflicted by the needle-gun, the bayonet, or the sabre, sprung at once into objects of public admiration—beings to be stared at by the admiring *gamins*, as very demigods and heroes.

The occasion of the review was to be a general holiday, a universal *fête*, this was settled at once. The authorities of the town willingly falling in with this sudden change in the current of popular thought, which bid fair to lead the public mind into a more pleasant channel than that in which it had lately flowed, used their influence with the shopkeepers to close their places of business, that all might enjoy the promised military display.

A large space of level and open meadow land lay on the outskirts of Abois, slanting down to the little brook which formed the southern boundary of the town. This place had been selected for the review, and at an early hour on the morning of the appointed day was a scene of bustle and preparation. Booths were erected for the sale of refreshments of various kinds, and these little huts were made gay with bright-colored stuffs and evergreens.

Long before the time at which the manœuvres were to commence crowds of the townfolks in their holiday attire had already assembled in the meadows, eager to obtain commanding positions from which they might see the martial show. Scattered in groups and knots, they wandered idly about, or seated themselves to rest on the soft green turf, the bright calico frocks of the women lending a touch of gaudy coloring to the animated picture.

As the day drew on the ranks of the pedestrians were swelled by the arrival of the *élite* of the town. Prancing horses and elegant vehicles dashed hither and thither, while many a rude country cart attested by its presence the fact that the *furore* had not been confined to the limits of the town itself. These equipages were the cause of many a deep and heartfelt execration, not only to the less fortunate and humble of the townsfolk, who, inextricably mixed in with the carriages, found their limbs and bodies in immediate danger from the hoofs of the horses, but also from the gendarmes, who labored industriously, but without success, to keep the field clear for the manœuvres of the troops.

But if the men were loud in their anathemas, the women were no less absorbed in studying the costumes and toilets of those happy beings whose lives were made up of amusement and dress, who chatted and laughed and waved their scarlet sunshades and immense fans as if misfortune and suffering were things to which they were strangers, and life an existence out of which it was their duty to obtain as large a share of enjoyment as was possible.

The phaeton occupied by Baroness d'Aubrac and Mademoiselle Rousel formed one of the brightest points in this brilliant scene. The toilet of Angelique was a revelation, which reduced many a gentle female heart to despair.

Madame d'Aubrac was in the gayest of humors; her brown eyes sparkled as brightly as her diamonds; her slender, gloved hands were never quiet for a moment, now opening and shutting her large fan, now gesticulating in a manner so emphatic as to cause the ornaments that dangled from her bracelets to ring like a myriad of fairy sleighbells.

The excitement of the baroness was contagious, and Henriette was soon emulating her friend in the exuberance of her animation. It was in vain that Aristide delivered a lecture on propriety of behavior; he was not even listened to; and young Lejeune, who occupied the fourth seat in the carriage, declared vigorously that they had come there for enjoyment, and the madame was right to amuse herself as much as possible. For, in fact, Abois had been suffering from a terrible case of the blues, and this occasion was undoubtedly a godsend to keep them all from dying of *ennui*.

"You are right, monsieur," replied Angelique, laughing merrily; "and beyond that I feel very happy, very happy indeed. The skies are clear; the costumes of the peasants, gay and pleasing. I adore the military, especially the hussars; and above and beyond all else, I have the expectation of Monsieur Dantan's ball. Perhaps you do not know, Monsieur Lejeune, that I am simply wild when I hear the music of a waltz."

"I trust, madame," said Lejeune, with a bow, "that in that case you will not forget me to-night."

"See!" exclaimed Henriette, breaking in upon the conversation, "there is my uncle now. I suppose the hussars are about to arrive."

"Why, my dear," said the baroness, as an open carriage containing the mayor of Abois advanced under the escort of two gendarmes, and took up a commanding position—"why, my dear, how is this? Where is Monsieur Leon's inamorata? I do not see the charming Russian anywhere."

"Pshaw! Angelique, you are really too bad," replied Mademoiselle Rousel, with a slight blush. "Shall I never cure you of that ridiculous idea. Poor Valiska was unable to attend the review, but I have her positive promise for to-night."

"There, there! *en bas* with Mademoiselle Zortichoff: here comes the hussars. And I assure you, Henriette, those blue uniforms and scarlet dolmans are infinitely prettier to me than Valiska's gray eyes."

The loud blasts of trumpets and the strains of martial music heralded the approach of the troops. The next moment the long ranks of horsemen came sweeping up the meadow, the gold lace of their uniforms and the blades of their sabres glittering in the sunlight.

"Oh, how charming Colonel Courcelles looks!" cried Angelique, clapping her little hands with enthusiasm, her cheeks flushing brightly and eyes beaming with merriment. "If I were a man I should surely be a soldier."

"I assure you, madame," remarked Lejeune, "you are far more dangerous as you are at present."

"And," Aristide sententiously observed, "therefore, Monsieur Lejeune, the more to be avoided. The burnt child dreads the fire."

These words of wisdom appeared entirely wasted on the baroness, whose whole attention was now concentrated upon the cavalry.

Colonel Courcelles was faithful to his promise to drive away from the memory of the inhabitants of Abois all unpleasant recollections, and for two hours the field was brilliant with the dashing horsemen and their prancing steeds.

They wheeled and turned; formed line and column; charged and retreated; mounted and dismounted; the loveliness of the scene increased by the stirring notes of the bugle; the waving of flags and guidons; tossing plumes; the clatter of steel and brass; the heavy tramp of the horses' hoofs; and the deep tones of command ringing out above the noise of the music.

The spectators were delighted, enraptured, wild with enthusiasm; and when the last manœuvre was executed, and the hussars, forming into line, filed away in the direction of their barracks, the Baroness d'Aubrac sank back upon the soft cushions of the carriage with a sigh of regret.

"It was exquisite—beautiful, lovely," she declared; "and now she was not to be spoken to. She wished to be silent, that she might remember how handsome Colonel Courcelles looked upon his black steed."

And indeed, during the drive home she turned a deaf ear to all the compliments that young Lejeune poured upon her, and treated with sovereign contempt Vis's irreverent remark "that the horses were by far better-looking than the men, especially Colonel Courcelles's black."

* * * * * *

The residence of the mayor of Abois seemed transformed into a fairy palace when, upon the night of the review, Aristide, with the baroness on his arm, alighted from their carriage. The entrance was ablaze with many-colored lights, festooned with flags, and decorated with evergreens.

Within the doorway stood two hussars, the blue and scarlet of their uniforms agreeing well with the mass of rare flowers with which the walls of the vestibule were adorned. Two more stood at the foot of the grand staircase, which was wreathed and twisted with ivy and smilax.

At the head of the stairs, upon a background of tricolored flags, was suspended a magnificent trophy of arms, sabres, pistols, and lances, cunningly shaped into crescents and stars.

The ante-rooms and *salons* were perfumed with thousands of roses, with which the walls, tables, mantels—in short, every available spot—were decorated. Scarlet roses, white roses, pink roses—roses of every shade and tint—were there in lavish profusion. And little less rich were the hues of the costumes, and little less lovely and attractive the bright, charming faces, and the exquisite toilets, with which the large and spacious rooms were crowded.

The loud clash of the band pouring forth a quick and seductive gallop rose loud above the hum of conversation. Monsieur Dantan and his niece stood just within the *salon* to receive their guests, and Madame d'Aubrac remarked to Aristide as they passed that Monsieur le Maire must have heard some very agreeable news, for he was looking simply radiant.

"Do you know, my dear, that man's face for the last two weeks has haunted me. Upon my word, one would have said, to judge from his expression, that he had just slain his grandmother, or some other venerable relative. On my word, I cannot tell you how I pitied poor Henriette, condemned to sit every day with that wolf's face opposite to her at the table. I could never have endured it, and now, all in a flash, monsieur is as bright as a new napoleon. What do you suppose is the cause?"

"How can I tell, Angelique? You say the man is in love, and I never undertake such a work of supererogation as to explain the actions of a man in such an unfortunate condition."

"Hush, Aristide; you are a perfect bear! But where is the fascinating siren to whose seductive voice Monsieur Leon would so willingly listen? Where is the lovely Valiska, the beautiful Russian? I don't see her anywhere, although I am by no means blind. Ah, yes; this is your dance, Colonel Courcelles. I did not forget my promise. The first is for you."

The handsome colonel offered his arm with a smile of gratified vanity, and Angelique, placing her tiny gloved hand on the gold-laced sleeve of this gallant soldier, Aristide was left alone.

"I wonder if it is possible for a man to find any place in this wilderness of perfume and flowers where he can get a breath of God's pure air?" grumbled Aristide, as he forced his way through the crowd of dancers, who trod upon his toes, and jostled him in a manner to try his philosophic temperament to the uttermost.

He at length succeeded in reaching a place of safety near one of the windows, from which he might command a view of the room without the risk of suffocation.

The *coup-d'œil* was brilliant indeed, and even the hardened heart of the stoic was not insensible to the many attractive and lovely faces that flashed by him in panoramic procession.

The uniforms of the officers added that brilliancy of coloring usually wanting on such occasions, and made the black-coated civilians appear like melancholy spectres by contrast with their gay trappings.

"Well, after all, I suppose I am not so very unfortunate," muttered Vis, as Madame d'Aubrac whirled by in the arms of the brave colonel. "Angelique is undoubtedly a very handsome woman, and who knows," he added, with a sigh, "but what she may some day get tired of this sort of thing."

The young man's praise seemed tame indeed for the beautiful baroness. Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of the brunette—her cheeks bright with color, her dark eyes flashing with animation.

The elaborate toilet of white satin, with its trimming of rich laces and clusters ot lilies-of-the-valley, revealed all the delicate perfection of her exquisite form. The sculptured beauty of the rounded arms, and the lovely shoulders and neck, were unconcealed by the square-cut of the corsage, whose revelations none could condemn. Diamonds glittered in the heavy coils of her chestnut hair, and diamond bracelets made more noticeable the slenderness of the wrists which they encircled.

* * * * * *

Vis sank insensibly into a pleasant reverie, which continued for some time undisturbed. Couple after couple passed by unnoticed; lovely faces, magnificent toilets, seemed to have no power to attract his attention, until suddenly and abruptly recalled to consciousness by the appearance of two of the dancers, who glided by with an easy grace that seemed the very idealization and poetry of motion. It was Mademoiselle Zortichoff and Captain Dantan.

Valiska was transfigured—charming, exquisite. The plain black robe which she habitually wore had given place to a *costume de bal* of some diaphanous material of soft creamy white, with delicate touches of pink, whose long, floating folds lent an air of angelic and spiritual loveliness to the fragile form of the young Russian. She seemed a very seraph clothed in the rosy clouds of morning. The snowy cheek was slightly flushed; the large gray eyes were dark, with an expression of melting tenderness. There was even something of a caress in the way the slender form rested in the encircling arms of her handsome partner, and in the confiding presence of the little gloved hand, which lay upon his shoulder. It was only for a moment that Aristide gazed upon the charming face, but it seemed to him that even in that moment he could read the whole secret of Valiska's unhappy attachment.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he muttered, half aloud, as they disappeared among the throng of dancers; "poor girl!"

"And pray who is the poor girl?" cried a gay voice at his elbow, which made him turn quickly.

It was Mademoiselle Rousel and young Lejeune, who had approached his place of refuge without being observed, so deeply had he been absorbed in this new proof of Valiska's love for his friend.

"I fear, Monsieur Vis," continued Henriette, "that you have been dreaming again. Surely you should be able to find some better occupation, with so many pretty faces around you; and now, Monsieur Lejeune, I will no longer hold you captive. I will not trespass on your good nature any further, for I am sure Monsieur Vis will take care of me. They are starting another waltz, so you will just be in time to secure a partner."

The young man murmured a polite denial of any desire to be released from his thralldom, which Mademoiselle Rousel rewarded with a bewitching smile as she accepted the arm which Aristide offered.

"This way, Monsieur Vis," she said, as the young man hurried away to obey her command; "if we can get through the crowd to the music-room we will find it cooler there."

It was not without considerable difficulty that this was accomplished, and when they reached the little apartment, Henriette sank down with an air of great relief upon one of the comfortable couches, and began to fan herself energetically, her flushed face bearing token to the truth of her words "that it was really too warm."

Early in their acquaintance Aristide had conceived a great liking for the merry girl, and this had increased, since Henriette's sudden and devoted friendship for the Baroness d'Aubrac had made him more familiar with the young lady's character.

Henriette was never at a loss for something to say, and it was generally something amusing. The little room had been turned into a miniature conservatory, and there was an air of coolness about the green leaves and the dimly-lighted gas-burners that was exceedingly refreshing after the heat of the grand *salon.*

A few couples were seated about on the luxurious *tête-a-tête* sofas, and the first to attract their attention was Madame d'Aubrac and the "colonel."

It was a charming picture indeed. The handsome soldier was leaning slightly forward, holding in his own the slender gloved fingers of his companion, who was listening with an air of well-pleased satisfaction to his whispered words.

"Upon my word, Angelique is too bad. She will absolutely turn poor Courcelles's head."

"Then *he* will not be the first who has suffered in that way. Madame's victims are everywhere."

The baroness chanced to look up at this moment, and observing Aristide and Henriette, she broke into a merry laugh, which somewhat disconcerted the colonel.

"Come here, my dear," she cried; "come here and listen to all the charming things that Colonel Courcelles is saying to me. On my word, these gallant soldiers are absolutely irresistible. But, monsieur, if you have finished with my hand——"

A second burst of merriment, caused by the abrupt manner in which the disconcerted colonel dropped the little hand, was re-echoed by Henriette and Aristide, much to the gentleman's confusion.

"There, Monsieur le Colonel," said Angelique, in a soothing voice, observing the ill-concealed vexation of the other's manner—"you must forgive me. You know it's wrong to cherish ill-feeling, and, and—you men do look too stupid when you try to be sentimental."

"Well, madame," replied Courcelles, "in that case I should say that Monsieur le Maire is looking positively idiotic."

The glance which the speaker threw toward the doorway turned the eyes of the group in that direction.

The Mayor of Abois, with a lady upon his arm, was entering the room. It was Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

The expression upon the face of Monsieur Dantan could be read by the most inexperienced observer. Joy, excitement, and a certain undefinable shyness, were plainly imprinted on the handsome features.

As to Valiska, her countenance was pale as marble, and there was a certain tremulousness about the scarlet lips which bespoke a strong emotion, curbed with evident difficulty.

Monsieur Leon advanced directly toward his niece, who could not repress a show of surprise at her uncle's manner.

"Henriette, my dear child, you have always been tenderly sympathetic to me. Sympathize with me now in this, which is indeed the moment of my greatest happiness. Mademoiselle has just conferred upon me the most inestimable of blessings, by consenting to be my wife."

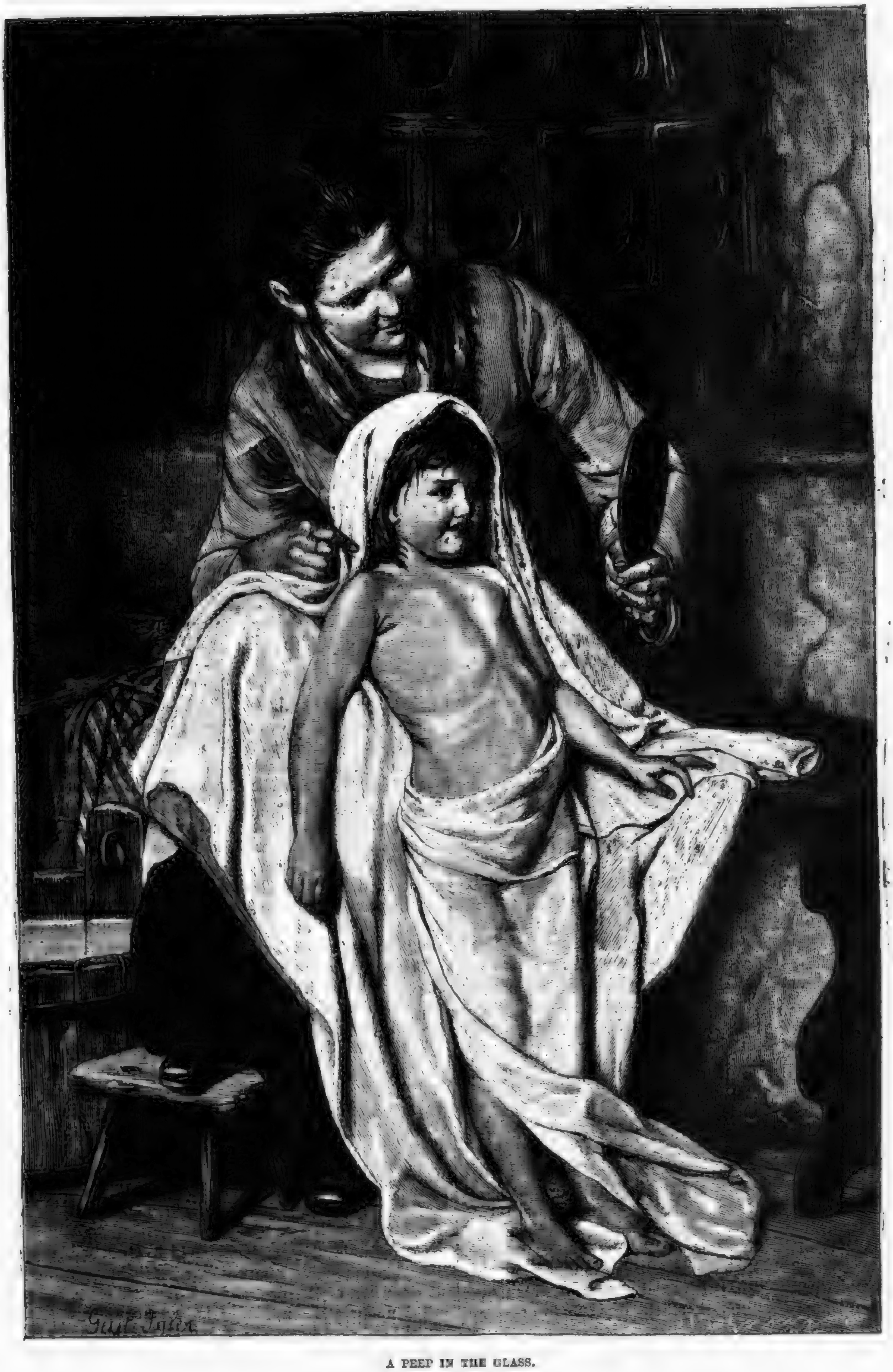
The suddenness of this communication drew a low exclamation of astonishment from every one. The next moment surprise gave place to well-bred ease, and each hastened to proffer their congratulations to Valiska and the mayor.

So absorbed were all in this pleasant task that Aristide alone noticed Captain Dantan, who had entered the room and approached the group. Irresistibly his glance turned from Henri to the pale face of Valiska. She, too, had observed the young man, and the spasm of pain that passed over her countenance, though evanescent as a fleeting cloud, did not escape the attention of the philosopher.

He turned again to his friend. No trace of emotion was visible in Captain Dantan's features, and the manner in which he offered his good wishes satisfied Vis that the young man was unaware of the misplaced attachment of which he was the object.

The news of the joyous event spread rapidly through the crowded ballroom, and the guests thronged in to add their tribute of respect and congratulation to one who had always been the most admired and best beloved citizen of Abois.

It was, indeed, an ovation to Leon Dantan and his charming *fiancée.* For this night, at least, all remembrances save those of joy and pleasure seemed to have passed away from the world of Abois. The mysterious murderer who had stalked through her streets and left the bloody imprint of his hand upon the pallid corpses of three of its children had vanished from sight beneath the roses and lilies, the jasmines and camellias; driven away like the storm-cloud before the glance of the sun, by the gay laughter of rosy lips and the soft, entrancing murmurs of the waltz.



A PEEP IN THE GLASS.

XUM

"And now, *mon cher*," said Angelique d'Aubrac, as they drove homeward in the small hours of the morning, "I wish to know how you are going to explain this conduct of your Russian?"

"Madame," replied Aristide, with the gravity of a judge deciding some momentous cause, "the wise man never tries to explain the actions of a woman. Permit me, madame," and throwing open the door of the carriage, he offered his hand to assist the baroness to alight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE cabaret of "La Bonne Colombe" stood near the corner of the Rue d'Orville and the Rue de l'Arbre. The Rue d'Orville had once been the grand street of Abois, that is, in a time when Abois had been a small and unimportant village; but modern improvement had stolen away most of this grandeur to bestow it upon newer and more frequented thoroughfares, and one by one the shopkeepers had deserted the Rue d'Orville for the Rue Magenta. The street was now chiefly occupied by dwellings, with one or two ancient cabarets, and was as quiet and monotonous a place as could well be imagined.

"La Bonne Colombe" was a low, old-fashioned building of two stories, with a steep, slanting roof of red tile which time had long ago decorated with a covering of thick green moss. Whatever had been the original color of the walls, they had now, under the heat of the sun, faded into a dull, uniform gray which showed them long strangers to the touch of the painter's brush. The windows were small and square, with diminutive panes of thick greenish glass; the two lower ones, which were placed on each of the entrance-doors, slightly abutted from the building, forming a place for the exhibition of numerous long-necked bottles, which were tastefully grouped against the red cotton curtain at the back.

This was La Bonne Colombe by daylight. By night it was a dim, uncertain mass, faintly illuminated by the red light which shone through the windows, and by a huge green lantern suspended immediately above the doorway, bearing upon its smoky side the image of some fabulous creature of the fowl kind, in which long acquaintance alone could make any one recognize a resemblance to a dove.

How many times Aristide Vis had passed this place on his way to his cottage, the Hermitage, without its attracting his attention, it would be hard to say; and why he should have stopped in front of the cabaret upon the second night after the mayor's ball, is one of those mysteries that Providence alone can explain. Perhaps it was mere curiosity, perhaps it was chance, perhaps it was a higher and more overruling Power, but stop he did, and a single glance through the open doorway awoke in the breast of the young man a feeling of the deepest interest.

The room of which he commanded a view was of considerable size, the ceiling very low, and the whitewashed walls dingy and discolored with the stains which time and tobacco-smoke had impressed upon them. A fantastic arrangement of colored tissue-paper fluttered from the ceiling, and this, too, old age had toned down into a dingy uniformity. At each side of the room was a row of square deal tables, having a passage through the centre to the back of the apartment. Here was a small bar, a counter covered with zinc, and a background of shelves, upon which were jugs, bottles and glasses, pewter measures and tin cups—in short, all the requisites to assuage the wants of the thirsty.

This was the sanctuary presided over by the venerable Mère Ponisse, who spent her time knitting away at her interminable stocking and dealing out the liquors to three ancient men to whom the term *garçon* seemed a ludicrous mockery.

On this especial night quite a number of guests were regaling themselves in the large room of La Bonne Colombe. The smoke of their pipes and cigarettes floated up to the ceiling in a thick blue cloud, through which the oil-lamps shone with a misty yellow light. The guests were chiefly citizens of the middle class, men past the meridian of life, whose seamed and wrinkled faces, flushed with excitement and wine, would have furnished admirable studies for the pencil of Gavarni or Cham. The place was noisy with garrulous voices, with which was mingled the clatter of dominoes, the game most patronized by the frequenters of La Bonne Colombe.

It was a lively scene, but would have undoubtedly attracted no more than a passing glance from Aristide, had it not been for a couple of men, who, seated at one of the tables near the upper end of the room, seemed entirely immersed in their game. It was the sight of these two which had suddenly rooted Vis to the spot, and made him an attentive observer of their every motion. Yes, whatever might have been his first doubt, a second glance convinced him that the players were Orloff Ivanovich and Guimand, the agent of police.

What was the explanation of this singular companionship?

Aristide's thoughts flew back to the evening when he and Henri Dantan had witnessed the interview between this very man and Mademoiselle Zortichoff in the cemetery. Like a flash passed through his mind the recollection of what Valiska had said of the strange questions which the agent had put to her. Could it be that Guimand had fallen into the same mistake in which he, Aristide, had once been involved?

He entered the open door and made his way quietly toward the table at which the two were seated. His entrance appeared almost unnoticed. For one moment he fancied that he saw the sharp gray eyes of the detective fixed upon him with a quick, inquisitive glance, but the next instant he was satisfied that this was a mistake, so calm and unmoved was the appearance of the man. As for Orloff, his back was turned toward him, and the old man sat stiff and rigid as a statue.

Vis succeeded in obtaining a seat, where, without being observed himself, he could not only see, but hear, everything that went on between this ill-assorted pair.

When the *garçon* had retired after serving him with the wine for which he had called, the young man strained his ears to catch the conversation between his neighbors. It was a very one-sided conversation indeed.

The agent Guimand had even more than the lion's share. He rattled on with an ease and rapidity that was really marvelous, while Orloff contented himself with grunting an occasional affirmative, or growling out a muttered execration when ill-luck turned the game against him. A large bottle of brandy stood on the table, and Aristide noticed that the agent, while very temperate in the use of the liquor himself, was assiduous in filling the old man's glass, which Orloff was no less ready in emptying.

The voluble flow of words which Guimand poured upon his impassive companion consisted of a *résumé* of all the news of the day, and the listener remarked that vailed under a mass of unimportant nonsense were several shrewd and searching questions, pointing toward the recent crimes.

The terms of familiarity existing between the pair plainly proved that this was not their first meeting, but whatever might have been the agent's success in the past, for this evening, at least, he was doomed to disappointment.

Old Orloff was in the worst of humors; luck seemed dead against him, and he bore his bad fortune with anything but a good grace.

For a half-hour Aristide sat and patiently listened to the unceasing babble of the detective, which was broken only by the clatter of the dominoes and the angry exclamations of the Russian.

At length Orloff's rage appeared to reach a point beyond his control; striking the table a heavy blow with his clinched fist, which made the dominoes rattle, and the glasses and bottles clink and jingle, the old man sprang to his feet, and without any other word of adieu except a growl of denunciation, tramped out of the room.

For some moments after this sudden and abrupt departure Guimand sat idly spinning one of the dominoes round and round, silently watching the little piece of ivory in its revolutions, apparently lost in thought. Without the slightest warning he turned suddenly, and touching Aristide on the shoulder, inquired, in a polite voice "Whether monsieur would like to play a game?"

Vis was entirely unprepared for this proof of the agent's knowledge of his presence. He gave a slight start, and then recovering himself with an effort, he assumed the seat which Orloff had just vacated, saying "He would be happy to join the gentleman in a game."

The dominoes were arranged in silence, and in silence the game began, Vis waiting for the other to begin the conversation.

"Well, monsieur," said the agent, after three or four dominoes had been played, "that old fellow is either a cheat, or he has a head of marble. Here night after night have I poured brandy enough into him to float a ship, and will you believe me, it has no more effect on him than water. He only grows closer and closer with every glass; so that, in spite of all that I have done, I have not been able to get a word out of him."

"But pray," replied Aristide, "how came you to make the acquaintance of Orloff? and what, may I ask, did you expect to obtain from him?"

"Come, come!" cried Charles Guimand, fixing his keen eye on the young man's face. "You know well, monsieur, what information I expected to obtain from this man. Why, it was you yourself who first put me on his track. You look surprised?"

"I confess it."

"And yet you should not. I know that for a long time you have been watching a certain beautiful young lady, and I know, too, why you have been watching her."

"Monsieur! monsieur——"

"Excuse me, it was my duty to watch and seek; for this I was sent down from Paris; and I have watched and sought, and shall I tell you what I have found?"

"I assure you," cried Vis, excitedly, "you are making a terrible mistake; a cruel, a hideous mistake."

"I am only following in your footsteps, monsieur; and I may say that I have to thank you that I obtained the first clew in this dark and tangled affair."

Aristide made a gesture of dissent, but the other went on without noticing it.

"After reading your testimony and that of the other witnesses, taken down by Monsieur Duquesnay's clerk, I immediately arrived at a conclusion; that is my way, monsieur. I said to myself, this crime was committed by a woman, and I began to look around for the murderess. Chance led me at first into a wrong channel, and I was guilty of the absurd mistake of suspecting that poor Madame Marrois. I discovered from that chatterer, Aglae Pichaud, all about Stephanie's visit to the *fête*, and I humbly admit to you that for a time I thought her guilty. But we employés of the Prefecture are thrown too often with criminals not to recognize true innocence, and Madame Marrois's testimony convinced me at once of my error. It was then for the first time that my attention was attracted to you. The account which I obtained from Monsieur Duquesnay of your excitement over the exchange of gloves led me to believe that you knew something more than you cared to tell. I watched you, monsieur, closely; so closely that I think I almost read your thoughts." Accepting the look of blank astonishment upon Aristide's face as a compliment to his astuteness, the detective went on, with a slight smile: "Watching you soon led me to watch somebody else, and little by little I picked up the threads of the clew. I discovered in what direction your suspicions had turned, and I set myself to work to verify their correctness. This is not the first time that you have seen me at my work, as you can doubtless remember, monsieur. Well, day by day I labored and watched, and then suddenly came that second crime, the murder of Madame Robert and her daughter; and on this occasion an inspiration from heaven cleared up all that was dark and mysterious in the death of Madame Marrois. I now know to whom belonged that glove which was found by young Lejeune in the arbor of the public garden, by the side of the dead man's body. I know more—I know by whom that glove was stolen, and the other substituted for it; the one which came so near criminating Stephanie Marrois. And more, still more—I know the cause that prompted this theft."

The exclamation of astonishment trembling upon Vis's lips was checked by a warning glance from the other. Bending toward his companion and lowering his voice to a whisper, Guimand said, in an impressive tone, his gray eyes fixed upon Aristide's, to read the full effect of his revelation:

"The cause of the theft was love. The man who stole the glove was the Mayor of Abois, and the woman who committed these murders was Mademoiselle Valiska Zortichoff!"

Chapter XXIV.

Aristide recoiled, dumb and horror-stricken, before the denunciation of the police agent. Incapable of speech or motion, he sat and stared in helpless amazement at the inexpressive face of his neighbor. Even when his suspicions were at their strongest, he had never shaped his thoughts into words, and his bold and open declaration of Valiska's guilt for the moment paralyzed his every faculty. Mingled with other feelings was the deepest regret.

To think that his stupid credulity, his baseless suspicions, should have turned this man into a spy upon the actions of that innocent and helpless girl. It was almost as if he himself had spoken the accusation which had just dropped from the lips of Guimand. If not the speaker, he was certainly the cause of the speech; he had this on the assurance of the man himself. A sense of deep and unmitigated shame filled his breast, and kept him for the moment silent. When at length he did speak, the effort required to control the powerful emotions at war within him lent a deep and solemn sternness to his words.

XUM

"Monsieur, I cannot reproach you for having done what you supposed to be your duty. All the ignominy of this shameful accusation must rest upon my head, if, as you say, I was the one who first drew your attention to Mademoiselle Zortichoff. I say again I cannot reproach you for having done your duty. But I do tell you, and I call God to witness the truth of my words, that this young lady is as guiltless of the foul crimes of which you have accused her as either *you* or *I* myself. Do not interrupt me," continued the young man, energetically, as the agent strove to speak. "I know the truth of what I say. I acknowledge to you that much you have said is correct. I did, at one time, suspect Mademoiselle Valiska. I take shame to myself to admit it. But Heaven, as if to punish me for this weakness and credulity, picked me out for a witness to the young girl's innocence."

"What are you saying, monsieur?"

"The truth; the simple truth. On the night when Madame Robert and her unfortunate daughter were murdered, at the very time when the murderer's hands were red with the blood of his victims, and their lives were ebbing away from the wounds inflicted by his cruel knife—at that very time Mademoiselle Zortichoff was seated quietly at home in her own cottage. Ah! you may look incredulous, but I speak only the truth. By one of those remarkable chances which seems almost inexplicable, it happened that Captain Dantan and myself were Mademoiselle Zortichoff's guests upon the evening of the murder. Stop! Now I think of it, you were yourself a witness to our meeting with the young lady at the entrance of the Cemetery of St. Jean. From that place we accompanied her to her cottage, and never left her until we bade her adieu at eleven o'clock, only a few moments before our rencontre with that mysterious woman whose hands even then were wet with the sanguinary proof of her frightful work. So you see, monsieur, as I said, Heaven has willed that Captain Dantan and myself should be witnesses to Mademoiselle Zortichoff's complete innocence."

He paused to notice the effect of his words. The agent had concealed his face in his hands, and with his head bowed down, was absorbed in deep and silent thought. Aristide forbore to break in upon this contemplation, and it was Guimand himself who first reopened the conversation.

"But the man!" he suddenly cried, raising his head.

"I know whom you suspect. My testimony must exonerate him as completely as his mistress. He was never out of my sight during the whole of that eventful evening, and it was he who closed and locked the door upon us when we left the cottage. You see, monsieur, his vindication is clear and plain."

Again there was a silence between them, as the agent, once more covering his face, relapsed into thought.

For the second time Aristide declined to break this silence, snd for the second time it was Charles Guimand who renewed the conversation.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed, striking the table energetically with his fist. "If what you say is true—excuse me, I do not doubt your word—but if what you say is true, then I am the most stupid fool in the universe; for I would have taken an oath that the case against this young woman was as clear as day. You talk about chance, or Providence, but surely it must have been Providence that sent you here to-night, for if I had filed my accusation, as I intended, to-morrow, I am sure, after what you have said, that I should have been dismissed from the force for my stupidity. But, oh! monsieur, you must not suppose that I allowed myself to be influenced by mere suspicion in this affair. You cannot imagine how many things pointed at this young lady as the author of these mysterious crimes. Perhaps you did not know," continued the agent, in response to Aristide's look of inquiry—"perhaps you did not know that this Mademoiselle Zortichoff was the affianced wife of Monsieur Marrois——"

"Ah!"

"I know why you start in that way. It is already town-talk that the beautiful young girl is to become Madame Dantan."

"And what proof have you to sustain the accusation?"

"Very strong proof, indeed. A will found by me amongst the private papers of Monsieur Marrois; a will in which he speaks of this marriage in positive terms, and in consideration thereof makes Mademoiselle Zortichoff his universal legatee. This was, to me, the darkest piece of evidence against the lady; for here, at last, was a motive for the crime.

Aristide was for a moment overwhelmed by this astounding revelation.

"But Monsieur Marrois was supposed to have died intestate. How was it this will was never presented?"

"Simply because it was unsigned, monsieur. It was valueless, except as proof against mademoiselle; for no one can say but what she thought it signed, and hoped, at one blow, to make herself mistress of the fortune, and at the same time rid herself of a disagreeable incumbrance in the shape of Monsieur Pierre."

"Ah! that sounds too cold and mercenary. Would you have me believe that whilst accepting Marrois as her affianced husband, this young girl was deliberately planning his death? No, I do not, I cannot, believe that!"

"Nor do I say that such was originally mademoiselle's idea. For a while she undoubtedly proposed to pay the price, heavy as it was, which would secure to her this fortune; this fortune which represented ease and comfort to her afflicted brother. Had things remained unchanged, the young lady would certainly have become Madame Marrois. But, alas! a change did occur. Captain Dantan arrived at Abois."

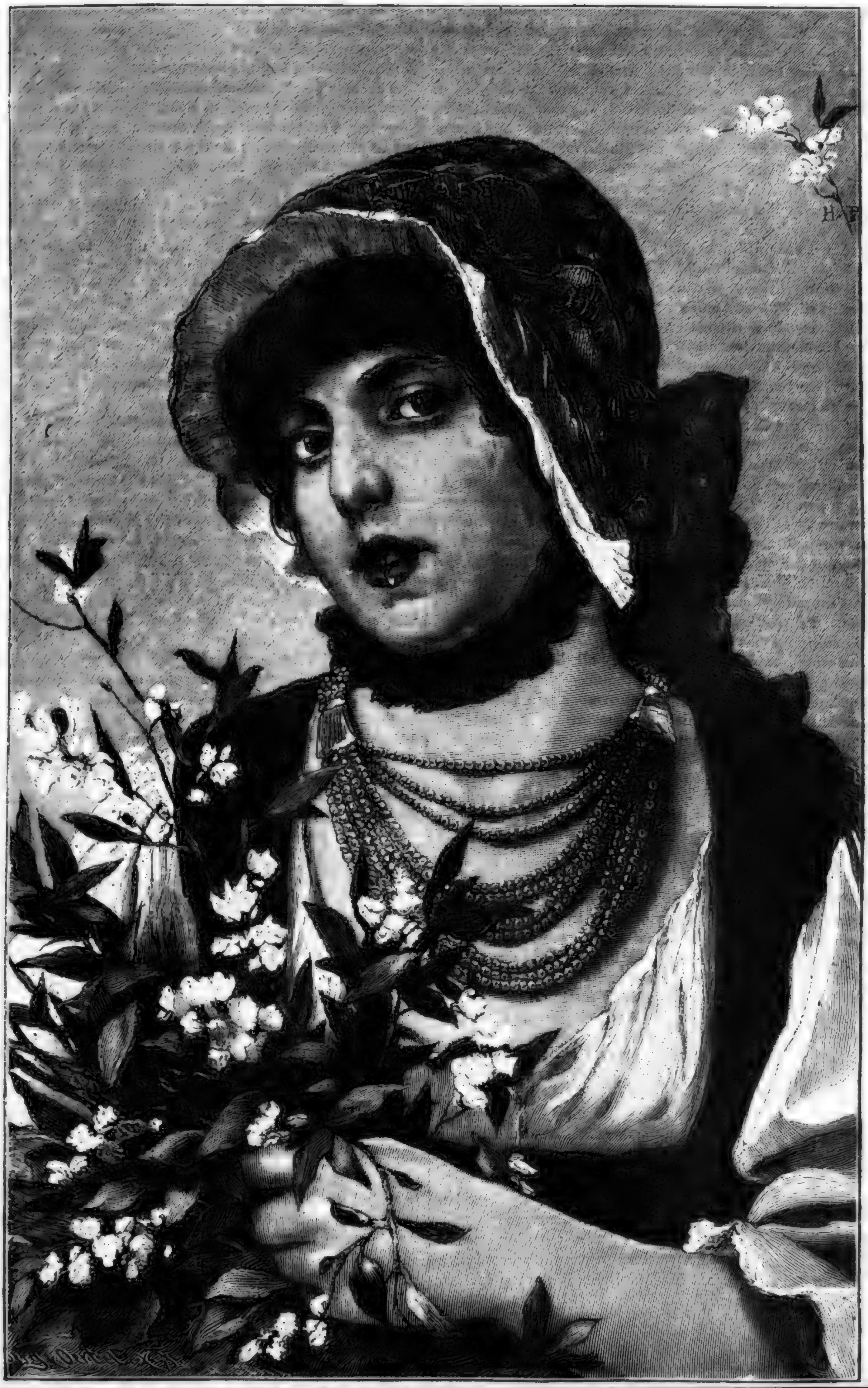
"Monsieur!" exclaimed Aristide, with offended *hauteur*, "what would you insinuate? Captain Dantan is my friend."

"I insinuated nothing," calmly replied the agent; "especially against the captain. But you will not deny that mademoiselle's face has betrayed her secret to you."

"But I cannot see the connection. And yet it is plain. As long as Mademoiselle Zortichoff had nothing but her personal dislike to Monsieur Pierre to combat, the union was possible. But another feeling soon arose to bar her way to the acquisition of this fortune which she coveted. The strongest of all feelings—love."

"Ah!"

"With this love in her heart the match became every day more and more repugnant to the unfortunate girl. Her situation was a frightful one. She must have the money, and yet she could not make up her mind to resign Captain Dantan. There was but one way out of the dilemma. Consider what would have been the position of mademoiselle on the day after Marrois's murder, had that will been signed which I discovered amongst the dead man's papers? Wealth, and the man she loved! *Ma foi!* The stake was a big one." The speaker stopped, considered for a moment, and then resumed: "This is the history of the affair up to the night of the *fête*. I will not speak of what took place in the garden, for you are as familiar with it as myself. I will only ask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you to remember the extraordinary beauty of the masked woman's hands—a beauty so remarkable as to have attracted the attention of poor Madame Marrois, the *garçon*, and even the driver of the *fiacre*. The exquisite symmetry of Mademoiselle Zortichoff's hand is too apparent, monsieur, to have escaped your notice. Again call to mind the testimony of the cab-driver, and especially the place where the unknown entered his vehicle—the corner of the Rue Magenta and the Rue d'Orville, only a few steps from the cottage of mademoiselle. And the strange man who engaged the *fiacre*, the disguised individual who spoke in a gruff and grumbling voice. But there, I will say no more of that, but go straight on to a discovery which I considered conclusive. You must have noticed the singular conduct of Monsieur le Maire upon that occasion. Indeed, I have reason to know that you did notice it. The brigadier of gendarmes informed me that you evinced the utmost astonishment at the deep and inexplicable emotion displayed by Monsieur Dantan, especially on the discovery of the glove by young Lejeune."

"I confess it!" cried Aristide; "but again, I do not see the connection."

"Nor did I at first. My eyes were not opened until you yourself revealed to Monsieur le Juge the exchange which had been made in the gloves. It puzzled me to think who could have made this change. Monsieur le Juge declared the glove had never been out of his possession from the moment it had been handed him by the mayor, and that gentleman said he had not parted with it from the time he received it from your hand in the arbor. My game seemed blocked. I was in despair. It was then that I suddenly conceived the idea of watching you. I discovered your suspicion of mademoiselle, and following up this clew, step by step, I arrived at a solution which explained satisfactorily all that was dark and mysterious—the excitement of the mayor upon the occasion of the murder, and the glove. Again the motive power was love, but this time the love of a man. Do you understand me, monsieur?"

"But too well," replied Aristide. "You think Leon Dantan stole that glove?"

"I do. I am satisfied that he thought he recognized it, and immediately took the one course necessary to protect the young girl — that is, the removal of that glove, which might have convicted her."

"Monsieur Guimand, you argue well. Nothing but my positive knowledge of the innocence of the young lady keeps me from being affected by the strength of your reasoning. But what about the second crime?"

"There, monsieur, I am still in the dark, and it was to make my way out of this obscurity that I have been, night after night, filling that beastly Russian with Mère Ponisse's best cognac. A man dealt the blow that prostrated Pauline Robert. This Orloff is tall enough and strong enough to have been the assailant; but if you will believe me, not a word have I been able to extract from him that could afford me the slightest glimpse of light."

Aristide, who had been musing for some time, scarcely conscious of what the other had been saying, now suddenly exclaimed:

"But how do you explain this new engagement between Mademoiselle Zortichoff and the mayor?"

"Ah!" replied the agent, with a meaning smile; "Monsieur Leon has known how to use the secret in his keeping to advantage. Mademoiselle is paying for her safety with her hand."

"No, no! I tell you the lady is innocent."

"Of course; but Monsieur Dantan does not think so."

Aristide Vis sat stunned and overpowered—crushed beneath these weighty proofs, which one by one the agent hurled at him, until he was almost tempted to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

The man's explanation was so natural and so conclusive; everything seemed clear that had formerly been obscure, so that he found himself almost unable to credit that this was not the truth. He shuddered to think of this peril from which he had just saved Valiska.

All the horror and shame of a public accusation rose up before him. Surely it could not have been chance alone that brought him that night to La Bonne Colombe, but rather some protecting genius, who watched over the innocent and friendless girl.

The agent continued to speak, but his words fell unheeded upon Vis's ear. The moments slipped by, but the mind of the visionary traveled round and round in a circle of thought—a phantasmagoria, in which Leon Dantan, Henri, Valiska, and other dim and ghostly shapes, formed the central figures.

It was with a cry almost of pain that the young man suddenly awoke from his dreams to the consciousness that some one was shaking him by the arm.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the quiet, impassive voice of the agent from Paris; "pardon me for disturbing you, but you are unaware of the lateness of the hour; and see! the *garçons* are about to close the house. Before we part, one last favor. You have preserved me this night from the commission of an error which would undoubtedly have proved my ruin. In return I have been perfectly open with you—have laid bare to you all the evidence which led me to this singular mistake, and in which, without knowing it, you were my accomplice. Promise me to keep this interview a secret. My search must begin anew, and any warning, no matter how slight, might balk me in the chase."

Aristide hastened to assure the man that the whole affair should be kept inviolate, and having obtained from Guimand his present address, the two men separated, the philosopher to his Hermitage, the spy to fade away into the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER XXV.

VALISKA, apparently unconscious of the terrible danger from which she had been so miraculously preserved, thanks to that fortunate interview between Aristide and the agent, was enjoying to the full all the delights of her new position.

Leon Dantan, not only on account of his official character, but also by reason of his wealth and intelligence, was justly considered the first citizen of Abois, and as his promised wife, Mademoiselle Zortichoff was overwhelmed with adulation and attention.

All this she received with an easy grace, with a calm, unmoved dignity, as if this public homage was but her due.

There had been at first a slight but marked constraint between her and Henriette, but this had apparently disappeared to give place to the old tie of friendship, though it was but too plain that a shadow now marred the intercourse between the young girls, formerly so open and unreserved.

Madame d'Aubrac was of course indignant, and inveighed loudly against this sly creature, who had entrapped a man old enough to be her father. It was useless for Mademoiselle Rousel to undertake the defense of her uncle's *fiancée*. Angelique, as usual, would not listen to a word.

The dislike which she had conceived for Valiska at first sight had never changed. She declared herself shocked at the open and unblushing manner in which this young girl had angled for a husband. She had always had a bad opinion of Valiska, and now she was satisfied there was no limit to the guilt of which the creature was capable. She must have a bad, depraved heart indeed—a sordid, mean, mercenary spirit—to sell herself in that way.

"Love? Did Henriette say love? Pshaw! love was out of the question; that girl could not love. Love, indeed! Did Henriette want to drive her into a passion? Thank God! she had read mademoiselle's character from the first, and this engagement was but another proof that she had not been mistaken in her reading."

And the little lady went on working herself into such a fury that Henriette Rousel wisely abandoned the subject. Meanwhile that pale, beautiful face was a subject of constant study to Aristide.

A slight smile had taken the place of that expression of sadness which had formerly shadowed the lovely countenance. To him the sculptured features were a marble mask, under which he strove in vain to penetrate, that he might read aright the wild emotions at war within the young girl's breast. He alone, beneath that deceiving smile, could see the anguish which wrung this tortured heart. He alone, in the depths of those dark-gray eyes, could read the melancholy submission to the stern call of necessity.

Valiska's face was to him a tragedy, and the more he studied it the less satisfied was he with the present condition of affairs. This conflict of passions, how would it end?

Besides this study of Mademoiselle Zortichoff, another trouble tortured and harassed the philosopher. The poisoned arrow of suspicion with which the police agent had pierced his breast still rankled and festered in the wound. Could the man's words be true? Could it be that the Leon Dantan whom he had learned to admire and respect was really a base and mean-spirited wretch? a wretch capable of taking a low and cowardly advantage of the fears of a young girl, to force her into a hated union?

Did Dantan believe in Valiska's guilt? if so, how could he, the esteemed and respected citizen, intrust the honor of his name to a woman whose hands were red with the blood of his friends. It was revolting, beyond credence, and yet often as he repelled with indignation these base suspicions, as often did they return to worry and annoy his distracted brain.

How diligently had he labored to find a satisfactory solution to the exchange of gloves? Here was a solution that bore on its face the stamp of truth?

While these vexing thoughts were disturbing the peace of the philosopher, the young people of Abois were following up with avidity the round of amusements initiated by Madame d'Aubrac. The review and the ball of the mayor had spurred every one into activity, and receptions, balls, dinners, followed each other in rapid succession. Every method by which pleasure and enjoyment could be extracted from the idle hours were eagerly seized upon.

Higher and higher rose the pyramid of roses which was to hide away from the sight of all the gloomy spectre. Forgetfulness was to be found only in continued occupation, and, with Angelique for their queen, they hurried on, never stopping, never looking to one side. Drowning depressing thoughts in champagne and burgundy; gay, light-hearted, and careless, as if the darkness of the past had vanished for ever. The utmost fertility was displayed in devising new amusements, that the round of gayeties might be unbroken.

Boating on the little river became fashionable, and the chance discovery that the horses of some of the hussar-officers would carry ladies led to the formation of equestrian parties. The Baroness d'Aubrac was a good horsewoman, and her mare was a familiar object to the idle loungers of the Bois. But in this species of diversion she found herself eclipsed by Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

Valiska was a bold and fearless equestrian, and the ease with which "La Cosaque" managed her steed was the admiration of all, especially the gentlemen. Leon Dantan was ever by the side of his beautiful *fiancée*, and under the charm of her presence the look of pain and suffering gradually faded away from his face.

It was a gay party, indeed, who turned into one of the country roads and spurred their horses into a brisk trot. It was a cool, pleasant evening toward the middle of Autumn; the brown leaves were fluttering down from the tall chestnut-trees that skirted the side of the road, and protected the equestrians from the long slanting rays of the sun, now slowly sinking to rest behind the low hills which bordered the western horizon.

The blue sky, the warm sunlight, the fresh, invigorating breeze, stimulated and enlivened both the steeds and their riders; loud and prolonged were the peals of silvery laughter, and quick and sharp the badinage and repartee.

Bright eyes looked brighter, and soft cheeks grew flushed and rosy. Poor Henriette was the universal jest. Whatever might be her other accomplishments, as a horsewoman Mademoiselle Rousel was a lamentable failure, and her awkwardness called forth many a burst of merriment. Upon this evening, especially, it required the most constant care and watchfulness to preserve her from accident—a watchfulness and care which seemed only too pleasant a task to the young hussar-officers who fluttered around the lady.

Laughing and jesting over Henriette's troubles, they hurried on, urging their horses to a gallop, thus increasing the difficulty of the young girl's position, and doubling their own enjoyment.

A turn in the road soon hid the joyous party from the sight of two of their number, who alone had not shared in the amusement afforded by Mademoiselle Rousel.

This couple—a lady and gentleman—had reduced their horses' pace to a slow walk; they seemed unaware of the disappearance of their companions. There was an air of constraint in their manner toward each other as they moved silently along the now deserted road—a constraint which would have been noticeable even to a casual observer. On this evening, business of importance had prevented the attendance of Monsieur Leon upon his lady-love, and he had been forced to delegate that pleasant duty to his nephew.

It was the first time that Henri and Valiska had been alone together since the evening of the ball. None knew, none suspected, unless it was Aristide, the struggle which the girl had been making during the past days to conquer her love for the young man, who now rode so calmly by her side.

She feared to speak, lest even the tremor in her voice should betray her; and this silence, prolonged and unbroken, had gradually raised a constraint which had never existed in their intercourse.

It seemed to Captain Dantan that he must have offended Valiska, but while unaware of having committed any fault, he yet hesitated to ask for information.

Every moment the situation became more painful and disagreeable, and yet neither sought to put an end to it.

To Valiska, if not real happiness, this might be at least the nearest approach to happiness that she would ever know.

The man she loved was by her side. She felt like a moth fluttering around a devouring flame, which might consume her, but from which she lacked the courage to fly.

As for Henri, he felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and would willingly have had this *tête-à-tête* brought to an end, but knew not how to accomplish it. While he was racking his brain for some means to break this oppressive silence, Fate took the task out of his hands in a sudden and unexpected manner.

The low crackling of dry branches made itself audible, and pushing aside the thick bushes which at this point skirted both sides of the pathway, a woman stepped out into the open road. A tall and emaciated figure, clad in a loose jacket and skirt, with a man's hat of rough straw covering her head. Long, unkempt hair, almost white, hung down her back, and lent an air of startling wildness to her aspect.

All this Captain Dantan took in at a glance; for, terrified by the sudden appearance of the woman, Mademoiselle Zortichoff's horse, after rearing and plunging violently, suddenly dashed away at a furious speed.

With a muttered anathema, Henri spurred in pursuit. The race was a short but desperate one. Valiska's horse, getting the bit between his teeth, became entirely unmanageable, and swerving suddenly at a curve in the road, threw her violently to the ground.

Henri was on his feet in a moment, and was bending over the insensible form. The pallid whiteness of the beautiful face sent a sickening pang through his heart—a fear lest this might be death. But a closer examination showed him that, whatever might be the injuries she had received, Valiska was at least still alive.

Immediate aid and assistance were absolutely necessary. Dantan looked around for the unfortunate cause of the accident, but the woman had disappeared. He was delighted to perceive at no great distance down a narrow lane, which entered the road at a point near the spot where Valiska had been thrown from her horse, the outlines of a low, irregular building.

Without a moment's hesitation he raised the still unconscious girl in his arms, and hastened in the direction in which he judged that help might be most quickly obtained.

The two or three hundred yards which intervened between the main road and a rough wooden fence which surrounded the cottage were soon traversed, and passing through the open gateway, whose broken gate hung dangling by a single hinge from its post, Henri found himself in a small inclosure, immediately in front of the house.

This had at one time perhaps been cultivated as a garden, for even yet some coxcombs and marigolds, and other coarse and hardy flowers, struggled bravely for existence with the tall grass, rank weeds, and tangled brambles, which had strangled and choked out the life of the frailer and more tender blossoms.

Six or seven apple-trees were dotted about, their ragged and unpruned branches, heavy with the half-ripe fruit, and the tall suckers growing luxuriantly around the roots, bearing token to the small amount of care wasted upon their cultivation.

The hut, or, rather, hovel—for it scarcely deserved a better name—was a low one-story building, with a thatched roof and weather-boarded walls. It was in the last stage of ruin and decay.

The thatch was torn and pierced with large holes, and overgrown with slimy, mossy fungus. The weather-boarding was cracked and broken, leaving large gapes and crevices, through which the interior of the building was visible.

A tall brick chimney had formerly stood at either end of the house, but one of these was entirely destroyed, and the other in little better condition.

A door, and two small windows, were the only openings through which air and light were admitted. The windows had once been glazed, but the place of the broken panes of glass was now supplied by dirty and frowsy articles of clothing or pieces of pasteboard.

It was a scene of ruin and desolation painful to behold, but the human creatures who added a touch of animation to the picture formed even a still more pitiful spectacle.

Upon a clumsy wooden bench near the open doorway a young woman sat, lazily basking in the last rays of the setting sun.

At her feet, a child of two years of age was playing with a tiny black-and-white kid, whose feeble bleating was answered by the loud and sonorous notes of its imprisoned mother.

The young woman—or, rather, girl, for she had barely passed the verge of girlhood—was a wreck, far more sad than the ruin and devastation which surrounded her. Like the garden, she might at one time have been beautiful, for even yet traces remained of vanished loveliness—loveliness crushed out by the hand of poverty and suffering.

The rounded cheeks had sunken away till the cheek-bones were visible, and exposure to the sun and wind had roughened and embrowned the complexion. The large dark eyes were fixed in a glazed and vacant stare, and the soft brown hair fell down upon the half-naked shoulders in a tangled and disordered mass.

The form, once plump and rounded, had become gaunt and angular, and the slender hands were soiled and disfigured by labor. Her costume consisted of a loose jacket and skirt. But the gay hues of the jacket had long ago faded away, and both it and the blue serge skirt were tattered and torn.

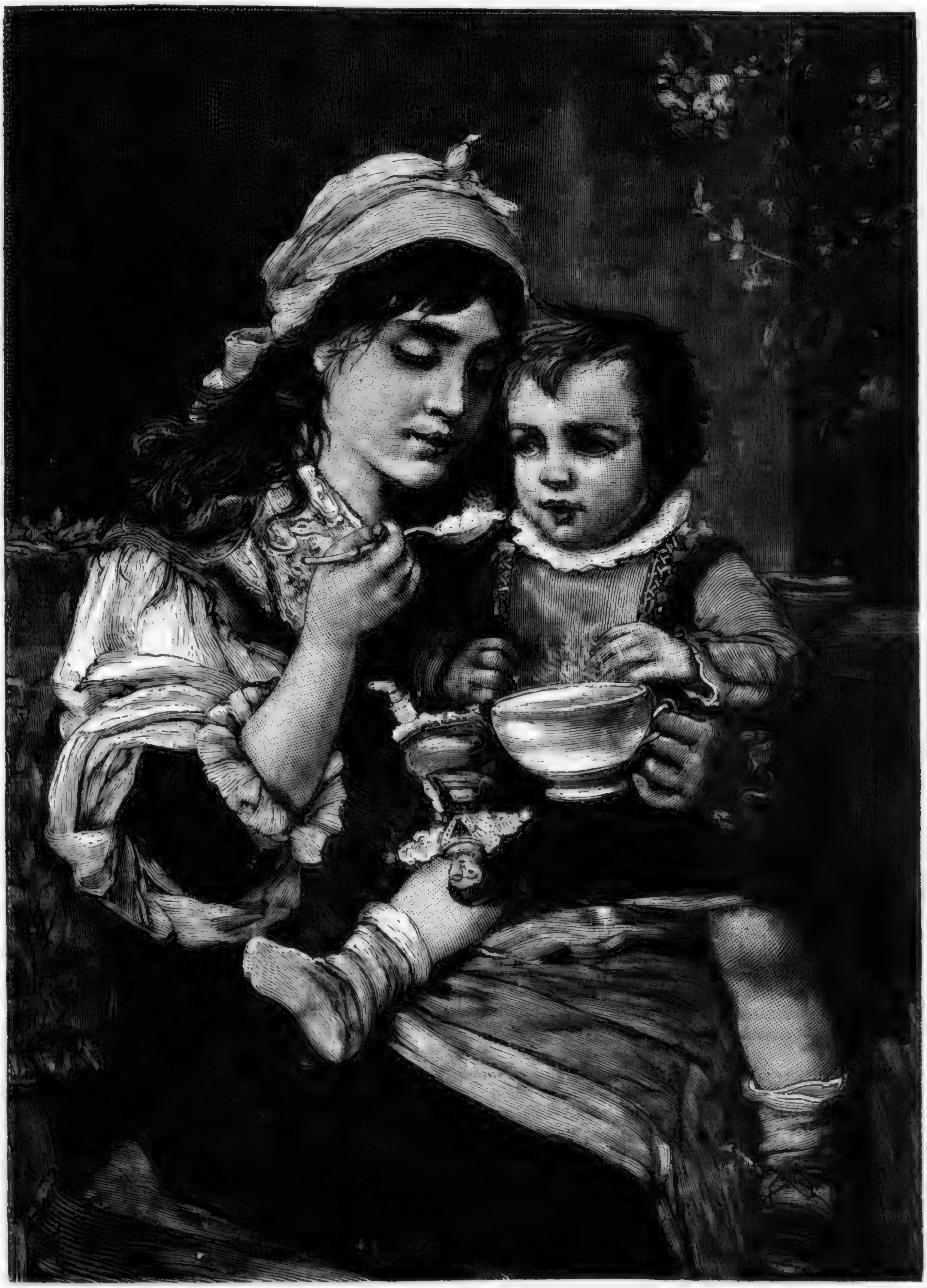
The little child gazed with round-eyed astonishment, as Dantan, with Valiska in his arms, approached the group; but the young woman appeared entirely unaware of her visitors, staring straight in front of her, in a dull, lethargic reverie.

To Henri's request that "she would show him a place where mademoiselle could rest for a few moments," she made no reply, nor did she seem at all conscious of his words. A second repetition obtained no better success, but when for the third time Dantan reiterated his request, in a loud and rather angry tone of voice, the girl seemed gradually to become aware of his presence. Two or three times she passed her hand over her face, as if she was struggling in a dazed and confused manner to recall her scattered senses.

At length she seemed aware for the first time of the presence of the young man and his lovely burden, and gazed with a stupid astonishment and admiration on the beautiful countenance of Mademoiselle Zortichoff.

The pale face seemed to make a deep impression upon her, for, after some moments, she abruptly broke the silence, speaking in a shrill and discordant voice.

"Is she dead? Is she dead? Did he strike her?" cried the strange creature, fixing her vacant eyes upon the young man's face. "But, no," she continued, suddenly changing her mood, and breaking into a low laugh;



TOO HOT.

XUM

"but, no—how silly I am! how could he strike her, when he is dead himself—dead, dead, dead and buried under such a fine green mound, and with a tall, handsome pillar over it. Oh, yes, they thought Delphine did not know about it, and Mimi locked me up in the house; but, ha! ha! we climbed out of the window, Bébé and I, and—and——" drawing nearer, she grasped Dantan by the arm. "Did you ever see a funeral?" she demanded, in a grave, inquiring tone. "Is it not a fine show? and his—oh, his, was so fine! all the horses and the plumes, and the men with their black cloaks, and the citizens with flowers—so gay, so gay! They thought I knew nothing about it, but I was there and saw it all." Then, with another sudden change: "Is she dead? is she dead? did he do it?" she again demanded, with an abruptness that startled her hearer.

The incoherent language of the girl satisfied Henri that it would be vain to expect assistance from her, and without further delay he entered the cottage. An open doorway showed him a room, in which was a small pallet. On this he quickly placed his inanimate burden, and eagerly sought some means by which to restore her to consciousness.

The interior of this room was as ruined and dilapidated as could well be conceived. The plastered wall was broken in many places, showing the rough laths and scantlings. The furniture consisted, in addition to the pallet upon which Valiska was lying, of a deal table and a chest of drawers of coarsely-painted wood. On this the young man perceived a brown earthenware pitcher, which to his delight he found to be filled with water. Quickly soaking his handkerchief, he began to bathe with the utmost solicitation the snowy forehead of the unconscious girl.

In the meanwhile the young peasant had followed, and now stood in the open doorway of the room, gazing at him with a look of stolid and stupid astonishment. After a few moments she approached the bed, and sinking down on the floor beside him, smoothed in a timid, frightened manner the soft blonde tresses streaming in confusion over the only covering of the miserable couch.

"Pretty, pretty, oh, ain't she pretty?" the poor creature babbled to herself. Then, with that startling abruptness which had formerly marked her conversation, she said to Henri: "Oh, yes, a funeral is fine, but then a *fête* is finer—oh, ever so much finer; all colored lights and fine dresses, and beautiful women and gay men in red coats—yes, yes, I was there, I and Mimi; Mimi took me there. What did we go for?" She stopped and seemed to consider, passing her hand confusedly over her forehead. "Oh, yes, we went to see him; he was there. Mimi and I were hiding in the bushes, watching, for he was with such a fine lady—a fine lady—a fine lady——" Again the chain of thought was broken, and the girl relapsed into her babbling repetition of "Pretty, pretty, pretty."

While the crazy woman was prattling in this incoherent manner, the young man had continued his efforts, and soon to his delight Mademoiselle Zortichoff began to evince signs of returning life. She heaved a deep sigh, and opening her eyes, gazed confusedly around her; the first sight she beheld was the handsome face of the young man, who bent over her with affectionate anxiety imprinted upon all his features.

In that moment everything was forgotten except the love which filled her torn and bleeding heart; the emotion against which she had struggled so long and bravely now swelled into power irresistible and beyond her control, bursting all the frail barriers with which she had sought to curb it, and hurrying her along to a confession of her miserable secret.

Without a thought of what she was doing, she yielded to her feelings, and throwing her soft arms around his neck, drew him closer and closer to her, murmuring in a low, thrilling voice, "My darling! my darling! my love!"

In the next instant her lips were pressed to his in a long and burning kiss.

(*To be continued.*)

AGNES LANSKORONSKA'S DEATH.

Madame le Marquise de Crequi in her interesting memoirs tells a curious and true story. The Prince and Princess de Radziwill adopted their little orphan niece, Countess Agnes Lanskoronska, and had her educated with their children in the castle of Neuremska, in Galicia. A large saloon, used for state balls, dark, magnificent, and paneled in oak, divided the suite of apartments occupied by Agnes and her cousins from those of Prince Radziwill and his wife. It was necessary to pass through it to go from one end of the chateau to the other, unless one went by the garden, an inconveniently roundabout way. For this saloon Agnes, then aged five, manifested an unaccountable aversion, and such was her disinclination to pass through it, that if forced to do so she fell into convulsions. When questioned as to the cause of her fright, she gave as her reason the terror with which a large picture of the Cumæan Sibyl, by Titian, inspired her. This picture hung over one of the lofty doors, had a massive gilt frame surmounted by the arms of the Radziwills, and as it represented nothing likely to terrify a child, the Prince treated his niece's abhorrence as babyish caprice, and insisted on her passing through the room like every one else; but always with the same result. The more sympathizing Princess at last interceded for the little girl, and as her husband did not choose to have the *chef d'œuvre* of his collection located in a lumber-room, he unwittingly allowed Agnes to pass outside, through the court, or by a terrace in the garden. A little sedan was got for her use, in which she was carried in wet weather, and for twelve years she went round, Winter and Summer, at least three times a day. Prince Hohenlohe tells the sequel.

When Agnes had completed her seventeenth year, she was very lovely. Amongst her suitors, the favored one was Prince Wisnowiski. To do honor to her betrothal, her aunt and uncle invited about fifty or sixty of the neighboring nobility, with their children; and after the banquet, the young people, to amuse themselves, proposed a diversion known in Poland as *la course du roi*. Agnes was placed at the head, in compliment to the high rank of her *fiancé*, and had to lead the merry procession through different rooms. Some of her friends bantered her on her dislike for the saloon, which they declared the finest in the house, and best suited for their games, and she, unwilling to disappoint them, consented to lead them thither. At the door she stopped, turned pale and seemed almost fainting, then refused to enter. Her lover with tender words laughed at her fears, then jestingly tried to push her in. She clung frantically, despairingly to the doorposts; but he was the stronger, and getting her past the fatal threshold, pulled the doors to, and held them fast. A weak despairing voice from within cried, "I am dying; save, oh, save me!" and was answered by a peal of merry mocking laughter from without. It still echoed from the vaulted roof of the gallery, when there was a crash, a heavy fall, a scream so shrill it froze the jest on Wisnowiski's lips. He dashed open the door, and there, dead, bathed in her blood, lay his betrothed. The struggle at the door had loosened the fatal picture; it fell, the gilded iron armorial bearings that crowned it striking the unhappy Agnes on the forehead, and justifying her sorrowful presentiment.

LOVE'S BRIEF STORY.

In the golden Summer weather,
By a daisy-bordered stream,
Strolled we hand-in-hand together,
Dreaming o'er love's olden dream.

Now alone I sadly wonder
O'er the meadows bleak and brown;
I am here, and she is yonder—
Where my sun went darkly down.

A WITLESS THING.

"A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted."
—*Hamlet*, Act iv., Sc. 5.

"Now remember, Lord Grayton," said the doctor, solemnly, "all I told you. You are very welcome to come to our ball, though, as a rule, we only ask a certain set of wise men and maidens who know our ways and their ways. Still, you are good-looking, humorous and cheery, and if you are sensible you can enjoy yourself, and maybe do them a world of good. I believe in electricity as a curative agent—not the quack nonsense of belts and chains and musical boxes, that only shake the nerve-centres, but the real electricity of animal spirits, the tonic of good health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid," said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, muscular young man, strong as a horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back after a self-imposed exile of five years in India with the big game; "but tell me of all those confounded cautions again. I did a lot of dancing of various kinds years ago before I went after the tigers"—and he laughed as mingled memories of Mayfair and the Lotus Club swam back to him—"and I've tried both the *Corroboree* and *Salonga;* but 'pon my honor, I never danced with a lunatic girl yet."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the doctor, grimly; "they are to be met with outside Copswood, I can tell you. However, listen: the rule is simple. Be civil and don't contradict. If old Crackton asks you to play chess, play. He's a good player, and will beat you fairly if he can; if he can't, he'll make a false move and call 'checkmate,' and you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks you are the prince, and 'Sires' you all over the place, and throws out hints about being asked to Sandringham; if you are asked to listen to the chiming clock in Baker's interiors, or to avoid touching some one else because he's glass and might break, you must do your best to be courteous to them all, and on no account laugh at their fancies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the ladies?"

"I'll see to that, and introduce you to the nicest, and tell you what to avoid speaking about; the men will make the talking for themselves; the women don't talk much."

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And what am I to talk about?"

"Everything save one thing—the Empress of Austria, or white roses, or Mr. Malleck, or black stockings. I'll give you the one, never fear; only it may happen that one of them will ask you to dance, and then you must steer as best you can—talk society or art on chance. My own girls and their friends get on famously with the male patients, and you must do your best. Come, you are going to be our best tonic to-night, and you must be off and dress; nine o'clock sharp, mind, as they all go to bed at midnight."

"Queer thing, this," soliloquized Grayton, as he completed an elaborate dressing, "beginning my first season after five years by dancing with a lot of lunatics. Hope they won't wear straw in their hair; if they do, I shall bolt to the Congletons' dance."

He had many strange adventures that evening as he strolled about the pretty ballroom at the Copswood private asylum.

He was duly defeated at chess by the venerable Crackton, who deliberately slid back a captured queen on the board, and performed prodigies of valor with her.

He sympathized with a gentleman who had swallowed a crocodile, and he noticed the pale, cadaverous man who amused himself by counting the lights on each side of the room, and singing softly to himself, "Sorry I can't admit it—sorry I can't admit it!" He had been an acrostic editor once upon a time.

He noticed the fussy little man, with a pale-blue shaven face, who wanted to stage-manage the sixteen lancers, and who piteously entreated the dancers to "go back over all that again, please, and try and get it crisper," and the erratic journalist who wrote paragraphs on his shirt-cuffs, and many other strange folk that passed by in the motley pageant of unsettled reasons.

"There's King Lear," whispered the doctor, as "a very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upward," passed them, muttering of "Brighton A's." "You know who he was?"

And he whispered a name in Grayton's ear that made that nobleman whistle softly.

"And are there any Ophelias, 'whose young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life'?" asked Grayton, showing that he knew his Shakespeare as well as the doctor.

"Yes; but we keep their secrets. Now go and dance."

And the doctor took King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

It was a sad, weird sight altogether, and as Grayton watched it, it reminded him of Kaulbach's "Dance of Death," and he felt oddly morbid as he thought of his own lonely life.

He had once loved, and given his heart to a woman whom he had both idealized and idolized. He had youth, brains and position, and with her he felt he could conquer the world.

It was an old story. She turned out to be as loveless as she was lovely, and so he took to the tigers.

He had got over it all now; but he shuddered as he remembered the fret of it all, and thought how near madness he had been driven when he heard of her ultimate fate, and where her life had drifted to.

So there were Ophelias here! More like Audreys, he thought, as he watched some rather uncouth gamboling in a corner.

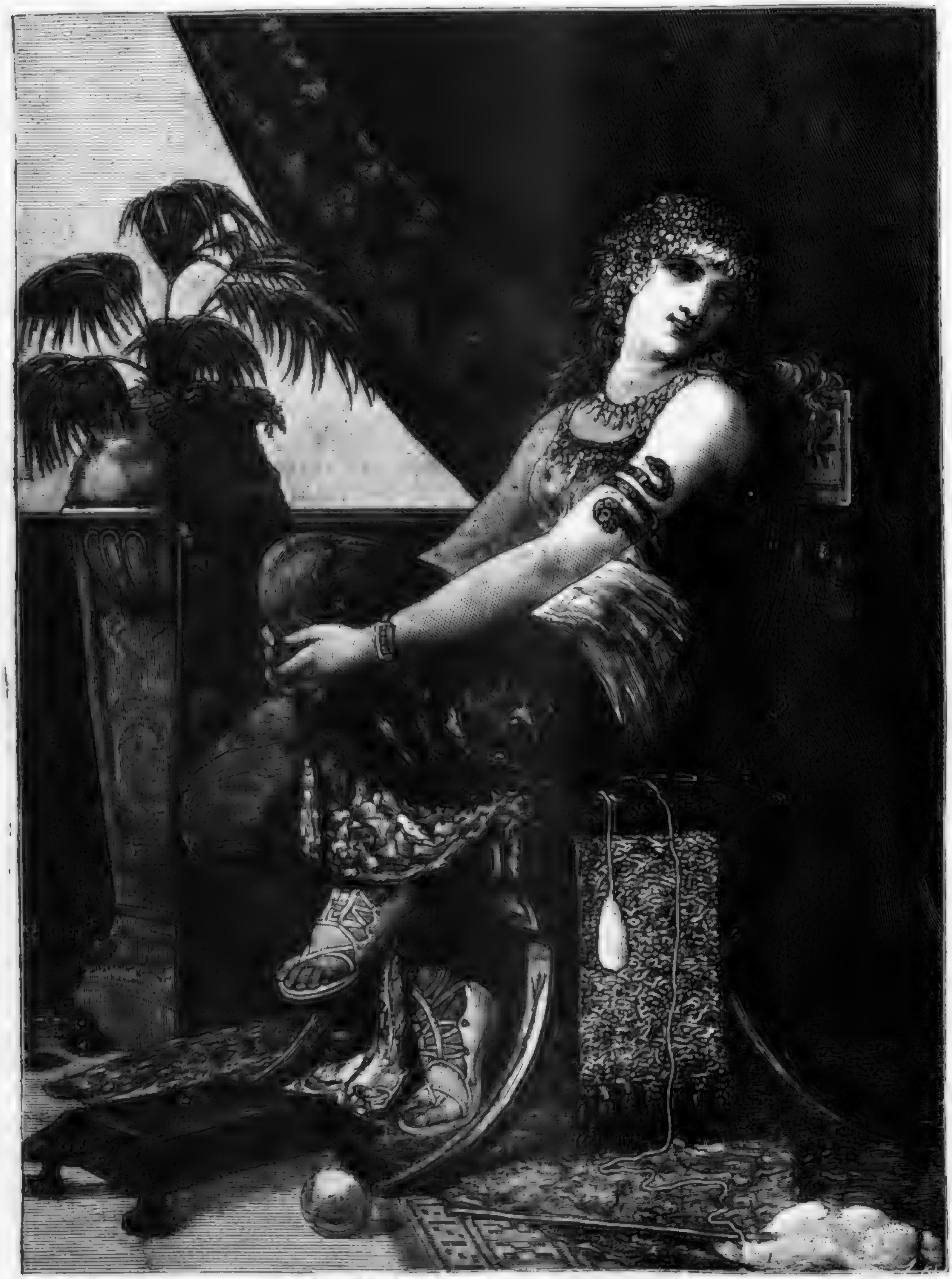
His eyes wandered round the room, and rested at last on a face.

It was an exquisite oval face, somewhat sad and wistful in expression, of that rare, delicate olive color one sees in the South, with the skin of so fine a texture that the red flush springs up through the vein-tracery at a moment's excitement.

XUM

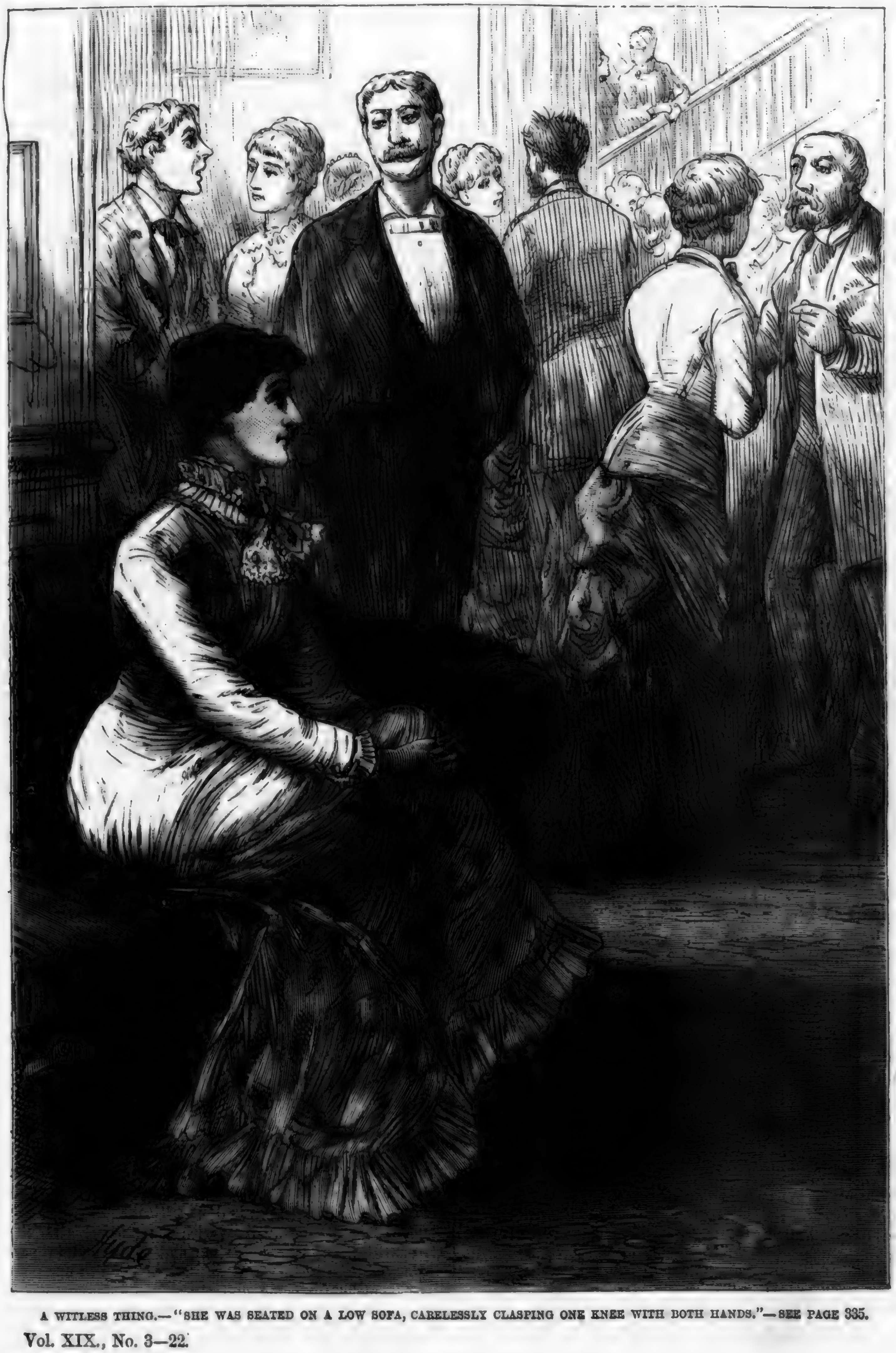
The large brown eyes were soft and dreamy, the chiseled mouth was half-parted, and the dark-brown hair, looking black as night, was worn, Greek fashion, close to the head, sweeping in undulating lines past the tiny, rose-tipped ears.

She was seated on a low sofa, carelessly clasping one knee with both hands. She wore a simple white frock, just mysteriously frilled round the little white column of a throat, and a great black-red rose nestled in her breast. One little high-arched foot, in peach-colored netted silk, kept swinging to the music.



FAIR INDOLENCE.— FROM A PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

No one seemed to talk to her except the doctor, who



A WITLESS THING.—"SHE WAS SEATED ON A LOW SOFA, CARELESSLY CLASPING ONE KNEE WITH BOTH HANDS."—SEE PAGE 335.

smiled pleasantly as he passed and said something, to which she answered with a nod.

"Ophelia at last!" said Grayton to himself.

And in melancholy vein he wished he were Hamlet, and could lie at her feet and watch the play.

"'Poor Ophelia! divided from herself and her fair judgment!'"—the quotation was irresistible. "I wonder what sent her here? Some brute of a man, or a soldier-lover killed at Kassassin. Gracious! I hope this terrible Meg Merrilies is not going to ask me to dance," and he moved away, as he saw a wild-eyed woman bearing down upon him, to a seat somewhere nearer the pale girl with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he tried to magnetize her.

At last their eyes met. He stared her full in the face. She never shrank from his look, only a sort of pitying light seemed to glow in the sorrowful eyes.

A moment passed, and then she rose quietly and with perfect self-possessed grace walked over to him—to his intense astonishment sat quietly down by his side, and said, in a soft, musical voice:

"You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."

For a moment he was tongue-tied; then he recollected his instructions and pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do, then. Of course, being here naturally makes one feel sad. But we won't talk of that," she added, quickly. "Do you care for dancing? I'll dance with you, if you like."

"Dance—with you?"

"Oh, yes, if you like; many of the others dance."

"How calmly she seems to recognize her sad state!" thought Grayton, as he stood up and passed his arm round poor Ophelia's slender waist, wondering how she would "jig and amble." They were playing the "Dream-faces," and as they swung in undulating rhythm to the pretty song, he felt that few slips of sane seventeen could come up to her.

"That's right," said the doctor, encouragingly; "set a good example."

"Means I'm to be a tonic, I suppose," thought Grayton; so he carried off Ophelia for an ice.

"You dance beautifully," she said. "No, *you* sit down, and I'll get you the ice; there now, there's a spoon and a wafer; now you feel comfortable, don't you? Isn't that a lovely valse?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-faces'; the people one meets in dreams are generally vastly nicer than the real folk. I have many dream-friends."

"Have you?" she said, looking amused; "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm marrried to a dream-wife—just like Gilbert's Princess Toto, you know, with her dream-husband. And she comes to me sometimes and scolds me if I've done anything wrong in the day: and sometimes she's very loving, and sometimes she's cross and doesn't come near me for weeks."

He felt as if he were telling a fairy tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more of her! Is she beautiful? What is she like?"

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse her, so he went on drawing pretty pictures of an ideal woman: then growing unconsciously eloquent, he burst out:

"Ah, if one could only meet her alive, what a wife she would make! a very second self, aiding, sympathizing, helping, loving—at once the cheeriest of chums and the most idolized of idols."

She had flushed a little as he spoke, but she went on:

"What a pretty picture! Where did you get your beautiful thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream-girl taught me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if deliberate, barefaced compliment would be a good tonic for a lunatic.

"Yes, beautiful. She has large brown eyes, wonderful hair, a low voice, an olive oval face, she dances superbly, and she wears a black-red rose in her white dress."

Ophelia looked a little frightened.

"Forgive me, I didn't mean to be rude, but she is—really, you are not angry with me!" and he laid his hand gently on hers.

"Oh, no!" Then there was a pause. "Come, and let me show you some pictures; I'm something of an artist myself;" and she led him into a long gallery, and talked art so sensibly and sympathetically that here, at all events, he felt there was a very pleasant method in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture; but he preferred to affect ignorance, and asked the stupidest questions simply for the pleasure of hearing her talk. There was a kind of innocent dignity about her that fascinated him. She was more like a Vestal Virgin than a Bacchante. So the evening passed all too quickly, till he suddenly bethought himself that there was an important division in the Lords that night, and that he was bound to be a "not content" before the clock struck eleven, and after that he was due at Lady Congleton's dance.

"Must you go away?" she said; "why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those much-abused people that the Radicals call Hereditary Legislators, and as I'm not abolished yet, I must be in our House at eleven."

Of course she could not have understood a word he said, for she murmured to herself, "Poor fellow! so young, too!"

He rose and held his hand out.

"Good-night; thank you for a very charming evening."

"Good-night," said Ophelia, tenderly.

"I should like a little memory of this meeting; will you give me that rose? I've been longing for it all the evening."

"Of course I will; why didn't you ask for it before?" and she took it from her dress and fastened it in his coat. "I shall see you again; there will be another dance here soon. How is it that I never saw you here before at one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said, gravely.

Why it was that Ophelia's eyes suddenly filled with tears he couldn't understand, but she left him with a quiet bow and went back to the dancing-room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I see," said the doctor, as Grayton came to say good-by, "though I must say it was rather selfish of both of you."

"Selfish! Why, I did all I could for her, poor dear girl!"

"Poor! Why, my dear Lord Grayton, she has six thousand a year of her own!"

"Dear me! And what is done with it?"

"She does what she likes with it; she helps all the big charities, and she helps me and Copswood in particular, and she generally does a lot of good to our poor people—picks up some one she takes a fancy to, and cheers him up a bit. She's one of my best tonics, and this is the first time I have noticed that she never danced once with a patient; that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! Then she—she isn't—a—patient herself?"

The doctor laughed till the tears rolled down his jolly face.

"Bless my heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew, daughter of old Lord Polonius, and she's just one of the cleverest and sweetest girls in the world. I thought you knew her."

"Not I! She came over and spoke to me, and——"

"I see it all—took you for for a patient! Oh, this is too lovely!"

And the doctor was positively boisterous in his merriment.

Grayton bolted to the House, and, having duly recorded his vote against the Bill sent up from the Commons, for chloroforming grouse instead of shooting them, betook himself in a strange state of bewilderment to Lady Congleton's.

His hostess welcomed him warmly, like the returned prodigal that he was, and insisted upon introducing him to some one in whom she seemed to have a special interest.

"Really a delightful girl, Lord Grayton, quite after your own heart—devoted to art and philanthropy, you know."

Grayton was too full of thought to protest, so submitted meekly.

What were girls to him just then? He was thinking over Copswood as his hostess took his arm and they set out on a pilgrimage. A corner where a flock of owl-lamps were nestling was turned.

"Ah, here she is! Lady Mary Pettigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two will get on capitally."

And her ladyship was off, leaving Grayton staring vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could scarcely suppress a scream as she turned her head and blushed as deep as the rose he still wore in his buttonhole.

"Why, how—how did you get out?" she said, awkwardly.

"I never was in, Lady Mary; the fact is, I'm afraid there's been a little mistake on both sides. I only found out from the doctor as I left that you weren't a——"

She put her feathery fan up with a warning "Hush!" then said:

"What brought you there?"

"Curiosity; and you?"

"I often go there and try and do some good. I cheer them sometimes; but to-night! Oh, how wrong and stupid of me!"

There was a little pause as he looked at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

"Let us forget and forgive, Lady Mary. After all, you were very good to poor Hamlet!"

"And you were very nice and kind to foolish Ophelia. Listen! there's the 'Dream-faces' again; let us see if we can dance it in our right minds," she said, as she rose with a nervous smile quivering in the corners of her lips.

And it so happened that in a month they both came to their right minds, and the doctor was at the wedding.

The first church erected on American soil is still used as a place of divine worship. It is situated just outside of the City of Mexico, and was built by Cortez during his second visit to that coast.

A WAVE.

By Ellice Hopkins.

O Being in thy dissolution known
Most lovely then;
O Life that ever has to die alone,
To live again;
O bounding Heart that still must bow and break
To touch thine end;
O broken Purpose that must failure take,
And deathward bend,
For the great tide to stretch from rock to rock
His shining way;
O wandering Will that from the furthest shock
Of sea-deeps gray,
Silver constraint of secret light on high
Leads safe to shore;
O living Rapture that dost inly sigh,
And evermore
Within thy joy the wailful voices keep:
I see thee now,
O Son of the unfathomable deep!
And trembling know
The crownèd Shadow of man's opposites,
The forces dread
That sway him into being, blanched with lights
Of thunder bred;
A poisèd Passion wrought from central breath
Of whirling storms,
And evermore a deathless life in death,
That still re-forms.

And thou, man's prototype in varying moods,
Didst lonely beat
The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
With silver feet,
Through the great æons wandering forlorn
In search of him,
As rose and fell like vacant flames, lone morn
And evening dim,
Ere Light had grown articulate in love,
Or Silence knew
Herself as worship. Then didst thou ever move
Beneath the blue,
An incommunicable mystery,
About thy shore;
A visible yearning of the earth and sea,
That evermore
Flung out white arms to catch at some far good
Yet unfulfilled,
An failing sobbed and sank in solitude
With heart unstilled;
A voice that ever crying as of old
In deserts dumb,
With hollow tongue reverberate foretold
A Life to come.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

By Nugent Robinson.

The correct thing at this hour of writing is to eat *pâté de foie gras* during the middle of a swell dinner. It comes in as an *entrée*, and is muchly relished by the knowing ones whose digestions admit of luscious tidbits at perilous hours. That *pâté de foie gras* is a tidbit that wooes indigestion is beyond the region of controversy, and the human goose who partakes thereof, is as much of a goose as the unlucky bird whose liver has been enlarged that sybarites may dine.

Sidney Smith defined Paradise as a place where one eats *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of silver trumpets. This is a queer, quaint notion of heaven, but it goes far to prove that Smith thoroughly believed that dyspepsia reigneth not within the golden gates.

Within sight of the beauteous spires of Strasburg Cathedral, and inclosed by the grim fortifications erected by the tenacious Germans, *pâté de foie gras* is for the most

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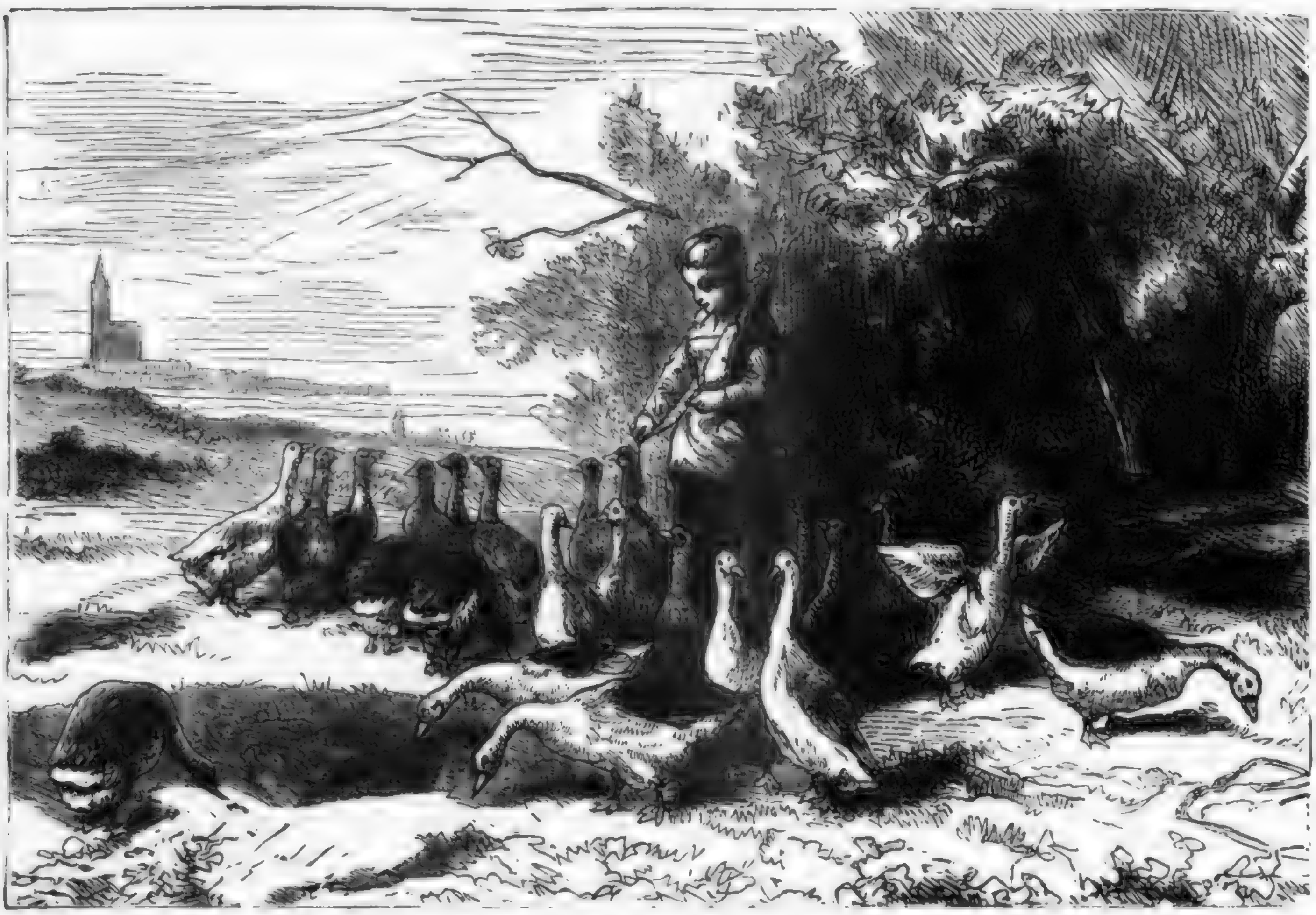
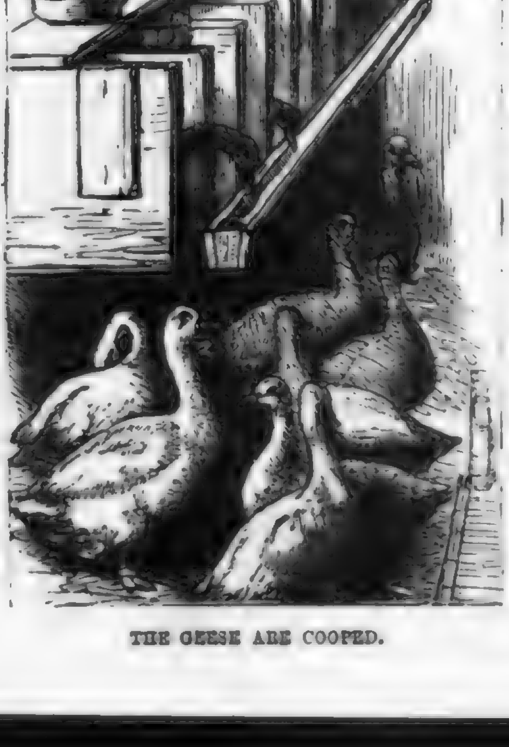


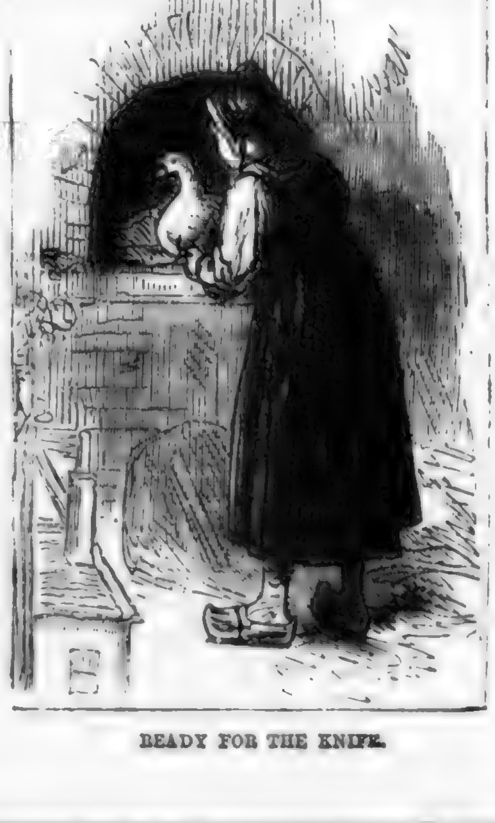
SMALL GIRL TENDING GEESE.

part prepared. The delicious morsel is, as is well-known, the liver of a goose that has been crammed or overfed—in fact, an enlarged liver. To Mathieu, cook to Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg, belongs the infamy of first inventing liver-pies. The manufacture has since developed into a profession. The quality of water is said to affect the fattening, some districts supplying much better livers than others. The sale of these pies in Strasburg amounts annually to $500,000. Where is the Alsatian Bergh?

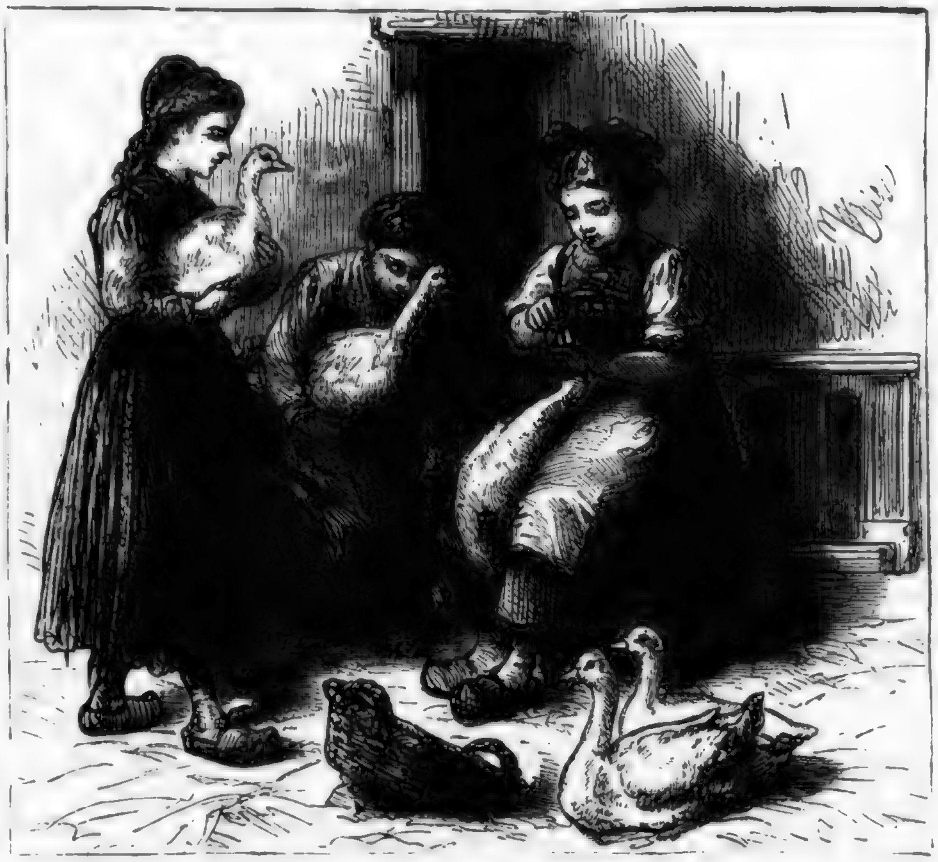
Let an Alsatian goose tell the story of his brief but not uneventful career. "I am a native of Alsace," says the goose, "but I do not meddle with politics. I have no special love for Frenchmen or for Germans. Bitter experience has taught me that these featherless creatures begin with kindness, only to end in cruelty. But let that pass. My earliest recollection is of a vast field, shaded by veteran oak-trees, and intersected by pools of stagnant water. Here I and a numerous flock of my brethren were placed under the care of a little girl, who passed her time in spinning hemp and in keeping us out of mischief, in which latter part of her business she was aided by a dog. So long as daylight continued, we spent our time in fishing up delicious morsels of food from the marshy ground, but just as soon as the sun went down, our active little commander-in-chief drove us off to the village. Such a commotion there used to be as we went to roost, for all took to their wings at once, and we banged and pushed against each other in the rudest manner, quacking and shrieking



THE GEESE ARE COOPED.



READY FOR THE KNIFE.

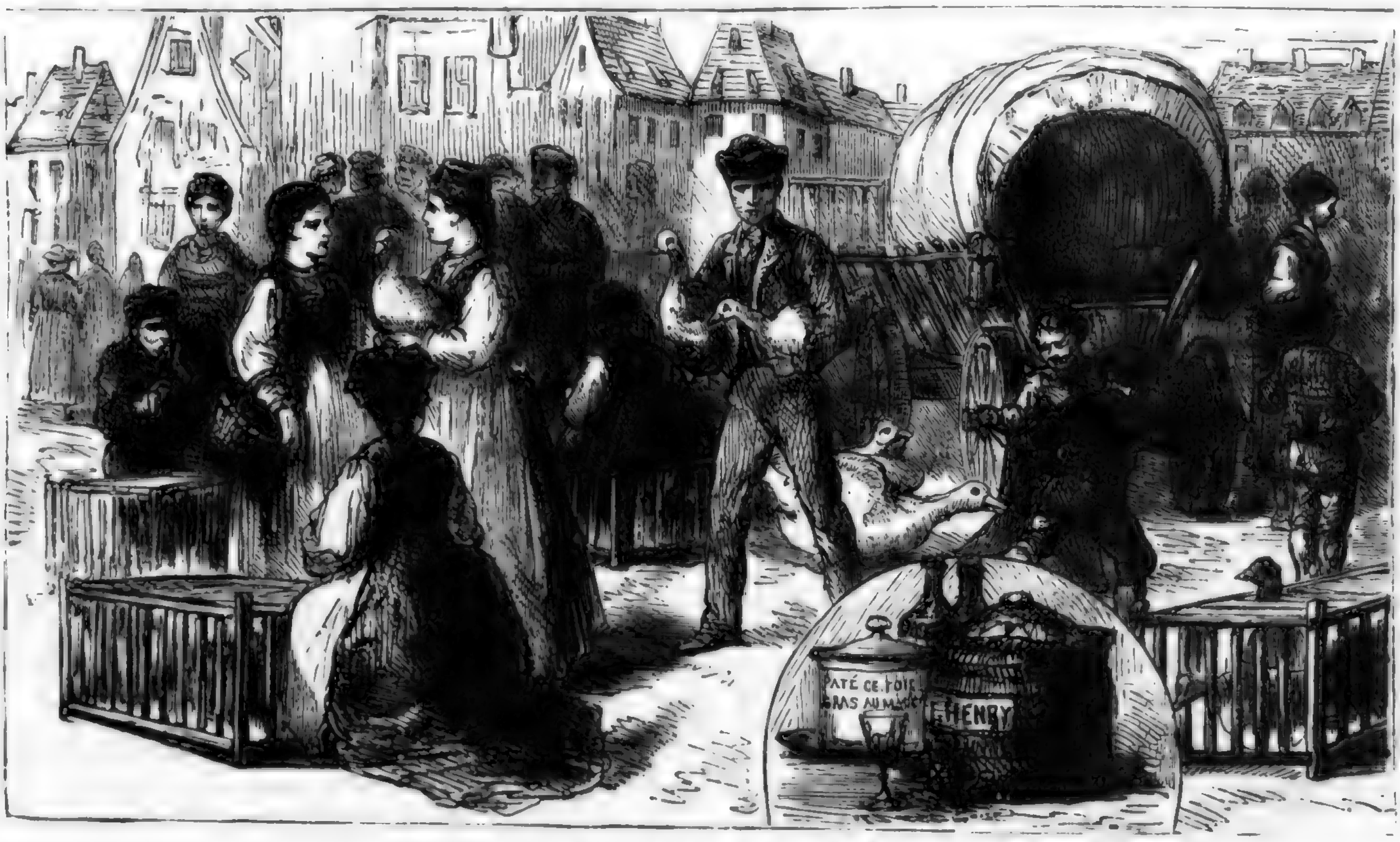


CRAMMING BY THE "FATTENERS."

enough to frighten any stranger who had never been in Gooseland.

"But this pleasant life of liberty did not last long. At the beginning of Autumn my master took me to Strasburg, whither one hundred and fifty thousand of my brethren are carried every year, and sold me to a 'fattener,' a cruel woman, who either by magic or by long experience can tell, directly she handles a goose, whether it is the right sort for stuffing till its liver becomes unnaturally big. Now my martyrdom began. I had bade farewell for ever to the green fields and the shady nooks under the old oaks. First I was fed on broad beans, afterward on maize scalded with hot water. Hungry or not, I was compelled to eat. The 'fattener' used to take me between her knees, keeping my wings imprisoned. With one hand she held my bill open; with the other she crammed maize down my throat till there was not room for one grain more. A little gentle exercise, or a fly through the air, would have aided digestion, but such privileges were rigorously forbidden. Instead of these, I was put into a slightly heated oven, where I experienced all the sufferings of sea-sickness without the relief of being able to vomit. During the last days of my tortures I was inflated like a balloon, and could only breathe by gasps. I was transferred to a cage open at the top.

"Why did the 'fattener' watch night and day by our cages with a great knife in her hand? Alas! I too soon discovered. I saw a neighbor of mine in the next cage (he was an old village companion, and we had had many a romp together)—I saw this unlucky bloated fellow stagger and fall. 'Apoplexy,' I said to myself. I had scarcely murmured the words when the ogress (she was really a pretty young woman, and had a sweetheart who adored her) seized my poor old pal by the neck and cut his head off. He was then hung up in a cool place for twenty-four hours, when his liver, swollen to hideous dimensions, was taken out, and sold to a 'pie-maker.'



THE GOOSE-MARKET, STRASBURG.

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The pie-makers give from three to six francs for these livers, according to size, as they form a chief ingredient in the *pâtés* or *terrines de foie gras.*

"I indite these memoirs from the centre of one of these precious concoctions, and I hereby give fair warning that I intend to inflict a terrible indigestion on the man or woman who dares to eat what was once part of ill-used me."

Thus graphically does the goose tell the tale of *pâté de foie gras*, and I greatly fear that, despite the fearful threat, I shall not be deterred from tasting a *pâté* on the next opportunity.

Is life worth living ? It depends upon the liver.

THE CLEVERNESS OF MR. PARADISE.

Old Mr. Paradise was a vulgar old gentleman, whose chief merit was that he had raised himself by his own industry and ability from the humblest origin to the position of a merchant prince.

He had an only daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he was not unjustly proud. But though he was an indulgent father in most things, he made no secret of his intention that she should marry whom he pleased, and not choose a husband for herself.

Like most self-made men, he desired a son-in-law as rich as himself, and was particularly on his guard against needy fortune-hunters.

Unfortunately he had not the tact to discriminate between the latter class and would-be suitors whose prospects would, in the opinion of a less exacting parent, have justified them in aspiring to his daughter's hand. For instance, nothing could be reasonably urged against Acheson Balbernie, whose admiration for Ethel Paradise was honest and undisguised.

He was in the army, and was regarded as a highly promising young officer. Besides being a gentleman by birth and education, he had a very fair private income, and, in short, most parents would have regarded him as rather a good match.

But Mr. Paradise was by no means satisfied with the young man's prospects and position, and when it began to dawn upon him that matters were getting serious, he immediately assumed a most unmistakably hostile and aggressive attitude.

"I shall have to give that young Balbernie a bit of my mind, Loo," he remarked to his wife in an ominous tone one afternoon, observing the young man deep in an animated conversation with Miss Ethel. "He's always coming here."

"I'm sure, John, you particularly asked him here yourself," said Mrs. Paradise, uneasily.

"I asked the whole garrison for that matter," he returned, sharply. "If he had any proper feeling, he'd have stopped away."

"Why ?" inquired his wife.

"Why ? Because he isn't wanted here, that's why," answered Mr. Paradise, impatiently. "What he is up to is as plain as a pikestaff—he's after our Ethel."

"Well, I'm sure, John, he is a very nice young man," his wife ventured to say.

"He isn't good enough for me, and I'll tell him so at once," said Mr. Paradise, moving off with an angry frown toward the tennis-ground.

"Stay a minute, John," said his wife, imploringly. "I wouldn't say anything to him if I were you—not to-day. I—I think Ethel likes him, John."

"What !" roared old Mr. Paradise, growing very red in the face. "You think the girl likes him, and you've never said a word to me !"

Poor Mrs. Paradise looked painfully guilty, and seemed completely annihilated by her husband's furious indignation. She was a gentle, meek-spirited lady, who had long ago realized the truth of the old adage that riches do not constitute happiness.

When she married Mr. Paradise he was a struggling clerk, and in those days his temper was certainly easier to put up with. Prosperity had rendered him dictatorial and overbearing to a degree which caused him to develop into a domestic tyrant.

Forgetting his own origin, he was keenly conscious of his wife's homeliness and defective education, and attributed entirely to her the coldness with which the more exclusive of their neighbors regarded them.

He repaid her devotion by a sort of contemptuous tolerance, though he sometimes showed remorse when he had been more than usually harsh to her, and thereby demonstrated that his old affection had not entirely died away.

On this occasion, however, there was no sign of tenderness in the manner with which he regarded her. He stood over her with his hands in his pockets, and his thick eyebrows knitted together in an ugly frown, as he said :

"There's been some hanky-panky going on. It's no use trying to deceive me. How do you know Ethel likes the young fellow ?"

"Well, I think so," said Mrs. Paradise, shrinking beneath his gaze.

"You mean you know it. She told you so, I suppose," he exclaimed, reading her mind as clearly as though she had spoken.

"Yes, John ; she did tell me so," said Mrs. Paradise, with a guilty start.

"I suppose you are going on to say they have got engaged, and you've been encouraging them behind my back," he said, still fiercely interrogating her.

"Ethel knows she cannot consider herself engaged without your consent, John," said his wife, plucking up a little spirit from sheer desperation. "When she told me, I said the matter must be kept secret until I had asked if you had any objection. I thought it better that I should break the news to you before Mr. Balbernie spoke."

"Well, I won't keep him long in suspense ; and I shall have a word to say to you afterward, Loo, about what I think of your conduct," said Mr. Paradise, pale with anger, and controlling himself with a great effort, as he walked toward the door.

"John, John !" she cried after him, half rising from her seat.

"Well ?" he said, impatiently, over his shoulder.

"Think of poor Ethel, John," murmured his wife.

"I am thinking of her, only you and I don't think alike on the subject !" he growled.

Poor Mrs. Paradise sank back in her chair with a very frightened look upon her face, and then endeavored to compose herself to chat with a neighbor who had just called.

She had done her best, poor thing, to avert the scene which threatened her daughter's happiness. She knew her husband too well to hope that he would consent to the engagement, and the utmost she had striven for was to mitigate the harshness of his refusal.

Unfortunately, even in this respect her interference proved unavailing.

Old Mr. Paradise, furious at the idea of having been the victim of a conspiracy, did not measure the language in which he accused young Balbernie of mercenary motives.

When he chose to be deliberately insulting there was no one who could carry out his intentions more effectually. His command of coarse invective was only equaled by his utter want of delicacy and gentlemanly feeling, and the abuse he lavished upon his daughter's lover left him no alternative but to declare that he would never enter the house again.

When young Balbernie wrote to Ethel Paradise the next day, expressing his unalterable devotion to her, but stating his resolve never to darken her father's doors again, the girl felt compelled, under the circumstances, to write and release him from his engagement.

However spiritless and cold-hearted the course may appear, it was undoubtedly the proper one to pursue, and Mrs. Paradise joined with her husband in approving her action.

It soon became evident, however, that the poor girl had miscalculated her fortitude in making so great a sacrifice. She had broken off the engagement less from fear of her father than from a proper feeling of pride.

But the loss of her lover proved a blow which seriously affected her health. The upshot was that she was sent away from home to stay with some friends, while her father's satisfaction at having got rid of young Balbernie was considerably diminished by the suffering he had caused his child.

Meanwhile, Acheson Balbernie's regiment had been ordered to another part of the country, and old Mr. Paradise neither saw nor heard anything of him for some time.

After an absence of nearly three months, Ethel returned home, having apparently entirely recovered from her disappointment.

Old Mr. Paradise, whose pride and affection were centred in his daughter, was immensely relieved by the improvement he perceived in her, and felt that at length he could honestly congratulate himself upon having interfered to prevent what he considered would have been a most unfortunate marriage.

One day, however, he was walking through the grounds attached to his house, when he met his daughter's maid hurrying toward the lodge-gates with a letter in her hand.

Something suspicious in the girl's demeanor attracted his attention, and he had the curiosity to ask what her errand was. Old Mr. Paradise was accustomed to boast that he had the whole of his household under his thumb, and certainly all the servants stood in great awe of him. His overbearing and peremptory manners made them tremble before him, and the wretched girl almost went on her knees from fright.

On her replying that she was going into the village to post a letter for her young mistress, old Mr. Paradise asked to see it, and to his amazement found it was addressed to young Balbernie.

"I'll post this!" he said, gruffly. "But look here, now; take a walk down the village, and come back as if nothing had happened. Don't say you gave the letter to me. Don't say anything about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the girl, thoroughly alarmed by his tone and gestures.

As soon as the girl's back was turned, he opened the letter without the faintest scruples. Whatever he suspected, he was thoroughly taken aback by what he read. His daughter wrote that she had obtained her mother's consent to be married privately in town, and that her mother would make an excuse and accompany her to town on a day named in the following week, when the ceremony could be performed.

This was the gist of the letter, which contained allusions from which Mr. Paradise gathered, with rage and astonishment, that the lovers had recently met and become reconciled, and that his wife had connived at, if not actually suggested, the renewal of their attachment.

What infuriated him above everything else was that, judging from certain expressions in his daughter's letter, young Balbernie seemed by no means overawed by him, and one would have imagined that Balbernie was the rich man and he the poor one.

To say that old Mr. Paradise foamed at the mouth with rage and indignation would scarcely be an exaggeration. His daughter's disobedience, his wife's treachery, and young Balbernie's calm contempt for his parental authority, rendered him literally furious. He put the letter in his pocket and hurried toward the house as fast as his legs could carry him, bursting to give vent to his pent-up feelings.

But on arriving there he found a neighbor's carriage at the door as well as his own. This reminded him that he was due at the Local Bench, of which, for the time being, he was chairman, and the recollection of his judicial importance helped to soothe his angry agitation. It occurred to him, too, that he could not very well reproach his wife and daughter before visitors, but his impatience was so great that he could not bear the idea of stifling his wrath until the guests had departed. He therefore wisely resolved to keep his magisterial engagement, and reserve the scene with his wife until his return.

It was observed at the Local Bench that morning that a remarkable change came over the worshipful chairman in the course of the proceedings. At the opening of the court, there was a look of suppressed irritation upon his brow which boded ill for the unfortunate prisoners who were to come before him. But, half an hour later, he suddenly recovered from his ill-humor, and for the rest of the day his demeanor was, for him, quite amiable and inoffensive. The cause of this phenomenon was that, during a short pause which ensued between one case and another, a brother-magistrate had whispered to him behind his hand:

"I say, Paradise! Do you recollect that young Balbernie whom I introduced to you last Summer?"

"Yes, I do," he returned, shortly.

"Have you heard he has come in for a fortune—nearly half a million, they say."

"Really, now? How do you know?" inquired old Mr. Paradise, quickly.

"I saw it announced in a Scotch paper, but I had heard it before. An uncle died and left him everything. By-the-by, I heard he was spoony on your daughter, Paradise."

The next case being then called on, Mr. Paradise was spared the necessity of replying to this awkward remark. The news fairly took his breath away, but though he could scarcely realize it, it had the effect of banishing his evil temper. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had made a fool of himself; but, on the other hand, the discovery that his daughter and young Balbernie had come together again was now a great relief to him, instead of a source of anger and indignation.

Now that the young man was wealthy, even compared with himself—though, to be sure, he still had the satisfaction of feeling that he could "buy up" his future son-in-law if he chose—he saw no possible objection to the

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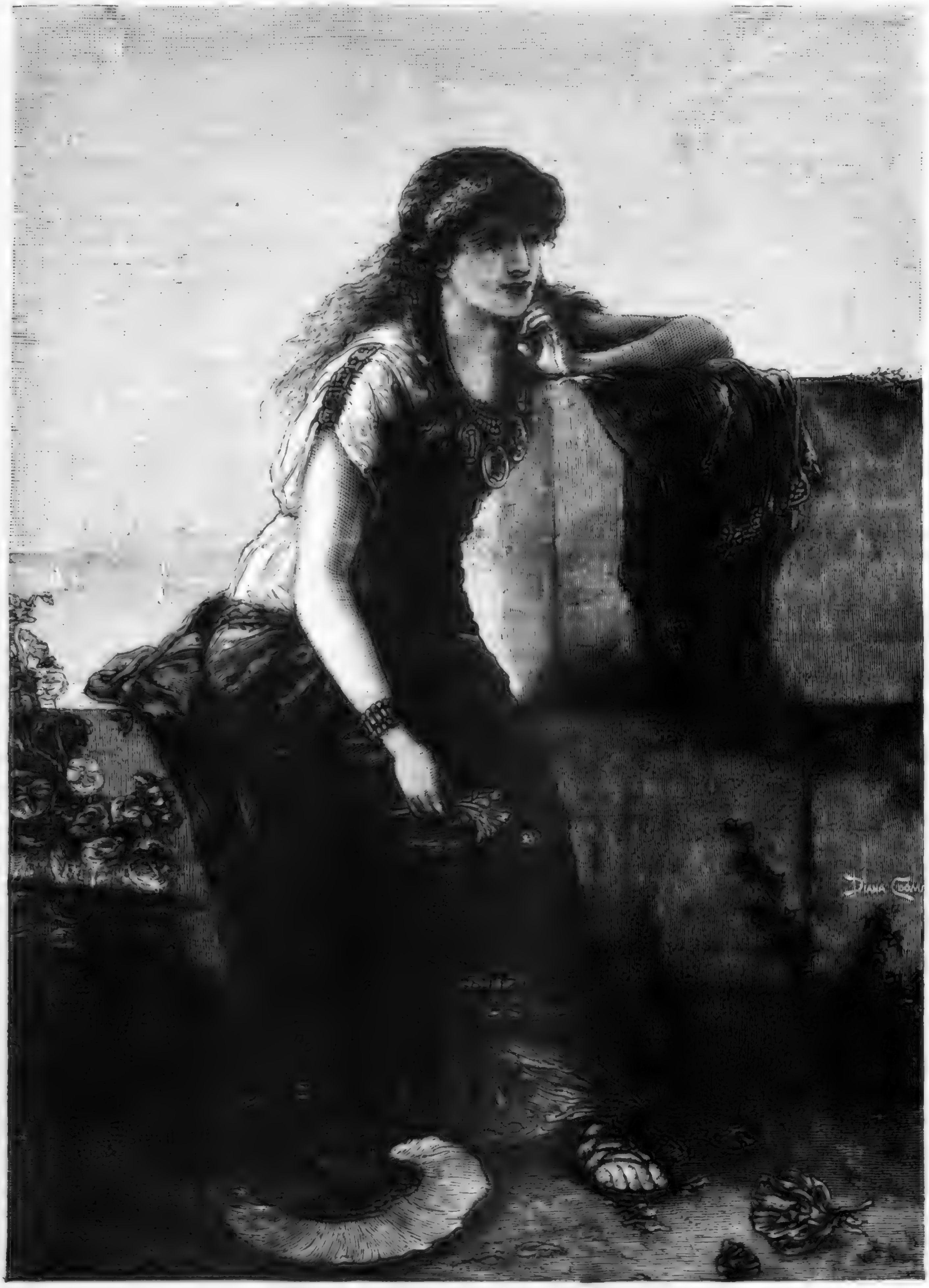
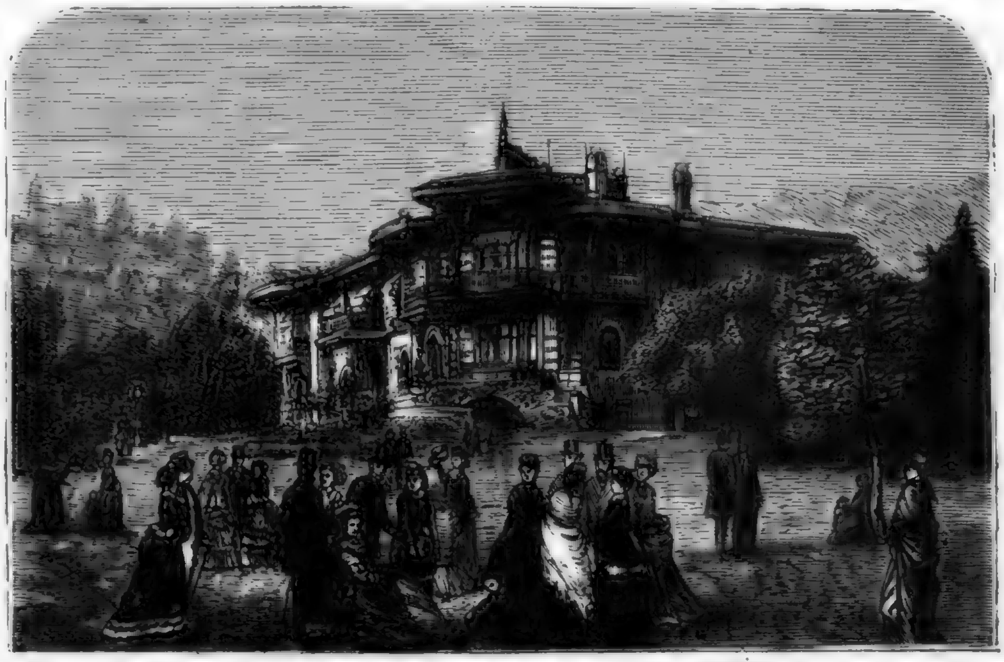
marriage. He had no particular prejudice against young Balbernie personally, but rather the reverse, and it was satisfactory to find that he could, after all, honestly approve of his daughter's choice.

Having got what particulars his brother-magistrate could furnish of young Balbernie's good fortune, Mr. Paradise returned home in the best possible spirits, in joyful anticipation of the agreeable task of withdrawing



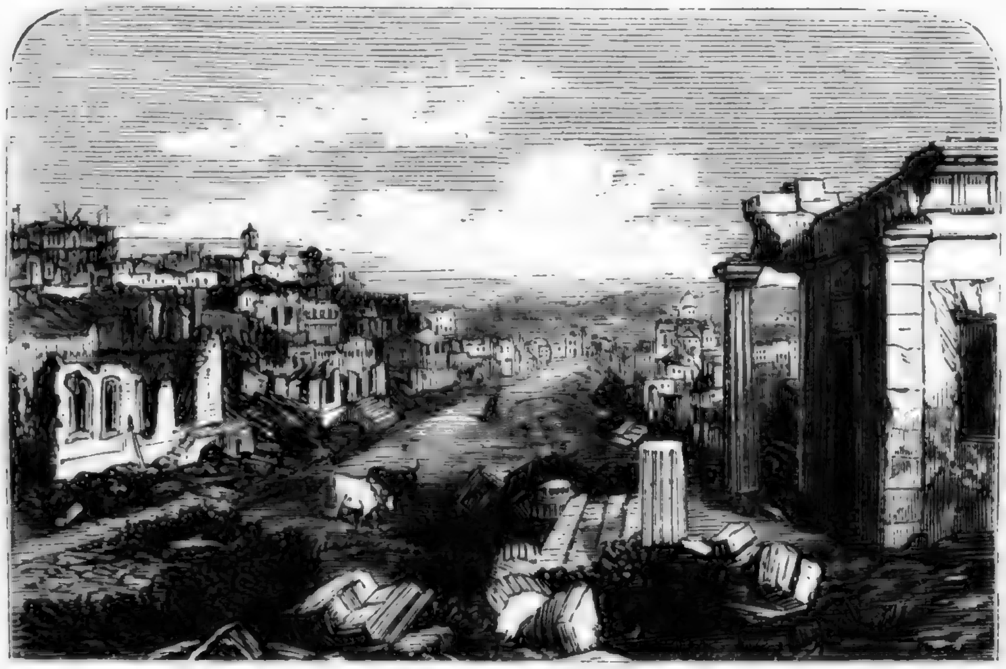
MEDITATION.—FROM THE PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

his opposition to his child's wishes, and bringing about the marriage without delay.



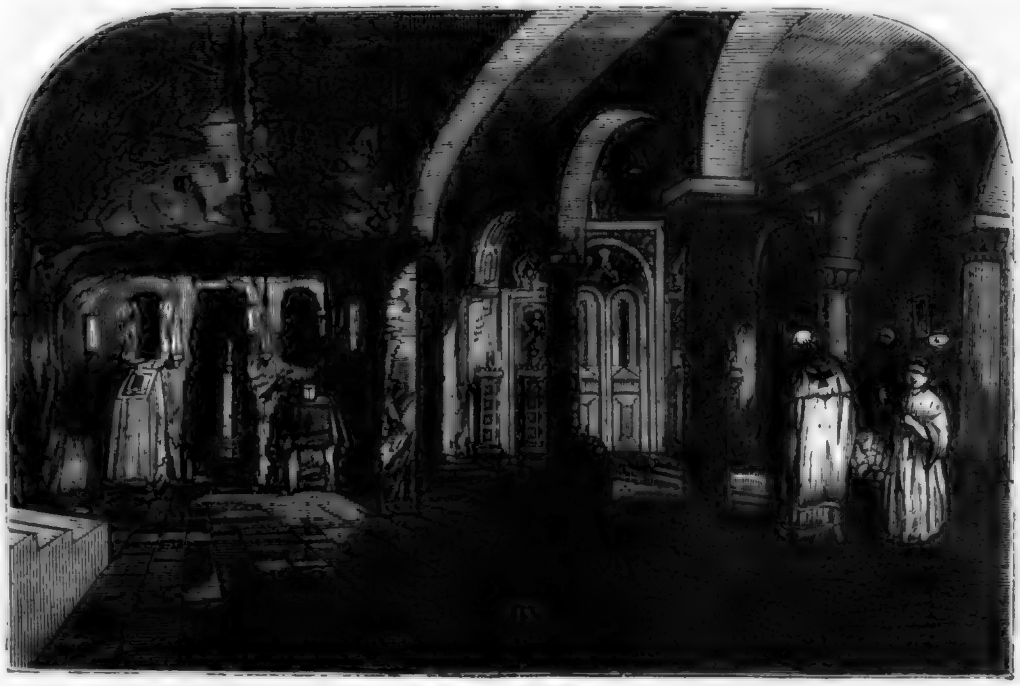
PALACE AT LIVADIA, IN THE CRIMEA.—SEE PAGE 348.

But he was a shrewd old gentleman, and during the drive home it occurred to him that upon the whole it might be wiser, under the circumstances, not to volunteer his consent. He had not much delicacy of feeling, but he could not ignore the fact that his sudden change of front would be attributed to its true motive. Moreover, it was possible that his future son-in-law, being now rich and independent, might refuse to be married under his auspices, and it would be awkward if the young man should publicly display his resentment. Upon consideration, therefore, he resolved to allow the conspiracy which he had discovered to take its course.



RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL

There was something in the notion which tickled his sense of humor; and the prospect of quietly looking on while his wife and daughter imagined he was ignorant of their proceedings promised to afford him amusement. When the marriage had taken place, he would be able to play the part of a magnanimous and forgiving parent, while his neighbors would not be able to accuse him of having brought about the marriage in consequence of his son-in-law's altered circumstances.



ROCK-CUT CHURCH AT INKERMAN.

Old Mr. Paradise thought himself very clever indeed when he had arrived at this determination, and chuckled a good deal at his own acuteness. He first posted his daughter's letter, which he had fortunately opened in such a manner that he was able to seal it up again without leaving any conspicuous trace of its having been tampered with. He also took the precaution to bribe his daughter's maid, and had the satisfaction of learning that she had not mentioned that he had intercepted the letter.

These preliminaries being arranged, there was nothing further for him to do but quietly to await the issue of

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the conspiracy. He went up to town, however, and having looked up at his club the Scotch paper which his neighbor had referred to, he paid a visit to his lawyer.

With this exception he never stirred from home during the next ten days, but was highly amused by observing the nervousness and agitation of his wife and daughter. He often felt strongly tempted to mention young Balbernie's name, for the purpose of enjoying their consternation; but he refrained from doing so from his anxiety not to give the slightest ground for suspicion that he guessed what was in the wind. Besides, he was sufficiently diverted by watching the secret preparations which were going forward.

He derived a grim sort of satisfaction, in the midst of his good humor, from his wife's tremulous eagerness to appear calm and unconcerned. It was evident that her conscience smote her severely for her disloyalty, and that she was thoroughly cowed at the prospect of incurring his anger and indignation.

His daughter, on the other hand, had an air of quiet determination, in spite of her natural trepidation, which impressed Mr. Paradise with the conviction that perhaps after all his poor wife, in giving her countenance and support to the conspiracy, was only acting as she thought for the best in a desperate situation.

When the day fixed for the wedding arrived, Mr. Paradise started off early in the morning for a neighboring town, from whence he proposed, though he gave no hint of his intention, to travel to the city. He had learnt from the daughter's letter the name of the church where the ceremony was to take place, and he intended to be present as a spectator if he could creep in unobserved.

His wife had mentioned that she was going to take Ethel into town for a day's shopping, and he had gravely accepted the announcement, while secretly laughing in his sleeve. It is possible, had he known nothing, his suspicions might have been aroused by the manner in which his daughter clung to him when she kissed him before he left. Indeed, he almost broke down himself at that critical moment, and he found it necessary to assume an aspect of boisterous hilarity in order to hide his emotions.

Mr. Paradise managed to be present at his daughter's wedding. It took place in a large and gloomy church, and he contrived to mingle with the small crowd of passers-by, who had been attracted by the signs of the quiet wedding. Had Mrs. Paradise been aware that her husband was present as an approving spectator, she would have been spared a great deal of the distress which she plainly manifested.

Mr. Paradise was touched by her emotion, of which he guessed the chief cause, and felt half inclined to come forward. He did not do so, however, but waited quietly until the ceremony had been performed, when he slipped away, and, after a short interview with his lawyer, caught an early train home.

When Mrs. Paradise arrived back, later in the day, she was greeted by her husband, who met her in the hall, and at once inquired, in a perfectly natural manner, what had become of Ethel.

"I will tell you, John. Come into the dining-room," she said, leading the way with a faltering step and a face as white as marble.

Old Mr. Paradise followed, secretly gratified by his wife's fear-stricken aspect. But when she turned upon him, the agony of apprehension which was visible in her scared face and imploring gaze touched a chord of pity in his heart and disarmed his resentment.

"Never mind, Loo, old girl," he interposed, not unkindly, as she moved her pale lips to speak. "I know what you are going to say. You are going to say Ethel has married young Balbernie."

"Oh, John! How did you guess?" she cried, clasping her hands, and staring at him in a terrified way.

"It was no use trying to conceal anything from me, Loo," he said, unable to resist the temptation of revealing his shrewdness. "I've known what was up for the last fortnight. Why, I went to the church this morning. But you needn't let out that I knew it before this moment," he added, hastily repenting of his rash confession.

"Then you will forgive Ethel, John!" exclaimed his wife, passionately, seizing his hand and kissing it.

"There! there! I suppose I must," he returned, with apparent reluctance. "She is our only child, and I dare say Balbernie isn't such a bad young fellow. In fact, Loo, I've done it already, and I've been and made a fool of myself."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, nervously.

"I didn't want my girl to go to her husband empty-handed," said the old man, with conscious pride; "so I went to my lawyer and I've settled a hundred thousand dollars on her. I guess there are not many fathers who could afford to do that without winking."

"Oh, John! It is good—it is noble of you!" cried his wife, hysterically.

"What's more," resumed old Mr. Paradise, as though resolved to outdo himself in generosity, "I'll write a letter to the young fellow, and say that I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. It's no good doing things by halves, Loo; and as he is our daughter's husband, we had better make the best of it."

He walked from the room as he spoke, leaving his wife too dazed to realize the full measure of relief and joy which his behavior brought to her. After a short interval, he returned with a letter which he had written to his son-in-law.

The letter was short, and to the point, but was decidedly cordial in its tone, and could scarcely fail to reconcile the young man to his father-in-law. Among other things, it mentioned the handsome settlement he had made upon his daughter, and inclosed was a check from him for two thousand dollars to enable the young couple to purchase a wedding-present during their honeymoon. This letter the old man went out and posted with his own hand then and there.

During the evening he caught his wife looking at him once or twice in rather an anxious, wistful manner, and being in high good humor, he said at length:

"What's up, old lady? Out with it. You've something on your mind."

"No, John, I haven't," she said, rather hastily. "I was only wondering if you had heard the report about Ethel's husband having come in for a fortune."

"Goodness gracious! What do you mean?" he exclaimed, with every appearance of extreme surprise.

"Oh! It is all right, then," said his wife with an air of inexpressible relief. "The fact is, he has been a good deal annoyed by a report which appeared in a Scotch paper. A cousin of his—almost a namesake—came in for a large fortune the other day, and every one jumped at the conclusion that it was he. He has been overwhelmed with congratulations, and I thought perhaps you had heard the news and that was why you—well—that was why you—you——"

"Loo!" cried Mr. Paradise, in a voice of thunder, after a short pause, during which he grew purple in the face. "It's perfectly disgraceful of you to think I could be such a mean hypocrite! I'm ashamed of you!"

BRONZE-CASTING.

The history of bronze-casting carries us back to a date which is variously calculated at from 3,000 to 5,000 years ago. At some time within that period the first manufacturers of bronze weapons knocked on the head the old wielders of tomahawks in stone, just as the latter may be supposed on their part to have dashed out the brains of the aborigines who fought with bones and sticks, and just as the bronze-armed warriors were destined in their turn to be evicted by the men of iron swords and lances. A new and instructive light was thrown upon these phases in the history of human warfare by the discovery of the lacustrine dwellings on the shores of the Swiss and Italian lakes. These villages, locally called "palafittes," contain the most interesting vestiges of the Bronze Age, in the shape of implements and vessels which have been preserved in a wonderful perfect condition beneath the mud of the lakes. They were built upon piles extending from the shore to some distance into the water, so that on the disappearance of the inhabitants, great quantities of their utensils were precipitated into the lake, and there remained for twenty or thirty centuries, until dug up by modern explorers, and relegated to the museums of Aix, Chambéry, Milan and other places.

The researches lately made were not, however, successful only in finding the results of the ancient caster's art. They brought to light also some of the actual molds in which the casts were made. At Thonon, in Switzerland, one of such appliances was found, consisting of two flat pieces of sandstone, in each of which the half of a lance-head was carved, so that, by placing one on the other and fastening them together, a complete mold was formed, into which molten bronze could be poured through a hole provided for that purpose. The experiment was actually made; and a modern lance-head was thus produced from a pre-historic mold. From another specimen it would seem that the model had first been cut in soft wood; this had been covered with clay, forming a block, which was then fired or baked, during which process the wooden model was reduced to a cinder. The melted bronze was then poured in; the overflow of the metal brought out with it the charred wood of the model; and, on breaking open the block of baked clay, the object appeared in solid bronze. From the number of molds found in some of the palafittes, it is evident that regular workshops must have existed for the casting of bronze articles. What was the compound used in those remote days for a manufacture which seems to belong to a more advanced period of human history? The relics have been analyzed, and are found to consist of an alloy formed by the mixing together of copper and tin ores. The latter was often accidentally impure, and contained a mixture of other metals, such as lead, iron, nickle, antimony and silver; but the presence of these latter was not, it is believed, due to any set design of the manufacturer, but to the fact that it was impossible, or difficult, to obtain ores containing pure copper and pure tin.

One thing, at any rate, is certain, that no such thing as brass could have been known in early times, inasmuch as zinc, which is the joint compound with copper in producing it, was not known as a metal till the seventeenth century of our own era. This conclusion is now adopted on all hands; and the lexicons which give the old rendering for the classic word *chalcos* had better at once discard that translation in their forthcoming editions. Adieu, therefore, O ingenuous fifth-form boys, to the "shining brass" of your Homeric warriors. The swords, spears and breastplates which you have been wont to describe as brass were not of that metal at all, but of very much the same material as modern penny-pieces. Those amazing triumphs of early art, the ornaments of the Hebrew Temple—the laver standing in front of the altar, the molten sea, forty-five feet in circumference, standing on twelve oxen cast in metal—were not of brass, as so many of us have supposed; and even the brazen serpent would be more properly described as a bronze serpent.

The grand problem in ancient metallurgy which is now dividing the minds of archæologists has reference to the disputed question where bronze-casting originated. On the one hand, we have the Assyrian, Jewish and Egyptian sculptures, showing signs that nearly 4,000 years ago the art was known in Babylon. The most ancient specimens of Assyrian bronze art in the British Museum are three figures, believed to have been made about 2,000 years B.C. which, according to Biblical chronology, would nearly coincide with the date of Noah's death. The Egyptians also used this metal in immense quantities and for every conceivable purpose.

One of the specimens in the British Museum dates from the reign of Thothmes III., 1445 B.C., and there is no reason to suppose that this is the earliest of them in point of date. Both the Assyrians and Jews employed Phœnician workmen to do a great many of their castings; and from this people—the chief navigators of antiquity—a knowledge of the art is supposed to have spread gradually to the European shores of the Mediterranean. Was it through their agency that the art was introduced into Switzerland and among the lacustrine dwellings? Some people think so, but the theory is combated by other authorities, who incline much more strongly to the opinion that the bronze vessels of the palafittes were the result of native workmanship, untutored by external instructors, and point out that the composite metal used is of a very different kind from that employed by the Asiatic workmen. Its peculiarity is the accidental impurity of the tin and the absence of any alloy of lead added of set purpose in order to improve the compound. Now in the Egyptian and Chaldean bronzes there is a very large admixture of lead—so large as occasionally to exceed the proportion of pure tin. If, therefore, the art had been brought to Central Europe by Phœnician traders, it is argued that the metals employed by the lacustrine peoples would have included not mere chance particles of lead, but a fixed and normal proportion thereof added in accordance with the Asiatic practice. Those who support this argument hold that the art originated in the palafittes, and that the tin required for it was brought from the famous tin-mines of Britain.

Casting *en cire perdue* by means of wax fixed round the model, and afterward replaced by the molten metal, is supposed by some critics to have been known to the ancient Egyptians. There are in the British Museum specimens of Egyptian figures which might certainly have been cast in this way, and three statuettes actually made of clay coated with wax, which look exactly as if they had been intended to be used as "cores" in this manufacturing process. But there seems to be no positive evidence on this point, and still less to show that the Greeks or Romans knew of the process, although no doubt they were well acquainted with the use of wax for taking impressions from hollow casts.

The recognized inventor of the *cire perdue* art was Benvenuto Cellini, whose "Perseus," executed for Cosmo dei Medici, is one of the most celebrated specimens known to the history of casting. He covered his model with a layer of wax, and covered the wax again with a mold of earth, leaving small passages or ducts communicating

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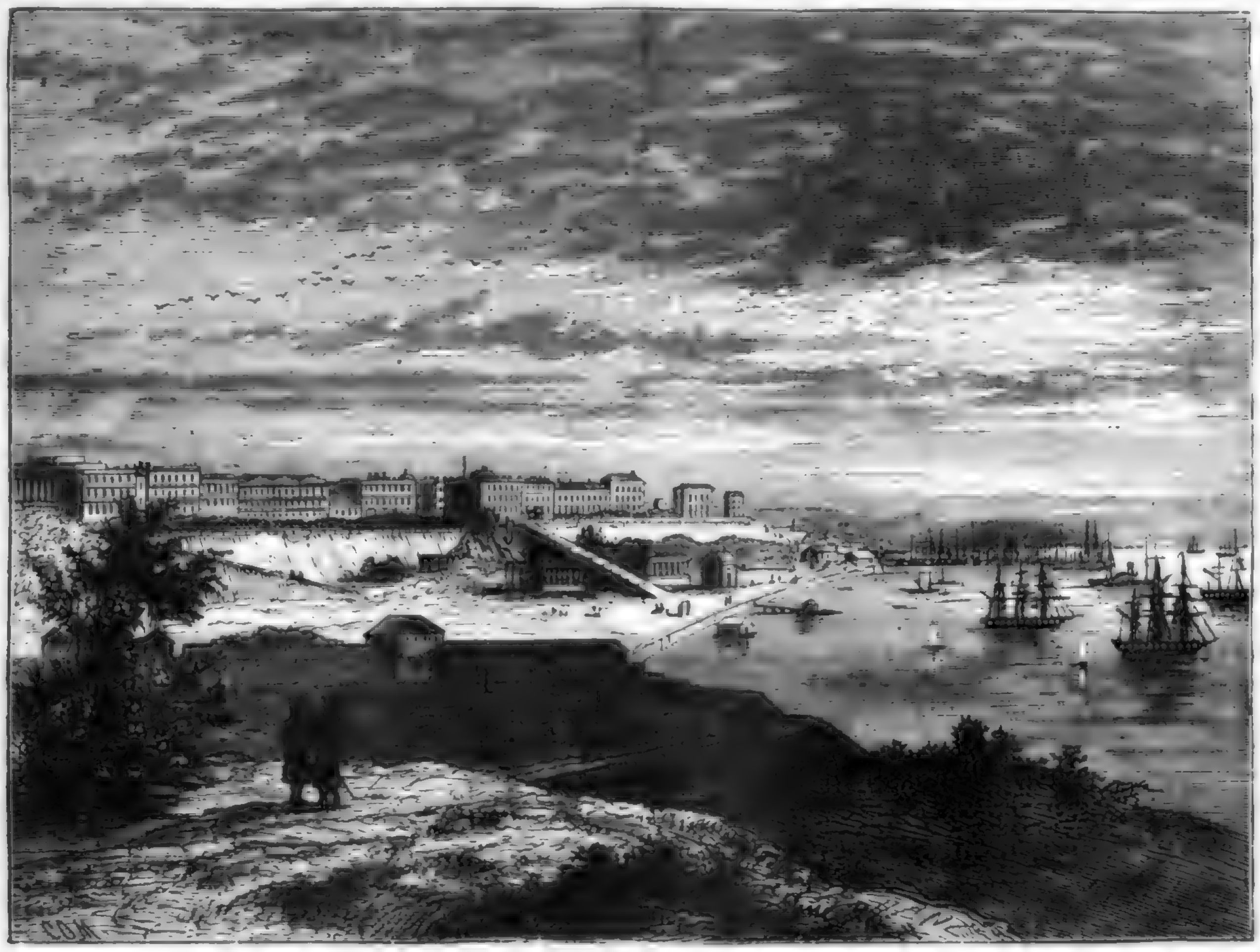
from the wax skin to the outside air. The application of a strong fire hardened the earth, and at the same time melted the wax, which ran out through the ducts, and left an open space between the inside model or core and the outside cake of baked earth. Into this the molten bronze was run, and when it had cooled, the outer and inner shells were broken up, and the casting remained. Thus each model could only serve for one "impression" in bronze, and the system was abandoned in favor of others, which enabled numerous representations to be taken. The merit of the revival in the art which has now taken place in Brussels is that, by a system of doubling, the model castings may be multiplied almost to any extent, the original model remaining intact, although the core of the casting is each time broken up.



ODESSA, ON THE BLACK SEA.

FROM SEBASTOPOL TO KIEF.

By David Ker.

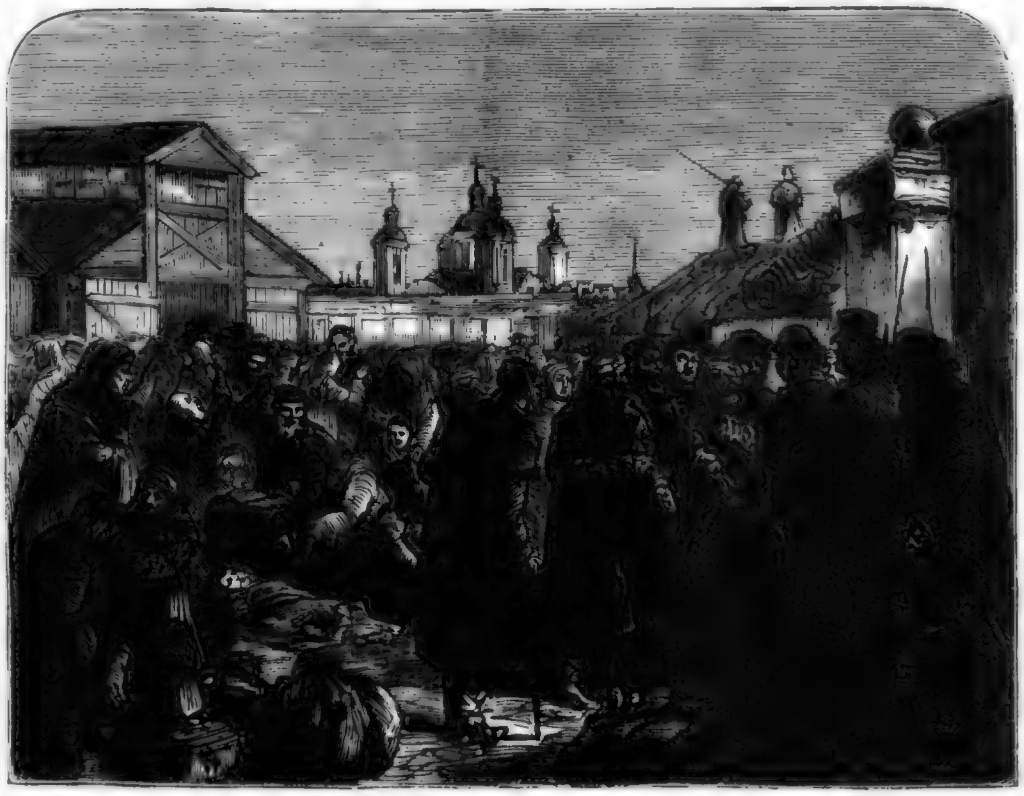
That celebrated invalid who, hearing that the Russian calendar was twelve days behind that of Western Europe, went to St. Petersburg that he might have twelve days longer to live, would have liked nothing better than a tour from Moscow to the Black Sea in the end of Autumn, to enjoy over again, even so late as October, all the warmth and freshness and brightness of dazzling July. On the sunny terraces of Kertch, amid the soft Italian beauty of Yalta, under the cloudless skies of Sebastopol, with butterflies hovering overhead, and bare-limbed peasants selling huge clusters of ripe grapes, one might well think of the bleak winds and chill, lowering skies, the lighted stoves and double windows, lately left behind in Northern Russia, as mere phantoms of a troubled dream.

But even this pleasing picture has its reverse. Once out of the smooth, landlocked harbor of Sebastopol, the sweep of the northeast wind, keen and *searching* as any Custom House officer, warns you that you are passing the frontier that divides Summer from Winter. The way in which the various races who throng the little steamer meet the situation is a curious study. The Turk pulls his white turban over his broad, swarthy, patient visage, and burrows deeper into his warm corner behind the smokestack. The Tartar rolls his greasy sheepskin tightly around him, and goes comfortably to sleep, with his feet in a basket of cabbages, and his head in a pool of dirty water. The Russian adds a fur coat and cap to the three or four paletots which he has already got on, and peers out of the bristling mass like an owl in an ivy-bush. The Frenchman walks the deck jauntily for about five minutes with the air of one leading a forlorn hope, and then suddenly disappears below; while the Englishman thrusts his hands into his pockets, and tramps doggedly to and fro in the teeth of the wind, with that look of stern resolution habitual to John Bull when dancing a quadrille, or performing any other act of painful duty.

Here sits a Russian merchant, broad, burly, florid, with an air of comfortable solvency in every crease of his double chin, surveying the view with the look of a man who has paid for it, and can think what he likes of it. There figures a stalwart young Westphalian, in one of those amazing caps characteristic of "Young Germany." He appears to be in close attendance upon his sister, one of those plump, melting damsels, with china-blue eyes and molasses-colored hair, who are never to be seen without a portrait of Schiller in their brooch and a handful of prunes in their pocket, and who, after flowing on for a whole evening in a slow, steady, canal-like current of sentiment, will sup upon sucking-pig and apricot jam with the appetite of a lion.

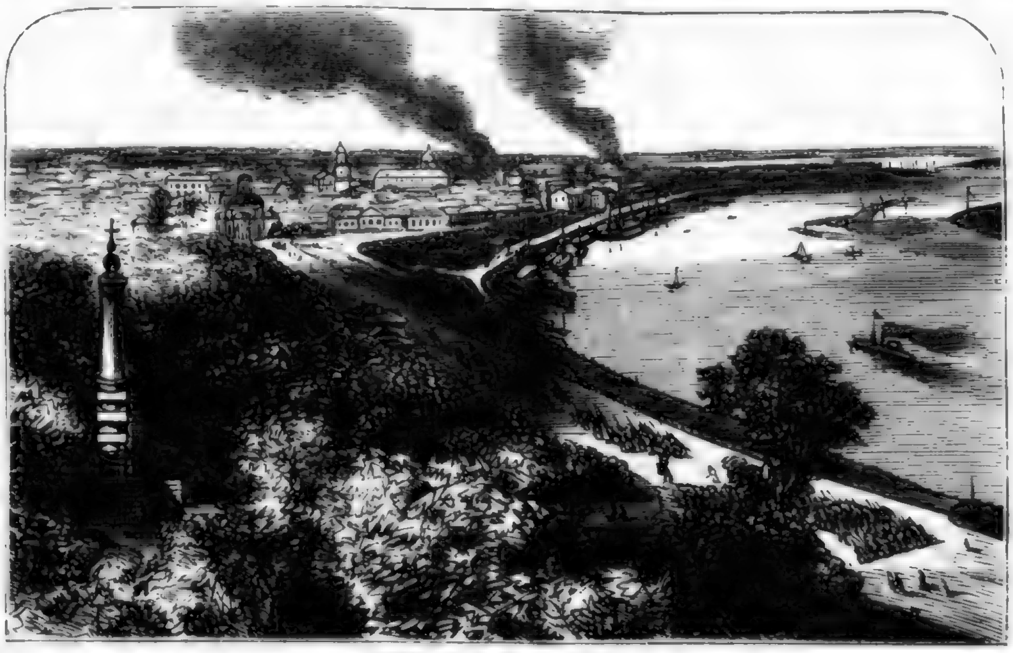
On one side of the quarterdeck appear a group of Russian ladies puffing paper cigarettes, and trying to look as if they enjoyed them; on the other stand some cadets from St. Petersburg, oppressively conscious of the gilt buttons, and discussing the merits of the new opera loud enough to show all bystanders that they know nothing about it; while the background is filled with a medley of arms, limbs, cloaks, sheepskins — women devouring alternately grapes and salt cucumber, men playing cards with a pack constantly diminishing under the assaults of the wind; Greeks from Taganrog, Tartars from Balaklava, "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics" without number.

> "Young lads and stooping elders,
> That cannot bear the gale;
> Matrons with lips that quiver,
> And maids with faces pale."

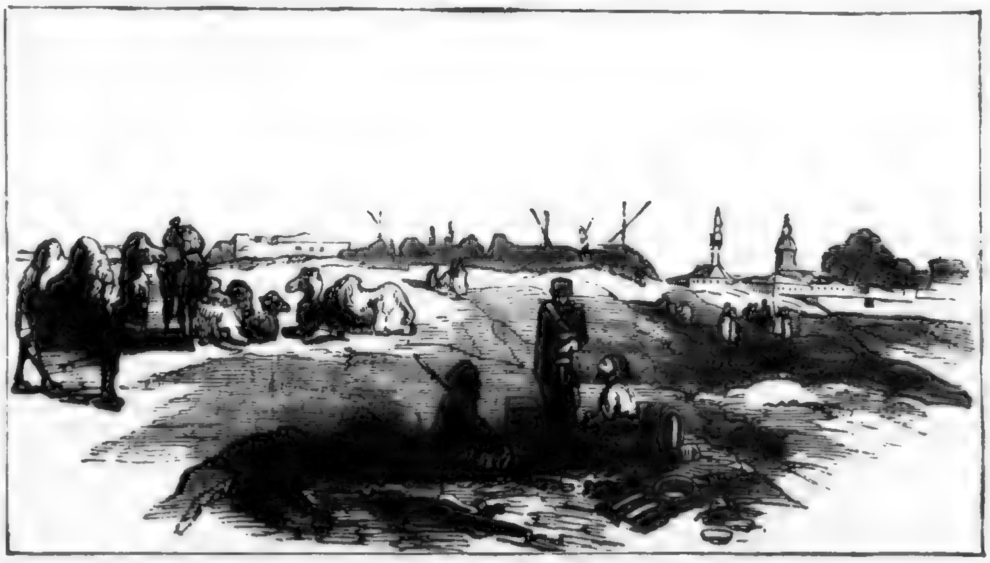


SCENE AT KIEF DURING ANTE JEWISH RIOTS.

Meanwhile, our steamer plows its way steadily onward, and we pass in succession the mouth of the historical Belbek, the dark ridge of the Alma looming gauntly against the lustrous sky, and the little cluster of white houses which the Czar Nicholas cursed with his last breath as "shameful Eupatoria"—just at which point we take our final leave of the coast, and strike boldly into the open sea.



VIEW OF KIEF, IN RUSSIA.



EUPATORIA.

And now, under the influence of rising wind and tossing wave, the dreaded "Minister of the *Interior*" begins to exact his toll in earnest. The Russian merchant goes through all the evolutions of seasickness with a quiet dignity which imparts a kind of grandeur to the whole proceeding. His worst agonies leave no trace upon that vast harvest-moon visage, and immediately after a terrible paroxysm he looks up smilingly in your face, as if he had just rendered you an important service. The jaunty cadets, on the other hand, are utterly extinguished, and hang limply over the bulwarks, too miserable to care about keeping up appearances any longer.

The young Westphalian, having seen his sister comfortably ill in the cabin, doubles himself up near the wheel, and croons a song (apparently without either tune, sense, point, beginning or end, save to bring in the words "beer" and

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"Vaterland" at the shortest possible intervals) with a perseverance betraying his certainty of being taken ill were he to pause for a moment; while the miscellaneous throng on the lower deck pay toll to Neptune with cheerful alacrity, and then return with new zest to their never-ending meal of black bread and watermelon, which, look at them when you will, appears to be always going on.

On landing at Odessa, the consciousness of being in Russia disappears altogether for the time being. It is a town with an Italian front and a French interior, neat, comfortable and uninteresting to the last degree. A number of straight, wide, dusty streets, as much alike as the ruled lines in a copy-book; several tall, scraggy churches, not unlike overgrown coffee-pots; two or three hideous statues, after (and very long after) the classical style; a vast sea-fronting boulevard, on which one may be stifled with dust in Summer and blown off one's feet in Winter, free of all charge—such are the chief attractions of Odessa. In a word, we ask at every turn, "Where are its Russian features?" and echo answers "Nowhere!"

The mist and rain that haunt our railway journey to Krementchug on the Dnieper (where we are to take boat for Kief), matter less inasmuch as there is nothing whatever to see, the panorama of the Russian steppes being conceived by multiplying a billiard-board unlimitedly, and subtracting the cushions. The general desolation culminates at Birzula, where the station is being enlarged to meet the requirements of a new branch line. The black, leaden sky, like a boundless sheet of wet blotting-paper—the long, stright line of rail losing itself in the brooding fog—the half-seen skeletons of the unfinished buildings, surrounded by heaps of bricks and piles of rotting timber — the muddy platform, stained with the impress of countless miry feet—the few sheepskin-clad figures, lounging about like men who have no object in life, all combine to make up a picture which might have driven Mark Tapley himself to suicide.

At Krementchug itself there is little to see, except the immeasurable plank bridge connecting the two halves of the town; nor is the first day's voyage up the Dnieper much more attractive. The steamers are dirty little tubs, overcrowded and overheated beyond description; the native passengers have an objectionable habit of smoking all day with the windows shut, and playing cards all night with four candles burning; and the scenery consists chiefly of sand-banks, which, with the tall, bare trees that bristle upon them, look like an endless perspective of canvas pincushions.

But, once past Kaniova, all this is forgotten. The dark waves of heathy hill, crested with a feathery spray of dancing leaves, which the rising sun touches with living fire; the vast bastions of bare, frowning rock, in whose sides nestle shady little dells heaped with masses of fallen stone, through which tiny rivulets run prattling to welcome Father Dnieper; the endless clusters of wood-crowned islets, mirroring their drooping boughs in the smooth waters below; the quaint little villages, peeping like shy children from amid their encircling forests—all these form a panorama to which no words can do justice.

But all this is nothing to the spectacle which bursts upon us when, sweeping under the mighty bridges that span the river from the Eastern Railway Station to the foot of the fortress-hill, we catch our first glimpse of the "Russian Jerusalem." Far and wide along the crest of the ridge and down its steep sides extends a wilderness of white towers, and golden cupolas, and green domes, and dark monuments, and graceful pillars, and many-colored houses, which, bathed in the short-lived splendor of the Autumn sunshine, burst upon the eye in one dazzling blaze of glory.

Kief has indeed had a strange destiny. Originally the seat of Russian Monarchy, it has lived to become the hotbed of Russian Nihilism; once the chief fortress of a tribe of fierce and warlike savages, it is now one of the most famous centres of learning in Eastern Europe. But to describe, as they deserve, its splendid university and formidable citadal, or the rock-tunneled catacombs that lie beneath its ancient monastery, is a task which cannot be attempted here.

THE CRUCIFIX MADE FROM THE HILT OF THE SWORD OF ALONSO X., IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

In the days of chivalry, many a gallant knight hung up his sword in some favorite shrine, in token of gratitude, to fulfill a vow, or to show that he renounced the world—

> "Glory," he cried, "with thee I've done;
> Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
> To tread fresh pathways now."

But such swords hung rusting in their scabbard, telling to all eyes the use for which they were formed, and recalling the battlefields where they had flashed. But the keen blade of Alonso X. has had another fate. When dying, he presented to the Cathedral of Santa Cruz, in Seville, the sword with which he led his troops to victory at Arcos, Medina, Sidonia, Castellaro, Jerez, and Puerto de Santa Maria. His body was entombed at Seville, but he wished his good sword "to look over to Africa, and show Spaniards the path for their future greatness." In time the hilt of the sword was transformed into a crucifix, by affixing to it the figure of Christ; and, supported on a beautiful Gothic stand, it is still preserved, and is borne in the most solemn processions. Our illustration of this curious work of art is from a photograph by Laurent.

In 1590 Essex captured Cadiz, burned a considerable part of the town, and plundered the Cathedral. It is, however, contended that this crucifix escaped, and it is regarded among Spanish antiquarians as authentic.

MADAME LUNEVILLE.

A Southern Tragedy.

Regardless of her trailing satin and lace, and oblivious of the presence of guests in her mansion, Madame Luneville leant back carelessly in a *fauteuil* in her boudoir. Her ripe, rich beauty was heightened by the crimson of southern roses that flushed her cheek, and by the soft languor that filled her starlike eyes. "He loves me! He loves me not! He loves me!" she murmured at length in an exultant tone, as she broke off the last white petal of a marguerite, and flung the stalk on the floor.

She was a woman of the world, with no lack of intelligence, and reason and sense both warned her that no sentiment warmer than friendliness existed in Louis Grey's breast toward her, yet with a curious superstition that is so often attendant on love, the simple German mode of testing affection appeared to bring her hope and comfort, and with a buoyant heart she rose to perform the onerous duties of hostess.

The darkness of a starless night hung over the grounds of the house, rendering the gloom that pervaded wood and alley almost impenetrable, but the building itself, from summit to basement, was one blaze of light. The aspect of the place was symbolical of life and death in the curious contrasts that it presented—outside there were shade and mystery ; inside, revelry and music. Beneath the dense foliage of the large trees there reigned the grave poetry of intense solitude, and under the painted and frescoed ceiling was the "world" with its giddy votaries and its insensate pleasures.

Enchanted by the entertainment provided for them, the crowd had no thought for the charms of delicious bouquets and the song of the nightingale, although the trees, heavily freighted with purple and white blossoms, lent their fragrance to the breeze, that, stealing gently through the open casements, kissed the hot brows and cheeks of the whirling revelers.

Two fair women divided admiration that night, and they were Laura Luneville and her daughter Helen. The first, although she was past the positive bloom and freshness of youth, was yet a magnificent sample of her sex. Above the average height, and stately as a poplar, grace was in every curve and movement. Her features were aquiline, and her great almond-shaped eyes, black as night, flashed like jewels, while with a haughty and royal air she appeared to command homage as her due.

Helen, shy and timid as a fawn, seemed desirous of evading the ardent admiration beneath which her lids drooped and her fair young face flushed. Her beauty was in perfect contrast to her mother's, for while Madame Luneville's cheek was blooming with health and strength, that of Helen's was as purely and delicately tinted as a seashell, and her eyes, wondrously soft, were blue as Summer skies.

The excessive reserve of her demeanor, succeeding in dispersing at length the human butterflies that had hovered around her, attracted not only by her loveliness, but by her reputed wealth—for Helen was the sole heiress to the rich property of Luneville, left to her by her father, but with one condition affixed : If she married without her mother's consent, the place, on Madame Lunville's death, was to pass to a distant relative.

Left alone at the far extremity of the ballroom, and almost hidden from view by the glossy leaves of an orange-tree, Helen, absorbed by her own thoughts, scarcely noticed her own isolation, until a man, young and handsome, whose keen eyes had quickly sought her out, approached and begged her to join the valse that was on the eve of commencement.

The girl started visibly, and flushed scarlet up to her delicate blue-veined temples as the familiar voice fell upon her ear. Rising at once in compliance with his request, she placed a cold and trembling hand on his arm, and then, mute and motionless as a statue, she stood arresting her steps, with her gaze fixed anxiously on Madame Luneville, who, at the other end of the apartment, conversed earnestly with an elderly woman of most unprepossessing exterior, but who was sumptuously attired in satin and sheen, with rare jewels sparkling upon her gray hair and withered neck.

To casual observers the lengthy colloquy might have seemed but an excuse for Madame Luneville to enhance her own marvelous attraction by the vicinity of a foil ; but Helen knew her haughty mother was not one to condescend to any petty manœuvres for gaining admiration.

To the strong passions of a Southerner Madame Luneville united the overweening pride of old French descent, and it was impossible that she should have singled out a parvenu for special courtesy unless some weighty motive propelled the action. That motive, wheel within wheel, lay buried in the deepest recesses of her soul, known to none, and understood by none, save one individual, who, crafty and cunning as Reynard, preserved his knowledge intact, and was content to bide his time for revealing it until all was ripe for the scheme he himself had in view.

"Of what is my Helen thinking so earnestly ?" questioned her companion, as he pressed her hand closer to his heart, and with unspeakable tenderness in his glance looked down at her sweet face. "Surely there is no fascination about the Spanish countess ? If it were her son that attracted your eyes, I might be jealous, dearest !"

"Louis," she said, lifting up her piteous eyes toward him, "what I am looking at makes me tremble for us both. I feel sure that it is not without an object in view that Count Andrea has come all the way to this. He has heard that Luneville owns an heiress, and they say he would sacrifice body and soul for gold. What would I not give to know all that was passing between his mother and mine !"

"Darling, your mother will surely have pity upon our love, and will respect the solemn vows we have sworn so often. She dare not sacrifice your happiness to interest, since she knows full well that, were your father still living, your happiness would be his primary care, and *he* would have given you to me, I know. Helen, your mother must know how utterly I adore you ; that if aught arose to separate us my heart would break !"

As Louis Grey spoke he looked unconsciously toward Madame Luneville with soft, appealing eyes.

Her eyes answered him, but there was something in that glance which sent the red blood to his cheek and a thrill of misgiving through his breast.

He had caught fleeting glances of the kind before, and for months past an instinctive desire had urged him to avoid, in as much as lay in his power, the mother of his betrothed.

The strains of music sounded loudly and the dancing increased in intensity, and Louis, taking advantage of the solitude that so often exists in the midst of a multitude, poured passionate protestations into Helen's ear.

Helen dared not answer him by speech or look, for the flashing eyes of Madame Luneville seemed to follow her wherever she went, with a fierce and jealous expression in their dark depths that Helen shrank from without being able to comprehend.

Pale as a lily and dejected, she was on the point of seeking her secluded corner once more, when a lackey, in all the glory of red-and-gold livery, addressed her with a curt and cruel message.

"Madame desires you to retire at once to your own room, mademoiselle."

Helen bent her little head meekly in acquiescence, but Louis, indignant, remonstrated against the peremptory command.

"Helen, the ball is not nearly at its close, and it is offering an insult to your guests to desert them so soon. Your mother is wrong to take advantage of your obedience. Assert yourself, dearest one, and stay."

"No, Louis." As she spoke her rosy lips quivered and big drops filled her eyes. She was very young, and to leave a ball at its zenith, when Louis was by her side, was a keen disappointment. "I must obey ; and something tells me that this is neither the last nor the greatest sacrifice that will be required of me. Good-night."

Louis clasped her hand fervently. This girl, so nearly resembling an angel, loved him and was willing to be his wife. Yet a power — the power of a mere woman — snatched the cup of bliss from his lips, and he was powerless to resist.

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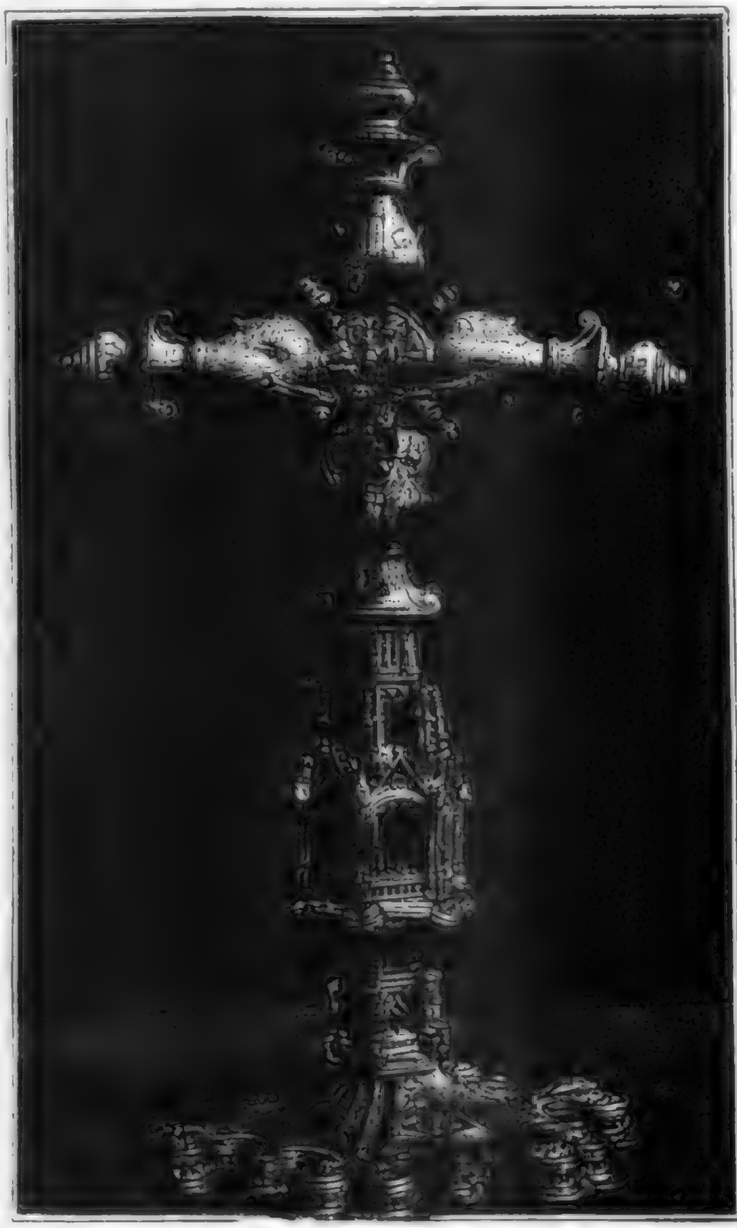
"Louis, let me see a smile upon your face before I go; it will give me strength to bear bravely."

Louis looked straight into her eyes and forced a smile. She gave him a shy and loving look in reply, and glided quietly away.

And Louis, heartsick and angry, and hating the music, the lights and the mirth that seemed to mock at him, turned on his heel, and the vigilant eyes of Madame Luneville lost sight of him in the darkness that reigned outside the house.

Count Andrea's game prospered well, and he and his mother prolonged their stay from day to day. The old house became a temple dedicated to Terpsichore and Bacchus, where nightly orgies were held until the gray hands of dawn pointed rebukingly at the pallid faces of the roysterers; and malicious tongues wagged apace that Luneville, forgetful of its dignity, had become transformed into a hostelry, in which jingling instruments and clinking cups resounded from cockcrow to cockcrow.



CRUCIFIX MADE FROM A SWORD, CATHEDRAL OF CADIZ. SEE PAGE 350.

Madame Luneville, as though she had drunk of the waters of eternal youth and beauty, was the presiding deity guiding the helm of the bark of pleasure, and lavishing brilliant smiles around, so that none detected the stab in her heart when, in the midst of her gayest sallies, she saw Louis, with a pallid face and scornful lips, turn from the noisy group and wander into the sequestered woodland paths, where even the echo of merriment could not reach him.

He trembled within himself, fearing that at last he understood but too well the significance of all her words and actions. Hating the false position in which cruel fate had placed him, he would willingly have fled the spot and the unwelcome favor of his hostess, whose frowns were less to be dreaded than her Circean smiles; but his heart clung to the palatial prison where his darling was immured.

His very soul resented against the trammels laid upon him by the imperious mandate of Laura Luneville, a woman of iron nature, whose will was not to be set aside.

Helen's sweet face was completely denied him, and yet how he thirsted to look upon it again! But, strictly watched by the orders of her mother, the girl was a species of state prisoner in her sumptuous apartments.

At last, one morning, unable to resist her longing for air and freedom, Helen, eluding the vigilance of the servant, stole down to the garden while the hostess and her guests were wrapped in slumber.

Seated near an old marble fountain, Helen fell to dreaming of her childhood's days; then came thoughts of later ones, when she had first met Louis, and learned to love him. Leaning her hot forehead on the edge of the fountain, she wept bitter tears, until a touch on her shoulder made her start and glance up to find her lover by her side.

Louis Grey's face was bright with joy of the unsuspected meeting, but hers was anxious and frightened as he clasped her in his arms.

"Helen, my own! Your mother has done her best to keep us apart, but Heaven has reunited us, you see!" he whispered.

"Louis, leave me, I beseech you! My mother has forbidden me to speak to you, and Heaven will never bless a disobedient child! If she discover that you and I have met, to-morrow I shall be sent to the Couvent du Sacré Cœur, the gray walls of which are frowning on me now," and she pointed to a huge and gloomy pile that reared itself to the left. "And, Louis," she continued, with a piteous quiver on her poor little mouth, "a worse fate than the convent may be in store for me. My mother may force me to accept a husband of her own choosing."

Helen, *his Helen*, belonging to another! The very suggestion froze up the blood within him, and all he could do was to clasp her closer now, and feel that in the *present*, at any rate, she was his.

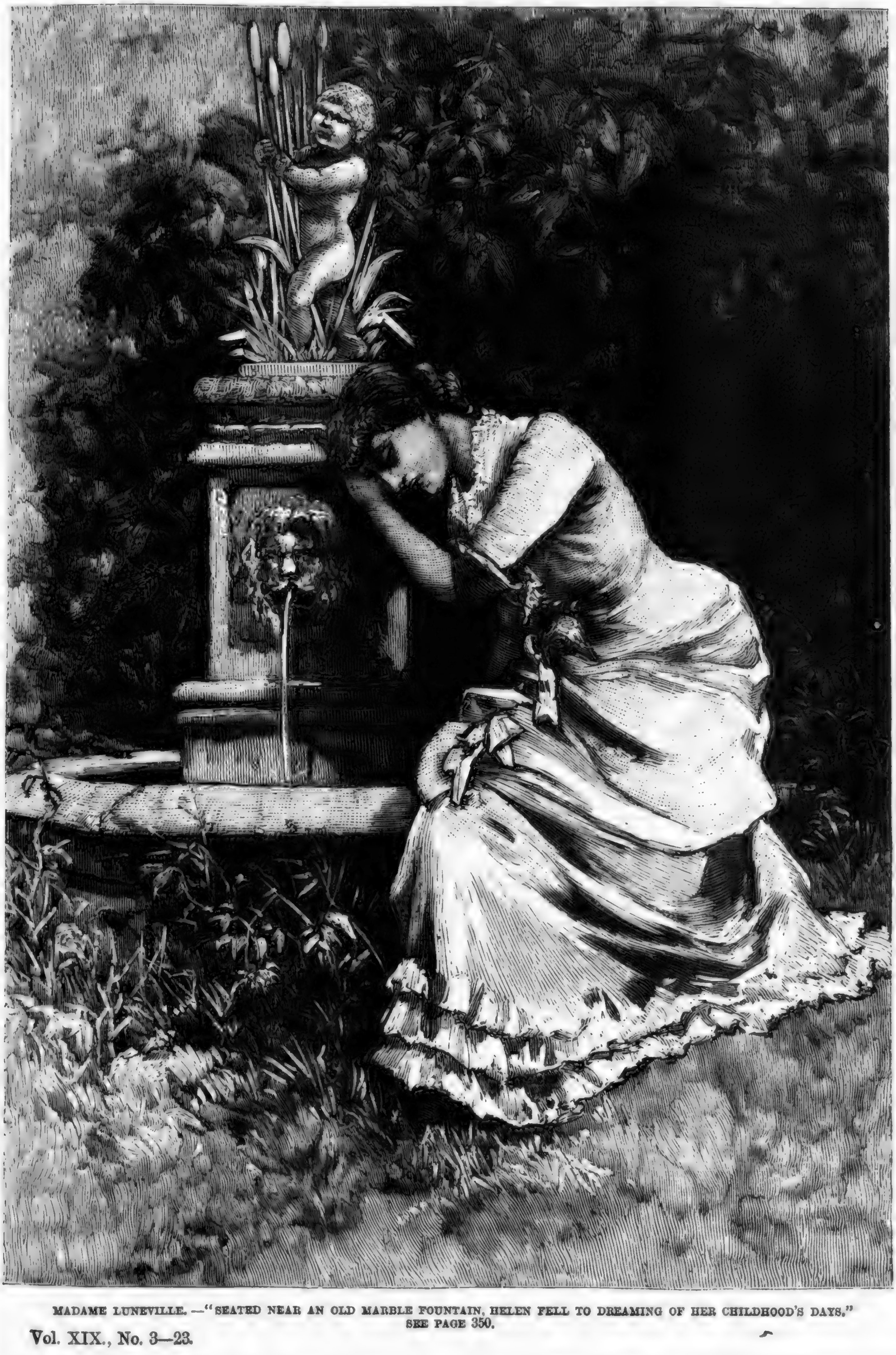
"Dearest one! have I not the right to guard you from all this?" he exclaimed, passionately. It seemed to him, standing there with her heart against his own, her hand in his, that no mortal breathing could have the power to wrest his darling from his grasp.

"No one can protect me against my mother. She has a sacred right over me that none can dispute. Louis, I must obey her, even if my heart breaks!" and laying her head against his arm, she sobbed wildly.

After a few moments she raised her face, all white and wet, like a lily that the rain has beat on, and calling up courage, she said:

"Let us part now. Perhaps the future may bring us happier days!"

Louis bent down and kissed her brow, and then her lips, but his caress brought no color to them. Freeing



MADAME LUNEVILLE.—"SEATED NEAR AN OLD MARBLE FOUNTAIN, HELEN FELL TO DREAMING OF HER CHILDHOOD'S DAYS." SEE PAGE 350.

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herself, she walked hurriedly toward the house, but Louis, mad at losing her so soon, persisted in following her. At last, having gained the vestibule, Helen turned toward him and implored him to desist in his pursuit. Fear was so legibly written on her features, that Louis blamed himself for having added to her distress.

"Forgive me!" he said, soothingly. "I *will* leave you, but as it may be a long, long while before we meet again, let me place this ring on your finger, Helen, in remembrance of our mutual love—an emblem of our everlasting fidelity. For a little while I may lose you, but something tells me that as long as the earth holds your spirit, your heart will be mine, and mine alone!"

His words went straight to her heart, and rendered her for a moment oblivious to the danger of her position. It was Louis, her lover, who knelt before her—the only man who had ever uttered words of tenderness to her virgin ears—the only being in whose presence her cheek flushed and her pulses beat. Not marvelous, then, that she forgot all but him. Stooping over him, she let him place the ring on her hand.

"Louis, you know I love you! Our affection, so true, so deep, can *never* die! Be faithful to me, as I shall be to you, *whatever betides!* I *swear* it, Louis, and see"—her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed like Summer roses—"I seal my oath!" And she pressed her sweet fresh lips to his forehead, then drew back, ashamed of the freedom of her action, and murmuring a final adieu, she hastened into the saloon without glancing to the right or left, until a slight cough attracted her notice, and the sight of Count Andrea arrested her steps.

He was close upon her, and by the strange and ironical smile that curled his thin lips, she guessed at once that he had been an unseen witness of the meeting.

With a bitter and mocking expression on his dark face, and a wicked glitter in his bold, black eyes, he came forward and held out his hand in greeting, and Helen, pale as death, and agitated like a leaf driven by the blast, allowed him to lead her to an ottoman, upon which she sank half unconscious.

Louis, indignant and miserable, was a spectator of the scene from the extremity of the room. From sheer pity and consideration for Helen, his words and actions were hampered, and he was forced to content himself by casting fiery glances at his hated rival.

Count Andrea, instead of returning them, contented himself with taking up a music-book and proposing that Helen should try a new romanza.

The girl accepted the book, and her finger followed the notes mechanically, but her voice refused to do her bidding, and she sat mute and trembling. Silence fell on the trio, but so false a calm could not last long, and, by way of sympathy, a storm burst suddenly outside, and the sky, which had been so blue and smiling, grew leaden and lowering, while the wind that had an hour before gently fanned the golden tresses on Helen's brow shook the huge trees with violence.

Louis, at last beside himself with the covert persecution of the count, strode toward the spot where he sat, and, facing him, said:

"You seem partial to music. Well! tell me what you think of the words of this song."

And he recited in a loud voice verses of an old ditty that ended with "A bragging gallant is a pitiful coward."

Count Andrea rose and drew himself up to his full height, while a deep red flush stained his swarthy face and an ominous scowl knitted his thick brows.

"I see you understand my song perfectly," laughed Louis, mockingly.

The count's accents, naturally unmusical, grew hard and guttural, and his brawny fists clinched tightly together. A bully and a braggart where women were concerned, he yet was not lacking in courage, and he longed to punish the offender who, with a form slighter and weaker than his own, dared so openly to beard him to the teeth.

"I understand the meaning so well that I am impatient to chastise the insolence of the singer."

"Are you?" And Louis, without another moment's deliberation, gave him a blow which sent him reeling backward like a drunkard; but he recovered himself instantly.

Helen, falling on her knees, implored them to desist; but, as though infuriated like wild beasts, they remained deaf to her prayers, and blow after blow crossed over her very head.

Then suddenly two lackeys in gorgeous livery flung open the doors widely, and Madame Luneville, attired in a superb training dress of violet velvet and with priceless ruffles of point lace adorning her neck and arms, entered the room with her usual slow and stately step.

At sight of her the adversaries at once suspended the fight.

She looked from one to another with astonishment dilating her dark pupils.

"Great Heaven! What has happened?" she cried.

"Separate them! For the love of God, separate them, for they will surely murder one another!" sobbed poor Helen, still kneeling on the ground.

"Rise immediately! Your extraordinary posture surprises me beyond expression!" said Madame Luneville, in a severe tone that few could have resisted. "Have you utterly forgotten that the Lunevilles were born to command, and not to beg?"

Helen rose at once and tottered to a chair.

"And now, gentlemen, a few words with you. You seem oblivious of the fact that you are guests here, and that I, your hostess, have ample cause to be offended at your conduct. I believed you to be friends, and I cannot comprehend this sudden animosity."

"Mr. Grey will explain all to you far better than I can do, madame."

And Count Andrea, to better his cause, reassumed his usual suave manner, while Louis, with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes, forgot, in his honest wrath and indignation, the *convenances.*

"I have only to say that it was much against my will that such a scandal should have occurred in any mansion in which I have been the recipient of princely hospitality. I swear to you, madame, on the honor of an Andrea that no tongue has ever dared to arraign, that it was not my purpose to become eavesdropper to a most interesting interview, in which this gentleman betrothed himself with a ring to your fair daughter. And there is the proof of my words."

And he insolently seized Helen's white hand and displayed the trinket.

"Mr. Grey, is this really true?" exclaimed Madame Luneville, and just for a shade her voice quivered and sounded terribly piteous; but gathering herself up, as it were, she stood erect and queenly, scrutinizing Louis with firm, unflinching eyes.

"Scoundrel," cried Louis, "you do not mind adding falsehood to insult! The tale you have heard is false, madame! I met your daughter by chance. I spoke to her—nay, I even protested my most passionate love for her! Oh, madame, what ails you?" for all the rich color had died out from Madame Luneville's cheek.

Ashen-hued, with lips that shook, she clutched the chair nearest her, and leant heavily on it for support.

"Nothing—nothing ; go on !" she said, authoritatively, and she hastily pressed her lace handerchief over her brow to remove the great beads that mental torture had brought.

"But my pleading was futile—my passion rejected. Mademoiselle Helen, strong and immovable in her filial obedience, besought me to leave her, and if at length she deigned to accept a trifling gift, it was from sheer pity alone."

"He is deceiving you, my mother !" cried Helen. "It is true that, in obedience to you, I bade him leave me, but I did so with a breaking heart, and I am not ashamed to confess how dearly I love him."

"I know it, girl !" Madame Luneville hissed out, in the desperate anger and jealousy that racked her soul. She felt as though she would willingly crush the form of the daughter kneeling at her feet, in the unutterable despair of discovering that Louis, whom she had long worshiped in secret, was lost to her for ever, and that, in the only child Heaven had given her, lived an envied and detested rival.

Livid, with scorn curling her mouth, and her eyes all aflame, her voice rang out bitterly hard and cruel.

"I guessed your mad folly long ago, but I did not believe that that folly was shared by another !" And she cast a withering look at the recreant who had dared to slight her favor. "I have vainly tried to implant in you the good faith and honor of a Luneville. In former days filial respect was a supreme virtue in the family, and you are the first that has forgotten duty for the sake of less sacred feelings. This man"—and she pointed her patrician finger at Louis—"has neither wealth nor title. He is a mere adventurer, a *nobody*, and no fit mate for my heiress. That gentleman"—and she bowed affably to the count—"has done you the honor of asking you in marriage, and I accord his request. Helen, you *shall* be Countess Andrea !"

"Never, so help me Heaven, while I have life and strength !" cried Louis. "Helen, *my* Helen, one kiss !" and catching the trembling girl in his arms, he strained her to his breast, and pressed her lips fervently.

"And now let us go out !" he said, imperiously, to his adversary, who obeyed the call at once.

Helen dragged herself to a window, and sank insensible on the ground, but Madame Luneville, losing sight of her ordinary dignity, gave a loud scream, and rushed wildly into the grounds, toward the direction in which the antagonists had disappeared.

The lightning flashed vividly, the thunder pealed loudly, and the rain fell in torrents, but, indifferent to the fury of the elements, she ran madly on. At length the clashing of swords resounded close by, and with his head bare, and a weapon stained with blood in his hand, Count Andrea emerged from a bosquet and faced her.

At sight of him Madame Luneville stood breathless and horror-struck. She essayed to speak, but her tongue clove to her mouth, and she glared wildly at him.

"You have killed Louis Grey," she articulated at last.

Count Andrea looked at her and smiled a sardonic smile. He could scarcely bring himself to believe that the terrified woman before him, her rich velvet garment all wet and bedraggled, her long black hair floating over her shoulders, was the haughty queen of fashion and beauty, the proud hostess of Luneville.

"The man whom both you and your daughter love so well is not dead, but dangerously wounded. I have desired my servant to bear him to a cottage."

She grew white as a sheet, and her limbs shook as though palsy had seized them, but a hopeful light replaced the glare in her eyes, and she averted her face to hide its gladness from him.

By that very movement he knew that the tidings that Louis lived had brought her back from the frenzy of despair to a remembrance of the *convenances*.

"And, madame," the count added, with an evil sneer, "when Louis Grey fell to the earth, a woman's name burst from his pallid lips. That name was not Laura."

She raised her head loftily. The color flew back to her cheeks, and with a cry for revenge in her soul she pronounced, in slow and solemn accents:

"Louis Grey may recover, but not before the heiress of Luneville becomes the wife of Count Andrea."

* * * * * *

The wealth that the Spanish count had coveted was his ; but his bride slept peacefully in the arms of death.

Helen died on the day of her nuptials.

It might have been that, fragile as a flower, the horror of her fate killed her, or, more terrible still, perhaps helpless and desperate, she flew to the grave as her only escape from a hated life.

* * * * * *

Two months afterward a man, thin and haggard-eyed, prayed earnestly beside a tomb in the chapel belonging to Luneville.

Upon the marble tablet was inscribed :

Here lies
HELEN, COUNTESS ANDREA.
Heaven have mercy on her soul.

STATEN ISLAND.

THE
QUESTIONS OF ITS PAST AND OF ITS FUTURE.

By J. Barnitz Bacon.

When Henry Hudson, in the Autumn of 1609, sailed his ship, the *Half Moon*, round that long spit of land now called Sandy Hook, he beheld to the northward a broad bay, and in the distant vista beyond it two headlands. They rose on each side of a narrow gateway which seemed to open to unknown waters beyond. The eastern height was the boundary of Long Island ; the western, a promontory of Staaten Eyland, or Staten Island, so called after the States General of Holland. Between them he sailed up the Great River of the Mountains, which afterward received his name. He was seeking a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Eastern Indies, but when he had reached the site of the present City of Albany, he found that his hope and his quest were vain.

The islands, the shores, and the headlands of the bay which first met his eye, he did not explore, but in the mellow September light they seemed, as he had sketched them, "a goodly land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see." The autumnal glory of that quaint picture did not reveal the shade of destiny which hung over Staten Island, nor the mysterious potency which long kept its virgin soil sacred from human steps. In its earliest estate it was a colossal remnant of chaos, a great boulder, the outpost of the continent, resisting the downward rush of northern waters, and leaving them to flow on either side. It had cooled in bubbles. Throughout its extent there was no great watercourse leading down from its heights. Hills and pools promiscuous alternated without order or connection. In succeeding ages forests and tangled thickets had covered its primeval gauntness, but the wild

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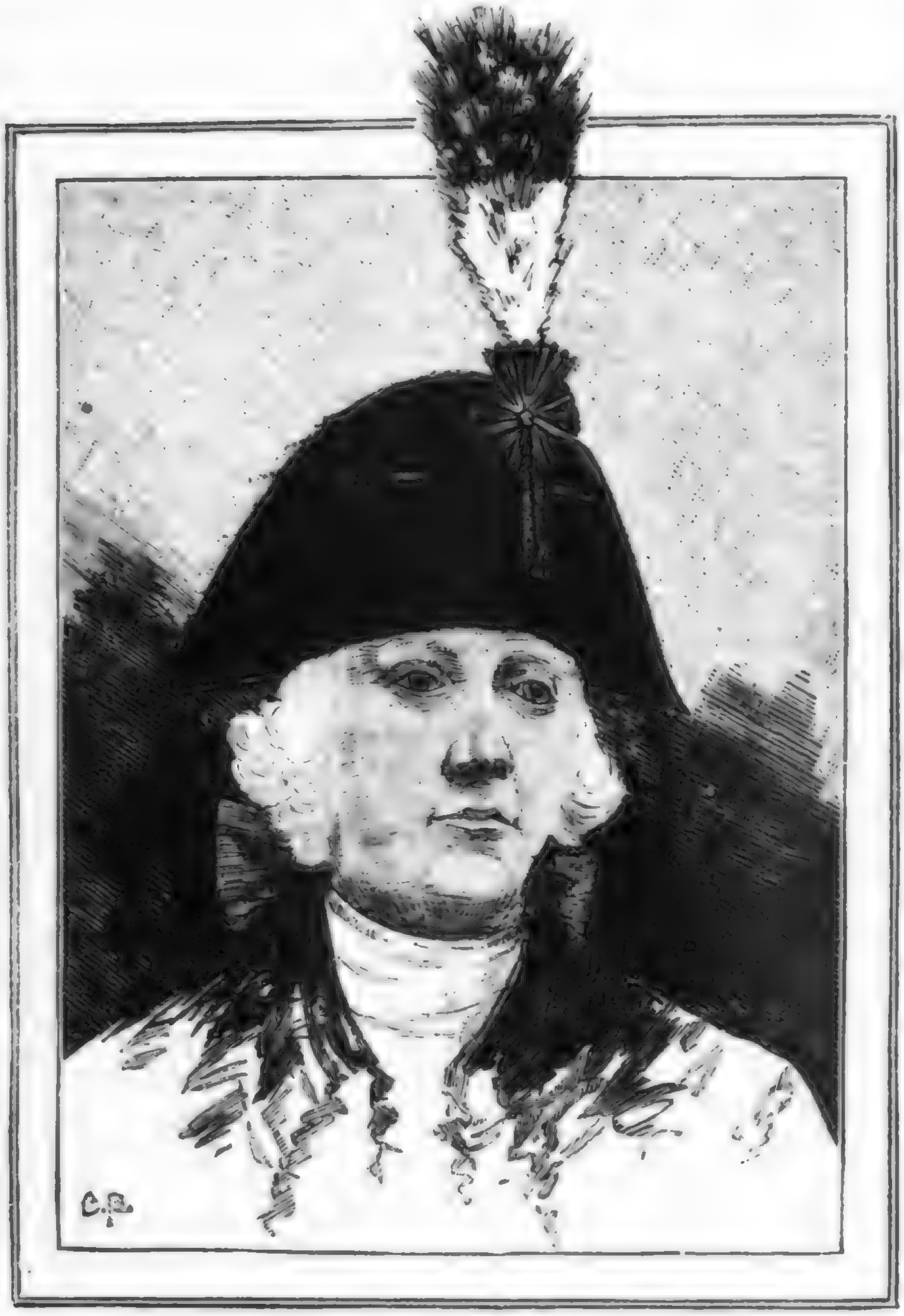


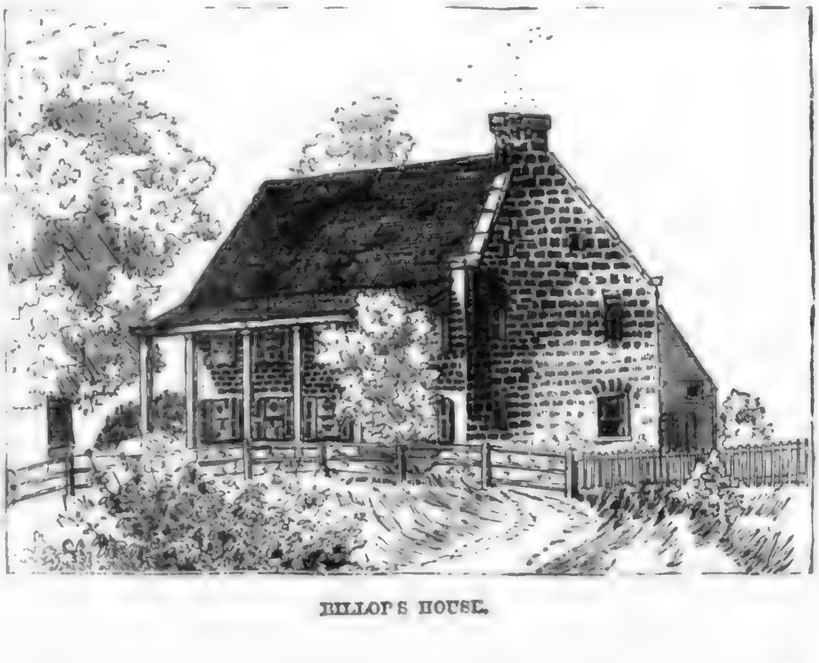
COLONEL BILLOP.

deer alone inhabited the solitudes. The red men avoided to pitch their wigwams beyond its outer shores, for they named it "Eghquous"—the "place of bad woods." The Indians who dwelt on the Raritan claimed it as an outlying possession. They sold and resold it to white men five times within sixty years, and it was not until 1670 that the ax and the plow at length exorcised the evil Manitou of the island's early history.

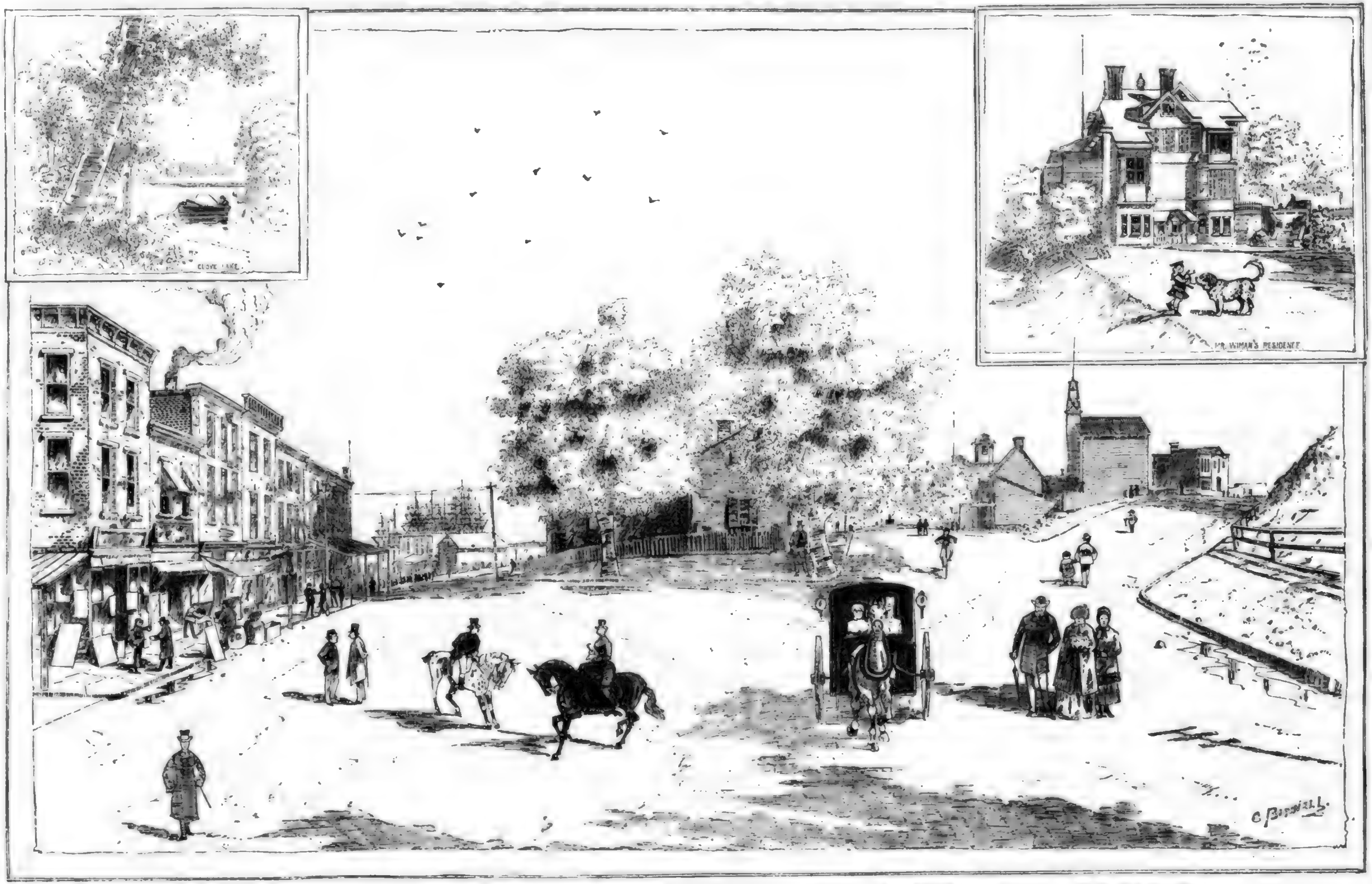
The first grant of the island was made by the Dutch West India Company to Michael Pauw, one of their directors, who also obtained territory adjoining in the present New Jersey, and named his grant Pavonia. His agent was careful to obtain a title from the Raritan Indians, and in 1630 a few adventurous Hollanders made an attempt at the earliest settlement. They chose the promontory of the island overlooking the Narrows, and they named their few thatched dwellings "Oude Dorp," or Old Town. There it was that in 1641 the second Dutch Governor of the New Netherlands, William Kieft, erected the first marine telegraph in America, for the purpose of signaling to the fort on Manhattan Island the arrival of vessels from Holland. Twenty years later Cornelis Melyn obtained the island grant which Michael Pauw had abandoned, and also obtained a title from the Indians. Melyn became involved in disputes with the imperious Director, Petrus Stuyvesant. While the Director upheld his authority in Fort Amsterdam, on the southern point of Manhattan, Melyn fortified himself in a stone block-house on the commanding bluff at Oude Dorp, and there he set up an independent government of his own. He secured an alliance with the Raritan Indians, and made such bold defiance to his opponent, that Stuyvesant was compelled to guard against a possible capture of his person by surrounding himself with a continual body-guard of halberdiers. From the ramparts of his Manhattan fortress he could discern Melyn's block-house, six miles down the bay, holding the gate of the Narrows and intercepting the trade of the port.

The Raritan red men on several occasions devastated the solitary clearings of the island, and blotted out in msssacre the conveyances they had made In the houses of its ruined settlements and in the silence of its hills and swamps the island remained only a weird but beautiful mystery looming up before Manhattan, till 1670. At Albany a deed of that date is recorded, by which the red men finally conveyed to the English governor, Lovelace, "the Island in Hudson's River commonly called Staten Island, but by the Indians now named Aquehonga-Manacknong."

The final Indian ceremony of conveyance was performed by delivering to the white men a sod of the soil and a shrub of every kind except the ash and the alder. The



BILLOP'S HOUSE.


CLOVE LAKE.
MR. WIMAN'S RESIDENCE

Arrietta Street. Sarah Ann Street. St. Paul's Avenue.

VIEW ON STATEN ISLAND.—JUNCTION OF ARRIETTA, SARAH ANN'S STREETS AND ST. PAUL'S AVENUE.

kettles, beads and cloths received by the red men might be reckoned in present value at one cent for ten acres conveyed.

The Indian then retired, the white man advanced; order and peace were established, at least for a century. Free grants were made to those who would subdue the wild territory of the island. No deeds of record, however, appear in the Clerk's Office of Richmond County of a date previous to 1680, and among the earliest appear the names of Slaight or Slaght, Sprague or Spragg, and Simonson.

In 1679 Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter made an exploring tour around the eastern and southern part of the island. They were representatives of the Labadists, or Christian Communists of Wiewerd, in Friesland, and were seeking a new home for their persecuted brethren. Rowing across from Gowanus, on Long Island, they landed near the promontory at the Narrows. After some wandering through the woods, they found the early hamlet of "Oude Dorp," which then numbered five houses, three of them abandoned. Continuing their journey through the forest roads, they came to a later settlement, called New Dorp, the name of which is still retained on the island, though the village has no existence. Thence they kept their way along the "south side," till near the western extremity they found "Le Chaudronnier," the coppersmith, who said he had been a soldier under the Prince of Orange.

From his clearing they turned northward, and journeying still through the woods, they reached the south side of the "Fresh Kills," not far from the present village of Richmond. Unexpectedly they chanced upon another forest clearing, the home of an aged Frenchman, Pierre le Gardinier. He said he had been gardener to the Prince of Orange, that he had served him long, and honest Pierre fairly danced for joy to meet those who spoke French and brought late news from Europe. These wayfaring Labadists write that there were then about one hundred families on the island, English, Dutch and French. The settlements were far apart, and there was yet no church erected, and no church service held.

Soon after that date a number of French Protestant families established themselves on the island, and among them were the names of Androvette, La Tourette, Mercereau, Seguine, Laforge, and others. Their descendants are still thrifty farmers there, but in the island vernacular their names have suffered some alteration, La Tourette being Latratt, Mercereau being Musherow, and Seguine Shegang.

About 1683 the Province of New York was organized into counties, Staten Island being made the County of Richmond, as it is now; and having a population of 200 families.

In that year Colonel Thomas Dongan arrived in New York as the Colonial Governor. From him the City of New York obtained the municipal charter upon which all others have been based, and history has accorded to him the honor of being one of the most liberal and just of the English officials. While Governor, he received an extensive grant on Staten Island, which was named the Manor of Castleton. It embraced the territory along the northern shores, and extended even to the Fresh Kills. He erected an ornate manor-house, which remained there till ten years ago, standing on the Shore Road in West Brighton.

Colonel Dongan lived at his manor house much of his time till 1691. Then he returned to England, and became Earl of Limerick. He died in London, December 14th, 1715, aged eighty-one, leaving no issue. His American estates went to his three nephews, John, Thomas and Walter Dongan. It is worthy of remark that Governor Dongan received his appointment from a Stuart, he was removed from office by a Stuart, and obtained his title as Earl under the reign of King William, of the house of Orange.

Walter Dongan and several of the family are buried in the old graveyard of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, at Richmond. It is somewhat remarkable that the moss-grown headstones of the family face to the west, while all other memorials around them face eastwardly. Walter Dongan died July 25th, 1740, aged fifty-seven.

In this old graveyard of St. Andrew's is the marble monument of Dr. Richard Bayley, who died in 1801. He was one of the most eminent physicians of New York, and Health Officer of the Port. He fell a victim to duty by a fever contracted in the discharge of his office. He was the grandfather of the late Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore.

The point of time to which we have advanced in the history of the island brings us to the singular facts connected with the Billop estate, and the ancient mansion known as the "Billop House." In 1679 a certain Christopher Billop obtained a grant of 932 acres on Staten Island. In 1687 he obtained 1,600 acres additional, the whole grant extending from the mouth of the Fresh Kills to the present Prince's Bay, embracing the western extremity of the island. This was called the "Bentley Manor." Billop was a captain in the English Navy, and commanded a ship called the *Bentley*, after which he named his manor. The late Judge Disosway, an early local chronicler and resident of the island, relates the following tradition in relation to it:

Geographically, Staten Island seems to be a part of New Jersey, being separated from the latter only by the narrow channel of the Kill van Kull. When the Duke of York was made the proprietor of both New York and New Jersey, he disposed of the latter Province by a grant to Lord Berkeley and Carteret. To settle the disputed point as to which Province Staten Island should belong, the duke decided that all the islands in the Bay of New York round which a ship could sail in twenty-four hours should belong to New York. In those days such a feat was a matter of uncertainty. But Captain Billop, in the *Bentley*, accomplished it, and secured the island for his royal patron. For this service the duke granted Billop the manor.

Soon afterward, Captain Billop selected a site for his manor-house on the extreme western point of his estate, on the shore immediately opposite Perth Amboy. There he built the mansion, and there, after two centuries of continued habitation and of historic renown, it still remains in the undecayed integrity of its oak and ashlar. In this mansion he lived with his wife and daughters.

There is an ample wine-cellar under the mansion, and doubtless there was an "old Simon, the cellarer," besides butlers and servants. The island abounded in game, and the waters in fish and oysters. So horses, hounds and huntsmen, boats and sailing-masters, were all needful, and Nature did not stint the means of a generous hospitality. But Captain Billop disappeared from his manor in 1700, and it was said that he sailed for England in the *Bentley*, and was never heard of more. His family remained in the old house, and in possession of the broad acres.

In 1760, the Manor of Bentley and the Billop House were still in possession of the family, but as there had been only daughters, there was no male who inherited that name. To supply this need, a certain farmer named Christopher, or Christopher Farmar, had married one of the daughters, and become the owner of the house and manor, under the condition that he should assume the name of Billop. A son born to him was named Christopher Billop, thus perpetuating the name of the original grantee.

Upon the landing of the British army on Staten Island, in July, 1776, this son was the representative of the family and the possessor of the estate. In the language of the time, he was a "high-flying Tory," and the leader of the Staten Island Tories. By the royal military authorities, he was made commander of the island militia and colonel of the "new corps" of royalists then raised on the island. His career and the further eventful history of the old manor-house we have yet to relate; and among the remarkable belongings of the latter, is the circumstance that from the beginning it has been occupied by some one who bore the name of Christopher, and so it is at this day.

Up to the opening of the Revolutionary War, the population of Staten Island had grown steadily. In 1712 it numbered 1,279, and in 1770 there were 2,849 inhabitants. But after the landing of the British army it became the scene of frequent hostilities. The royal forces intrenched themselves at various points, extending their posts along the northern shore, and making the village of Richmond, in the centre of the island, and the county seat then as it is now, an important point of operation. The French Huguenots of the island were generally royalists, the Dutch were divided, while the earlier English settlers were patriots. One of the first steps of the royal authorities was to seize all the boats, and to forbid communication with the neighboring shores. The patriots fled, in many cases leaving their families there. The royalists remained to sing "God Save the King." Billop's Tory Corps were the royal police of the island.

General Howe, the British commander, established his headquarters at the "Rose and Crown." This was an ancient stone tavern which stood on the west side of the Richmond Road, opposite the head of New Dorp Lane. It had been a noted rendezvous in previous colonial days. There, in 1760, Amherst had been invested with the "Order of the Bath" in presence of his army. While Howe still held his quarters there, it was the scene where Margaret Moncrieffe met her father, Major Moncrieffe, on her release from detention in New York city as a female spy in the American lines. Very near the tavern was the frame inn called the "Black Horse," where the British grenadiers stood on the porch and received their pot of beer through the window. In 1855 the "Rose and Crown" was demolished to make room for a pretentious modern dwelling, but the "Black Horse" still remains.

In August, 1776, the main British army embarked for the attack on Brooklyn, leaving 4,000 men as a guard on the island. At Richmond there was a company of British regulars and one of Hessians. Foraging parties of the English were detached to raid the neighborhoods of New Jersey, where nearly all the inhabitants were patriots, and in return, the American troops who held that region made frequent attacks on the British posts of Staten Island. This is the story of one of them, as it was related some thirty years ago by a venerable matron, Mrs. Van Pelt, in the home of her childhood, which then stood in the middle of Richmond village, opposite the Presbyterian Church:

In August, 1776, a Hessian drummer named Ernst, belonging to the Hessian company, was quartered in the Van Pelt House. The family were Staten Island Dutch, and patriots. The youngest member of the household was a little girl of three or four Summers, the darling of her home and the pet of the village. So lovely and engaging was the child, that by common consent she was known by the name of "Pretty."

Ernst, the Hessian, had a gentle heart. He had been forced by a mercenary prince into the service of the English. When Pretty, in her artless way, told him of her friends and relatives who were away fighting for liberty, he listened, and loved the little child, and Pretty loved him. He taught her to dance to the rataplan of his drum. In the corner of the room, next to the great fireplace, she was wont to stand on a table, while Ernst, sometimes on his drum, sometimes on the table, rattled off lively airs, to which the tiny feet kept time.

At length, when the Indian Summer came, Pretty began to change. She became sick with fever, grew worse, and the drum and the dance were still. Ernst hung round her pillow in sore anguish. One evening, as the night-shadows fell, with strange presentiment he said: "Pretty will die, and I shall be buried with her."

That midnight came and passed, and as the watchers by her bed saw the day break, an alarm-gun was fired from the intrenchments near the village. The drums beat to arms, and Ernst was forced to leave his little favorite, and add his long-roll to the general alarm. This was at the midnight of October 16th. The alarm was caused by an attack of Americans under General Hugh Mercer, of Virginia, who afterward fell at Princeton. In order to divert the main British army from its march on White Plains, he had planned an assault on the British posts at Richmond with his command in New Jersey. The Pennsylvania Flying Camp and other levies, gathered at Amboy, had crossed to the island, and had reached their positions by the break of day; but the British had been warned, and were on the alert. After a few volleys, the royal troops retreated in disorder, leaving their wounded and prisoners in the hands of the Americans, who, however, intended only a raid, and soon returned to New Jersey. The roar of battle swept through the streets of the village; and as it passed the sorrowing household, the gentle spirit of Pretty departed. When the morning dawned, Ernst, the Hessian drummer, was found dead by the roadside, shot through the heart. They bore them across the road to the burying-ground, and laid them side by side.

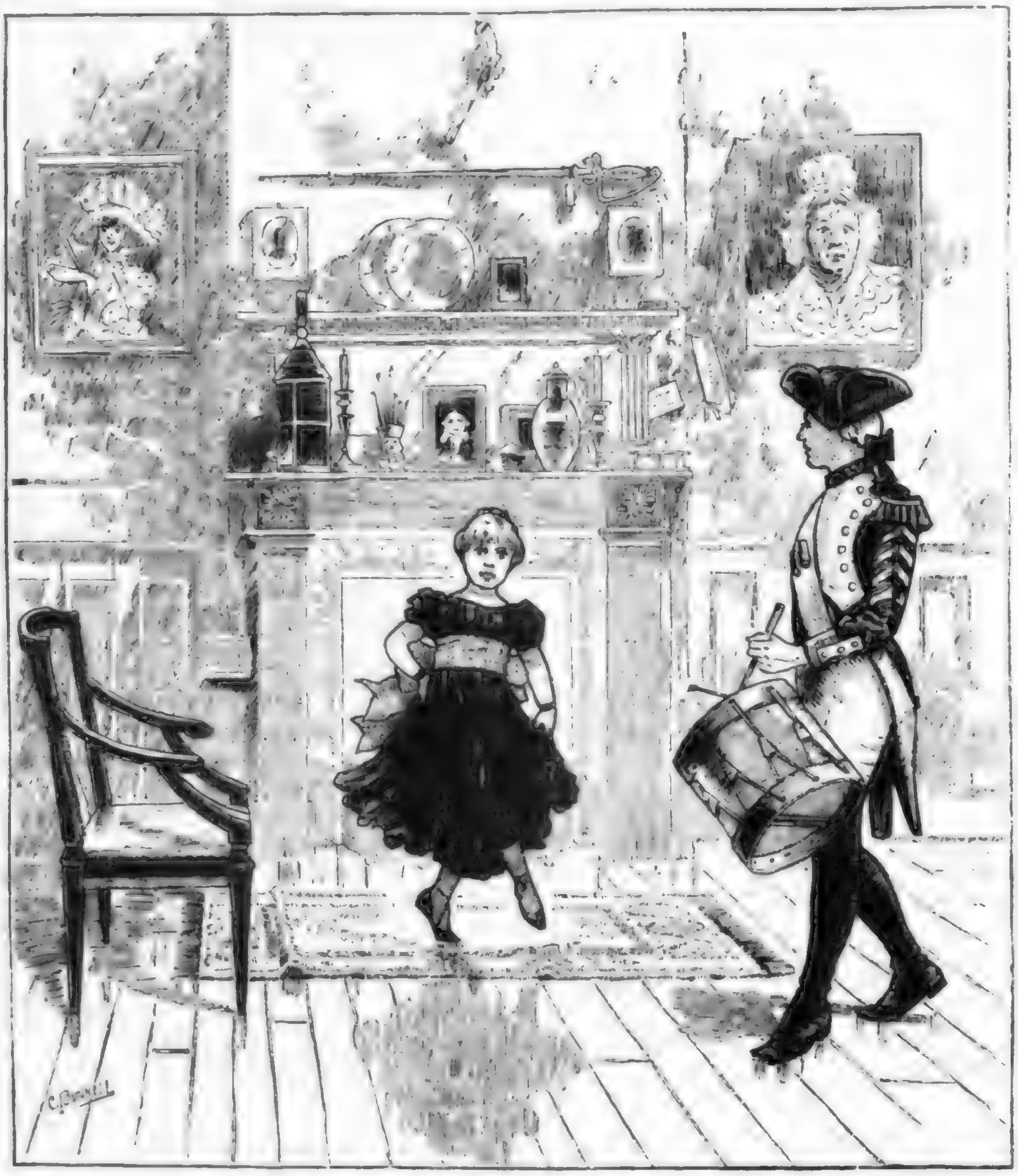
Immediately after the battle of Brooklyn it was thought by the royal authorities that the revolted colonies might yet be recalled in their allegiance to the crown, and a messenger was sent to the Congress at Philadelphia, desiring "a conversation with some principal citizens." That body responded by sending a committee of their number, consisting of John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; and young Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina. It had been appointed that they should meet Admiral Lord Howe, of the Royal Navy, and his brother, the General of the Army, at the Billop House, already mentioned. The Committee of Congress started on their journey for that place, and on September 9th, 1776, they stopped for the night at an inn in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Volunteers were then thronging to Washington's army, and the taverns were full. The best accommodation available for Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin was a bed in a chamber but little larger than their couch, without a chimney for ventilation, and with only one small window. This was open, and Mr. Adams, who was an invalid and afraid of the night-air, took care to shut it close.

"Oh," said Franklin, "don't shut the window. We shall be suffocated."

XUM

Mr. Adams then said he was afraid of the evening-air. Franklin replied: "The air within the chamber will soon be, and indeed is now, worse than that without-doors. Open the window and come to bed, and I will convince you. You are not acquainted with my theory of colds."

Mr. Adams, who details the conversation, continues: "Opening the window and leaping into bed, I said I had read his letters to Dr. Cooper, in which he had advanced that nobody ever got cold by going into a cold church, or any other cold air, and the theory was so little consistent with my experience, that I thought it a paradox. However, I had so much curiosity to hear his reasons that I would run the risk of a cold. The Doctor then began an harangue upon air and cold, and respiration and perspiration, with which I was so much amused that I soon fell asleep, and left him and his philosophy together; but I believe they were equally sound and insensible within a few minutes after me, for the last words I heard were pronounced as if he was more than half asleep."



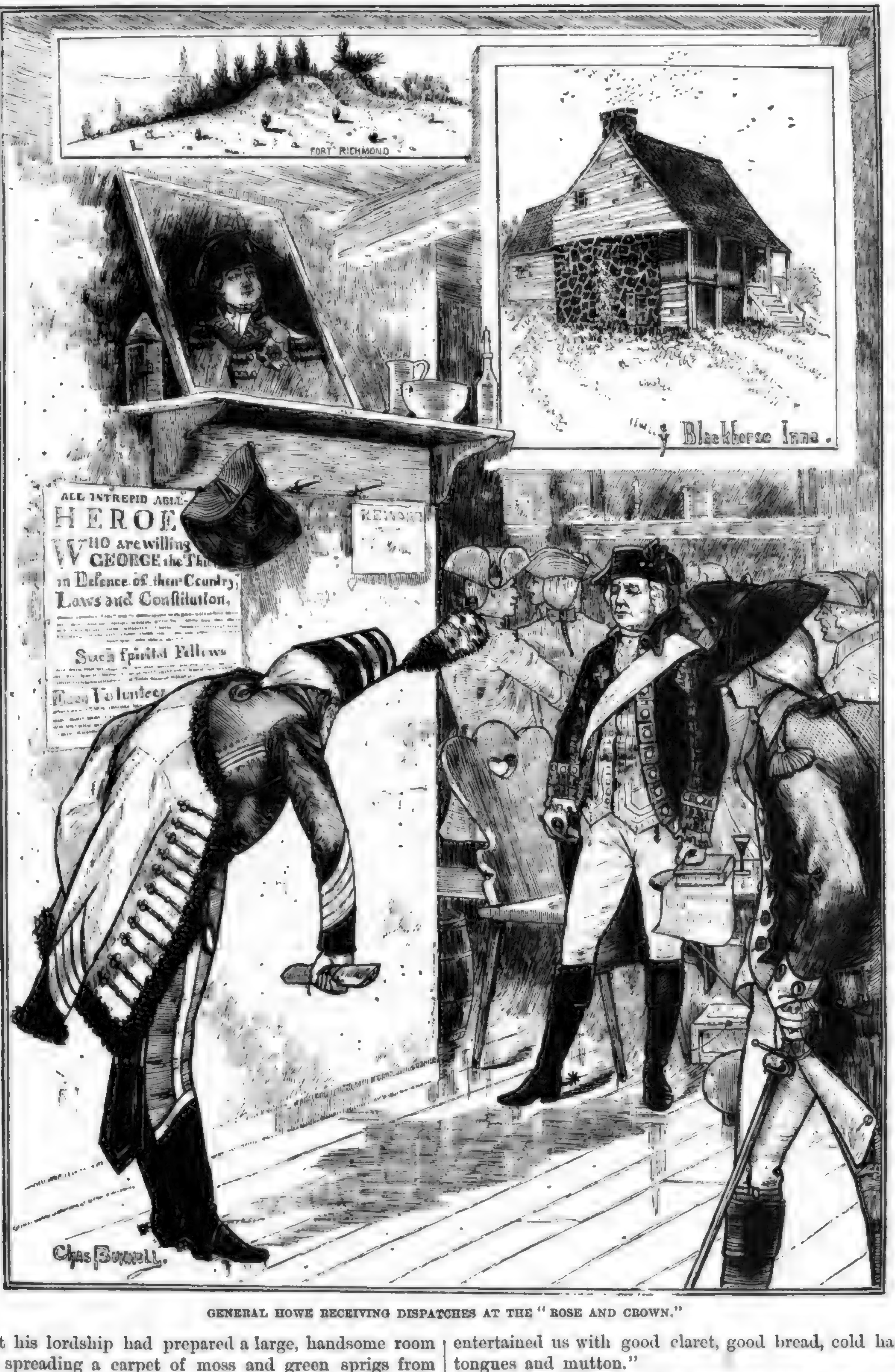
DRUMMER ERNST TEACHING PRETTY TO DANCE.

Mr. Adams, in concluding his account, remarks that the Doctor fell a sacrifice at last, not to the stone, but to his own theory, "having caught the violent cold which finally choked him, by sitting for some hours at a window with the cool air blowing upon him."

Proceeding on their journey, they arrived at Perth Amboy and reached the dock near the tavern of the Long Ferry. There they found Lord Howe's barge ready to convey them to Staten Island. And there they also found an English officer, who had been sent over as a hostage for their security. The committee, however, decided to be their own hostage, and took the officer back to the island with them.

As they approached the island, Lord Howe came down to the water's edge to receive them, and, looking at the returned officer, he said: "Gentlemen, you make me a very great compliment, and you may depend upon it, I will consider it as the most sacred of things."

The ancient manor-house had by this time become an unsafe residence for Colonel Billop, in consequence of Perth Amboy being then held by the Americans. Mr. Adams thus sketches the appearance of the mansion and their reception: "We walked up to the house between lines of guards and grenadiers looking as fierce as ten Furies, and making all the grimaces and gestures and motions of their muskets, with bayonets fixed, which, I suppose, military etiquette requires, but which we neither understood nor regarded. The house had been the habitation of military guards, and was as dirty as a stable.


FORT RICHMOND
Ye Blackhorse Inne.
ALL INTREPID ABLE-
HEROE
WHO are willing
GEORGE the Thi
in Defence of their Country,
Laws and Constitution,
Such spirited Fellows
Volunteer
REPORT
Chas Burwell.

GENERAL HOWE RECEIVING DISPATCHES AT THE "ROSE AND CROWN."

But his lordship had prepared a large, handsome room by spreading a carpet of moss and green sprigs from bushes and shrubs in the neighborhood, till he had made it not only wholesome, but romantically elegant, and he entertained us with good claret, good bread, cold ham, tongues and mutton."

Among the incidents of the interview were these: Lord Howe said that he could not confer with the committee as members of Congress or public characters, but only as private persons and as British subjects. To this Mr. Adams replied, somewhat quickly: "Your lordship may consider me in what light you please, and indeed I should be willing to consider myself for a few moments in any character which would be agreeable to your lordship—except that of British subject." At these words, Lord Howe turned to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Rutledge, and said: "Mr. Adams is a decided character." He made the remark with great gravity and solemnity. The depth of it was not fathomed till some time afterward, when it was learned that the British Commissioners were empowered to grant pardons to such repentant Americans as they might choose—with certain exceptions mentioned, and among these the name of John Adams had been made a "decided" exception.

Lord Howe then said that "he felt for America as for a brother, and if America should fall, he should feel and lament it like the loss of a brother."

In the words of Mr. Adams, "Dr. Franklin, with an easy air and a collected countenance, a bow, a smile, and all that *naïveté* which sometimes appeared in his conversation, and is often observed in his writings, then replied: 'My lord, we will do our utmost endeavors to save your lordship that mortification.'"

The committee plainly declared to Lord Howe that they had no authority to converse with him in any other character than that of a Committee of Congress, and as members of independent States. And Edward Rutledge observed that most of the colonies had lived for two years without government in hope of a reconciliation, but that now they had instituted governments themselves.

This interview at the Billop House between the Old World and the New was an event the result of which was awaited with extreme solicitude by the people of both at that day. With the light of time it rises into the grandeur of a landmark of history. The interview was brief. There was no agreement—no submission—no reconciliation. Independence was maintained.

The war against the colonies was then pushed with vigor by "the two Howes." They determined to hold Staten Island at all hazards. It was a coigne of vantage from which to attack the patriot posts in New Jersey. The royal troops would have only the narrow channel of the Kill van Kull to cross, and success in the military occupation of that State would enable them to separate the Northern Americans from those of the South.

From an early date New Jersey had claimed Staten Island as part of her soil, and, indeed, the claim was continued under the Republic, and not finally determined till 1833. Perth Amboy, just opposite, had long been the seat of the English colonial government of New Jersey, but in June, 1776, the royal Governor, William Franklin, was made a prisoner by the patriot forces, from which time the civil authority of the Crown ceased in that State. A foothold on its borders, however, was necessary, and as the next best resource, the royal Attorney-general of New Jersey, Cortlandt Skinner, was placed in civil and military authority on the island, and made a brigadier of the Tory levies. Staten Island then endeavored to annex New Jersey.

The narrow Kills from Perth Amboy to Elizabethtown, and the territory bordering, became the scene of a military drama for years. The Americans had built a redoubt on the knoll, in the rear of St. Peter's Church, in Perth Amboy, and on the island across from it was a British battery, near the Billop House. On July 24th, 1776, an animated artillery duel occurred between them. Richard Griggs, a volunteer in the redoubt, saw a gay party of red-coated officers regaling themselves in the Billop grove, and when a bowl of wine had just reached the lips of one of them, a ball from the Griggs musket shivered it and the officer.

In the Fall of 1777 the shores of the island opposite New Jersey were guarded specially by the Tory battalions, while the British regulars occupied fortified camps near the "Watering Place," now Quarantine and its vicinity. General John Sullivan commanded the Americans along the East Jersey shores, and he thought it practicable to capture the Tory camps before support could reach them from the regulars. Only six boats could be obtained for the attempt, but with them he carried his forces to the island before day, and surprised a body of royalists, under the command of their Staten Island colonels, Lawrence and Barton. But the Scotch general, Campbell, was found to be advancing in force from the Watering Place. Sullivan's boats could not convey his prisoners, and in his retreat his rear-guard was attacked. A brilliant feat of arms ensued, in which the British loss was 11 officers and 135 privates. In this battle Lieutenant-colonel Edward Vaughn Dongan, son of Walter Dongan, and an officer of the Third Tory Regiment, was mortally wounded.

A more comprehensive expedition against the British on the island occurred in November following. General Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, collected 2,000 men in New Jersey, and requested General Putnam, who commanded at Kingsbridge, to attack the British there, and thus prevent their reinforcements from New York. General Cortlandt Skinner, the royalist brigadier at Richmond, had erected redoubts on the lofty eminence which looks down from the north on the village. Dickinson concealed his object even from his officers until eight o'clock at night, but by three in the morning Skinner had been apprised of it by spies. When the American force arrived at the town Skinner had already thrown his brigade into the redoubts on the hill. An assault was ordered, and for the second time the roar of battle awoke the sleeping hamlet. The flash of musketry and cannon lighted up the valley of the Fresh Kills. The strength of the works on that elevated plateau defied the assaulting Continentals, and Dickinson was able only to carry off prisoners and trophies of battle.

After the battle of Monmouth, in June, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton landed the remains of his shattered army on Staten Island. It became a great military camp. In the following February a party of Tories crossed before day from the "Blazing Star" to Woodbridge, in New Jersey. They were commanded by Captain Ryerse, of Buskirk's regiment. There they captured the American captain, Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, a chivalrous officer, "who had distinguished himself not only by his activity and bravery, but by his generosity to prisoners who fell into his hands." The Assembly of New Jersey had just before voted him a sword of honor. His renown as a patriot made his capture most desirable to the Tories of the island, and upon their success he was hastily conveyed to the Provost Prison in New York city—now the Hall of Records. In its dungeons he was subjected to extreme suffering for more than a year.

His neighbors and friends determined on reprisals, and a watch was set in Perth Amboy. The steeple of St. Peter's Church there commanded a good view of the Billop House, and from that point keen eyes waited for Colonel Billop to visit the mansion. At length, on June 23d following, he was observed moving around his grounds. By a bold dash the Americans crossed over and captured him, and he was placed in prison at Woodbridge. In November, in consequence of the cruelties inflicted on American prisoners in New York, Billop was removed to the jail at Burlington, with the following order:

> "*To the Keeper of the County Jail for the County of Burlington, New Jersey, Greeting:*
>
> "You are hereby commanded to receive into your custody the body of Colonel Christopher Billop, prisoner of war, herewith delivered to you; and having put irons on his hands and feet, you are to chain him down to the floor in a close room in the said jail, and there so detain him, giving him bread-and-water only for his food, until you receive further orders from me, as the Commissary of Prisoners for the State of New Jersey for the time being.
>
> "Given under my hand at Elizabethtown, this 6th day of November, 1778. ELISHA BOUDINOT,
> "Com. Prisoners, New Jersey."

This had been the treatment meeted out to Fitz Randolph and other American officers, and accompanying the order was this letter to Billop:

> "SIR—Sorry am I that I have been put under the disagreeable necessity of a treatment toward your person that will prove so irksome to you; but retaliation is directed, and it will, I most sincerely hope, be in your power to relieve yourself from the situation by writing to New York to procure the relaxation of the sufferings of John Lesher and Captain Nathaniel Fitz Randolph. It seems nothing short of retaliation will teach Britons to act like men of humanity. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
> "ELISHA BOUDINOT."

While these two prisoners remained in confinement, another actor in the drama appeared on Staten Island. This was Lieutenant-colonel John Graves Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers. The regiment under his command were light troops, consisting of four or five hundred infantry, two troops of cavalry, and a pair of field-pieces. Their green uniforms and buff leather breeches were similar to those of the corps of "Light Horse Harry Lee" in the American service. The Rangers had been ordered to occupy the eminence above Richmond village, formerly fortified by General Skinner. The steep, bold bluff rising from the shore of the Fresh Kills made it a natural citadel. Its elevation gave it a broad view, and it was a watchtower in the centre of the island from which beacon fires and signals could guide marauding parties in their course through the neighboring Jerseys. Three redoubts at its top formed a triangle of defense which crowned the broad plateau.

Soon after their arrival Simcoe planned a raid into New Jersey, which Harry Lee afterward said was regarded in both armies as one of the most daring exploits of the war. The object was to destroy fifty American flatboats at Van Vechten's Bridge, on the Raritan. On the night of October 25th, 1779, the Rangers crossed from Billop's Point, and seized the town of Perth Amboy, ambuscading every approach to it. Their infantry, under Major Armstrong, were detached to South Amboy, while the cavalry started westward on a gallop toward the distant flatboats, intending to make a circuit through the country round by way of New Brunswick. At daybreak, they overtook on their route a Justice Crow, or Croes, who said he had been out "sparking." They informed him they were part of Washington's army, in search of some Tories, and kept him with them to keep up the deception. Onward and through Quibbletown the cavalry dashed, to reach the flatboats on the Raritan. It took them forty minutes to burn them, and then they set the neighboring Dutch church in a blaze. At Hillsborough, or Somerset Court House, they also fired the buildings, but there a Jerseyman recognized Simcoe, and a messenger was hastened to New Brunswick to warn the people of the invading enemy. The gathering countrymen followed their course, firing at them as they rode on.

Presently shots were heard in front, and Simcoe began to fear that Lee's Light Horse were intercepting him. He spurred forward to the advance of his hussars, and discovered a party of men concealed in the wayside bushes. He heard the words, "Now, now!" At the instant a volley killed his horse, and left him wounded and unconscious on the road. When he recovered his senses, he found himself a prisoner. Captain Marriner, who commanded the Americans, had saved his life. A boy was about to bayonet him, when Marriner cried: "Let him alone; the rascal is dead enough."

The rear-guard of the Ranger Cavalry had dashed past this ambuscade, and reached the high grounds near New Brunswick. There they found the minutemen of the neighborhood opposing their course, and in the action that followed, Captain Daniel Voorhees, an officer much beloved by the patriots, was killed. The Rangers then made a desperate dash toward the South River, where Major Armstrong was awaiting them, and where they found safety with his infantry. The farmers of East Jersey were infuriated by the death of Captain Voorhees, and to secure Simcoe from violence he was taken to Burlington Jail. As has been told, Colonel Billop was also soon after brought as a prisoner there. Their confinement caused better treatment of the American prisoners in New York, and they were both finally released on the following New Year's Day.

The hill redoubts at Richmond continued to be a central support of British incursions. On June 6th, 1780, Simcoe's regiment formed the advance-guard of the notorious raid on "Connecticut Farms," in New Jersey. The Hessian General Knyphausen for that purpose had assembled five thousand troops at Richmond, and marched toward the Farms. The town of Elizabeth was burned on their route, and in the general massacre and devastation, the wife of Rev. James Caldwell, the revered pastor of the church there, was ruthlessly put to death, and a similar fate soon afterward was the lot of her husband. In Knyphausen's raid, it was also the fate of Captain Fitz Randolph to fall by a volley from the Queen's Rangers.

The green hilltop with its redoubts, silent among the cedars, still towers above Richmond; and the Billop House, reverend with two centuries, still shares its lot with human life. They are the sole monuments of Staten Island's Revolutionary history.

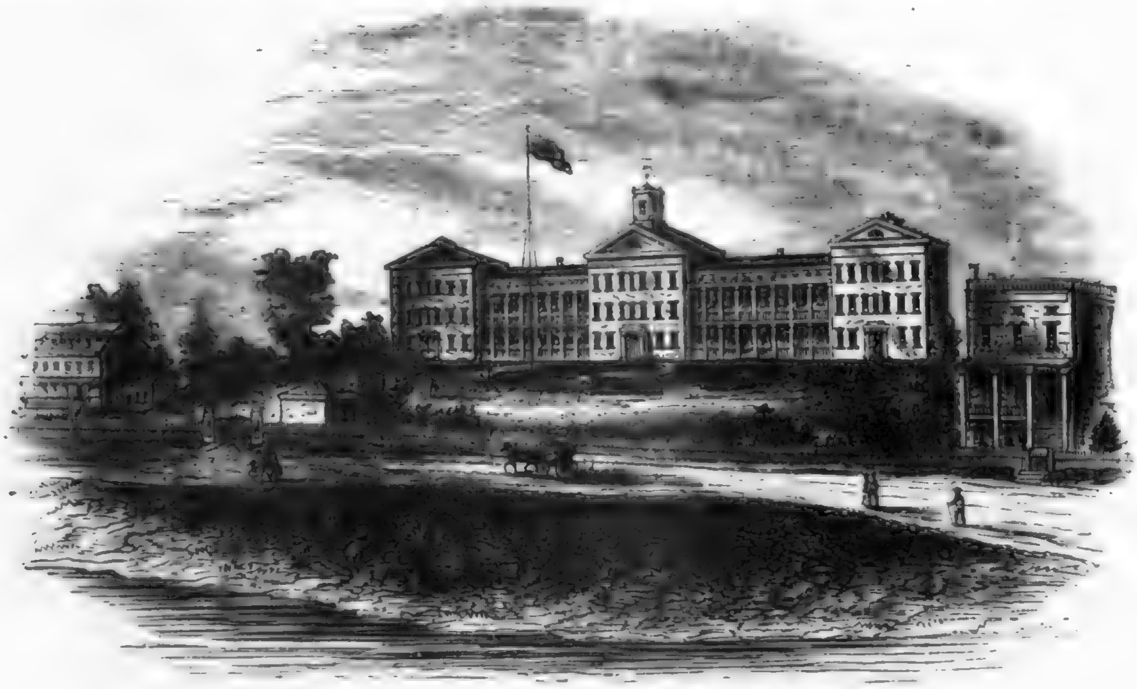
The modern history of Staten Island is made up mainly of the extension and multiplication of farms in the interior, and the growth of villages along the shores. New Brighton, Stapleton and Clifton fringe its northern edge, and Tottensville has grown up on the old Bentley Manor. The Watering Place of colonial days is now known as the Quarantine. The stone ramparts of Fort Richmond, a Federal fortification, occupy the promontory which was once the site of Kieft's signal-telegraph and Melyn's block-house. Early in this century Captain Richard Robert Randall endowed a home for aged seamen under the name of "Sailors' Snug Harbor." It is located near New Brighton, and the monument of the founder is an appropriate feature of the grounds. The buildings of the "Seamen's Fund and Retreat" are at Stapleton. It was a State institution, established in 1831, in which sick and disabled sailors received skillful hospital treatment. During the last year the institution has been transferred to the Federal Government. Its last president was Hon. Clarkson Crolius, who was honorably connected with its management for more than thirty years.

XUM

The Italian hero, Garibaldi, while in exile, about 1849, dwelt on the island near Clifton, and was engaged in the industry of candle-making. His cottage is still preserved there as a landmark of interest to his countrymen and other visitors.

During the past twenty years iron-ore and kaolin have yielded valuable products from the treasures of the hills, and various manufacturing enterprises have added prosperity to the island, not the least of which have been the large breweries established by German residents.

Staten Island is fourteen miles in length, with a breadth of eight miles at the broadest part, and contains sixty square miles. Its population in 1880 was 40,000, with four Indians representing the original Raritans. It has nearly three times the area of Manhattan Island. It is nearer the ocean than New York city, and its proximity to New Jersey gives it a closer and more available connection with the mainland and the railways leading westward. Such advantages, aided by the advance in bridge-building, may yet realize a dream of the island's future, in making it the site of a great seaport. The twentieth century is likely so to record it, either as an annex or a rival of New York.



SEAMAN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL, STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND.

CAPTURED BY CONVICTS.

A Thrilling Adventure.

It was toward the close of the year 1850 that the ship *Gray Eagle* arrived at Calcutta, from the United States, with an assorted cargo, suited to all classes, from the wealthy merchant to the lowest pariah. She was a fine clipper ship, with superior accommodations for passengers, and was the favorite pet of the owners.

A middle-aged gentleman, by the name of Greene—Captain George Greene—commanded her, and I—Horace Davis—filled the berth of first mate. Captain Greene had informed me that this was his last trip on salt water, and, being pleased with me, he should recommend me to the owners as a suitable and competent person to take his place, for which I thanked him heartily.

The cargo was rattled out in a short space of time, and ballast taken in; everything was in readiness either to get under way or receive another freight.

One morning, the captain informed me that he had accepted a charter from the Government to land a gang of convicts in Singapore, receiving a liberal price per head for each one.

An iron grating had been made which fitted exactly over the main hatch, and was bolted securely to the combings. The for'ad hatch was fastened securely, and the kedge-anchor stowed on top.

Our old crew, sailor-like, had deserted almost the first night of our arrival; consequently, a native Lascar crew had to be shipped in their places, with a "serang," or "tindel," as a sort of head-man or boatswain.

An English gentleman, a widower, with his daughter, had also engaged passage with us, preferring our fine, commodious ship to the narrow, confined limits of the steamer. Our topsails were mastheaded, the anchor was hove short, the passengers were on board; we only waited for our living freight, which at last came alongside in three barges, guarded by a number of Sepoy soldiers. There was about one hundred and fifty of them altogether, and as savage, vicious, villainous-looking a gang as I ever saw collected together. They were made up of Bengalis, Hindoostanees, Sikhs, Thugs, Mahrattas, and a crowd of others. Each one was shackled securely, and as they filed over the side, were compelled to descend to the between-decks, which had been prepared for them.

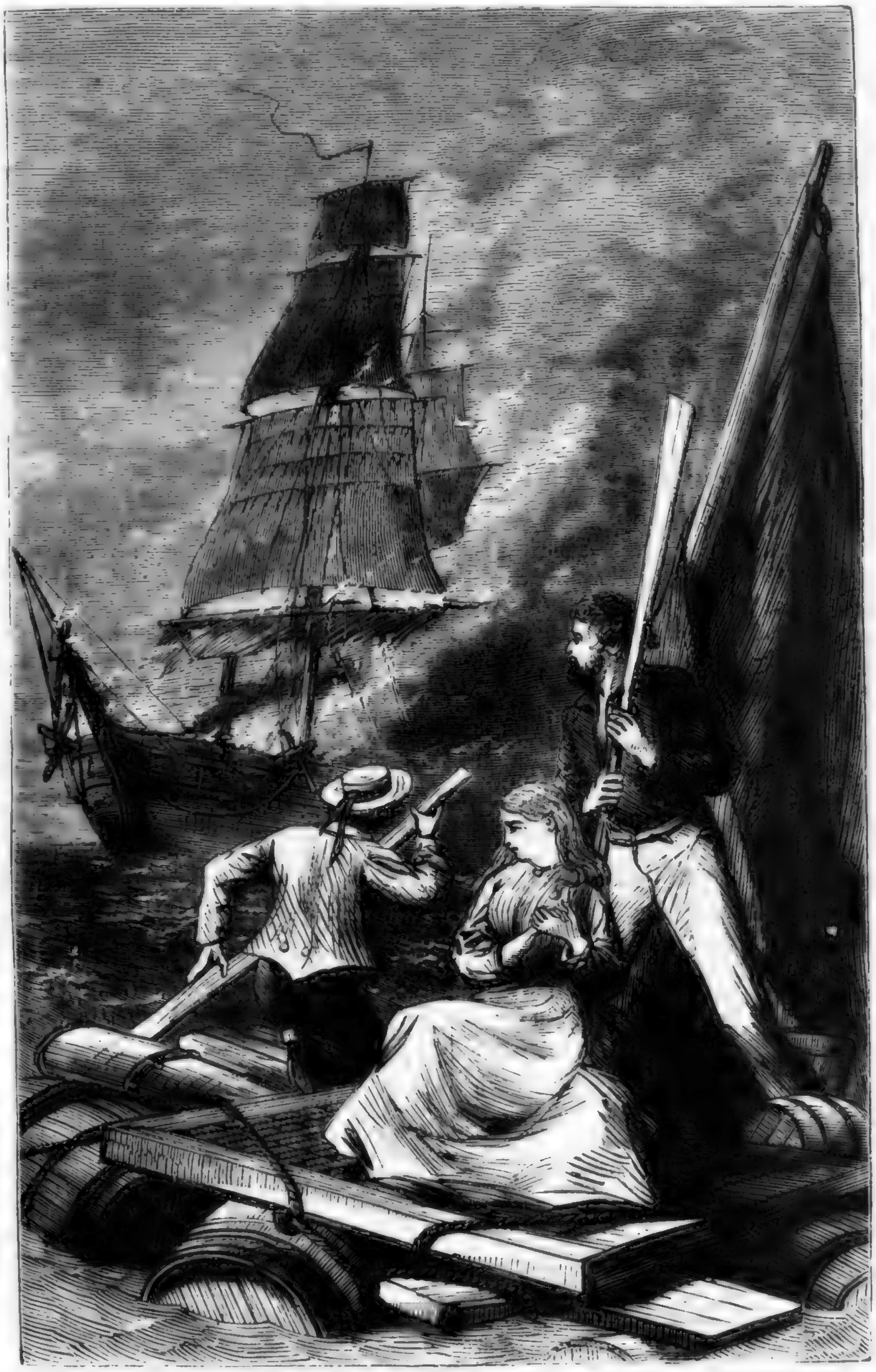
The order was at last given to heave up; the canvas dropped in huge snowy folds from the yards, and we were soon gliding down the river toward the broad Bay of Bengal.

I had received such an impression from the awful expression that I had noticed on the majority of the convicts' faces, that I loaded my revolver, and a rifle which I had, capable of carrying six shots. These I suspended over the head of my berth, with a quantity of ammunition, in case of need.

Days passed on, and we reached the bay in safety. I saw but little of the passengers; they were very proud and aristocratic—seemingly too proud to notice any one on board, beyond a passing nod, or a cold salutation.

Their name was Clarendon, and the young lady, who was very handsome, was introduced to me as Miss Amy Clarendon.

The prisoners were fed twice a day, the food being lowered to them by means of a basket, to which a line was attached. A small door in the grating had to be opened, while beneath, a crowd of the bloodthirsty villains were waiting to seize on it.



CAPTURED BY CONVICTS.—"THE STEWARD AND MYSELF SHOVED OFF, AND MANAGED TO PLACE A SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THE FIERY WRECK."

As a general thing, I superintended this part of the duty myself; but as days passed by, and no outbreak or disturbance happened, I gradually became more lax and careless. The second mate, assisted by the carpenter and sailmaker, were finally told to look out for the welfare and comfort of our prisoners, while I attended to the duties of the ship.

One day, as the captain and myself were busy taking the sun, a yell, loud, thrilling, and appalling, rent the air, mingled with cries of pain and oaths.

Turning rapidly in the direction from whence the noise proceeded, I beheld a ghastly spectacle.

Up through the main hatch, a black, howling crowd of demons was pouring, while the second mate, carpenter and sailmaker, lay weltering in their gore by the side of the main hatch. By some unaccountable manner the convicts had succeeded in freeing themselves from their irons, had gained the deck, and now, using the fragments of their fetters as clubs, had killed a number, and were driving the Lascars overboard.

At the sight of blood they were as fierce as a pack of wolves. In half a minute the yelling demons had charge of the deck, and, with a fierce cry, they turned toward the quarterdeck.

"Take to the rigging, Davis!" shouted the captain, as he dropped his sextant; "'tis our only chance."

And, suiting the action to the word, he sprang lightly into the mizzen rigging, followed by a dozen black forms. But, quick as a flash of lightning, a better plan flashed through my brain. I noticed that the steward, who had been standing beside the front doors of the cabin, had swung them to, and bolted them securely on the inside. With a desperate bound I reached the skylight that admitted light to the after cabin; with a crash, I went through, followed by the broken glass and sash. Rushing into the forward cabin I snatched my rifle and revolver; at the same time I heard a heavy fall in the after cabin. Turning quickly, I beheld an immense half-naked savage, with a huge bar of iron poised over his head, and evidently in search of the fugitive who had eluded his grasp. Before I could draw a bead on him, he bounded to one side. I heard the door of a stateroom slide back, followed by a low moan, and a heavy fall.

In an instant I had regained the after cabin, and, to my horror, I saw the form of Mr. Clarendon stretched on the floor, his lifeblood ebbing away from several ghastly wounds inflicted by the Mahratta who stood over him.

At a few paces from the dead body of her father knelt Amy, her hands clasped in prayer. The tiger-like eyes of the savage were fastened on her with an ominous expression; but before he could advance one step toward her, the crack of my rifle resounded through the cabin, and there was one convict the less to encounter.

My heart sank within me, as I gazed for an instant on the form of the half-fainting maiden, and I shuddered with horror as I imagined her in the power of the desperate gang, who were now yelling and pounding at the forward cabin door, trying to force an entrance in that direction.

There was no time to lose, and hastily winding my arms about her waist, I led her to the transom, where two good-sized windows opened, and beneath rolled the blue waters of the bay. I told her to remain by the window, and, if worst came to worst, to leap into the sea. But I assured her that no harm should come to her so long as I was able to fire a shot in her defense.

I now turned my attention to the doors, which the convicts were trying to force.

The steward had made a strong barricade, completely filling up the companionway. I strengthened it as well as I was able. Taking up a position midway between the two cabins, I awaited the attack.

Suddenly, with a crash, the doors fell in, and the black howling crowd of cutthroats were struggling before me, making desperate efforts to clamber over the formidable barricade. I could scarcely hear my own ears from the appalling yells which rent the air. With a united rush they surged up, giving vent to cries of anger and rage at being so long baffled of their prey; and with a steady aim I discharged the contents of my revolver into their midst, and six black bodies lay piled across one another in front of the doors. Five shots still remained in the rifle, and raising it to my shoulder, I fired three times in rapid succession. The convicts stood appalled at the loss and slaughter they had encountered, wavering and vacillating. It needed but one more shot to send them howling and fleeing to the forward part of the vessel.

I made good use of the respite, and reloaded my weapons, and whispered a few encouraging words to Amy. I kept a sharp lookout on the skylight, expecting every minute that they would make an attack in that direction. At last a fierce and prolonged yell announced that some new and infernal project had been hatched in the fertile brains of the devilish throng.

With strained ears and distended eyes I watched for the developments of the new plan. Looking up through the broken skylight, I tried in vain to catch a glimpse of Captain Greene. I could discover nothing of him aloft. I felt that I was alone, and must rely on my own resources for protection.

The steward had locked himself in his room, and was either drunk, or insensible with fear.

Occasionally a savage would flit past the skylight, and a loud tramping overhead attracted my attention. I could see their dark forms clustering round, and fired as well as I was able.

A heavy crash startled me, and glancing in the direction of the forward cabin, I beheld a mass of heavy spars, rigging, etc., which effectually blocked up the entrance.

What the meaning of this strange manœuvre was I could not conjecture. There was no danger to be apprehended now in that direction, and I watched the skylight with the eye of a hawk, as the last loophole of danger.

I heard them dragging something along the deck, and the next instant the bight of a large new hawser fell across the skylight. Bight after bight was piled on, followed by other heavy articles, which they gathered together about the decks. In an instant I saw through the plan. They had decided to fasten me down below, and, as I suspected, would either scuttle or burn the ship, leaving me to my fate, while they escaped in boats.

It was a plan worthy of their infernal ingenuity, and I informed Amy of what I supposed was their intention.

"I am content to die," she replied, "if it will save me from falling into their hands."

Fortunately for us, the convicts never once suspected that a woman was on board.

A rumbling, grating sound suddenly broke upon our ears, penetrating through the door and bulkheads. They were lowering the boats. An interval of dead silence reigned around, and creeping cautiously into the forward cabin, I clambered up on the barricade, and peered through the crevices, where the spars, chains and various heavy articles were piled. I could just see the shadowy form of the last convict disappearing over the side, followed by one long, loud, discordant cry of triumph.

It was now nearly dark, and I could scarcely distinguish an object at any distance from me; but, however, I had seen enough to convince me that it was time for me to be acting, and I hurried back to where Amy was cowering in terror at the last yell of triumph that betokened the farewell of our enemies.

"Now, Miss Clarendon, we have no time to lose. Help me pile some of the furniture here, beneath the skylight, and I will see if I can force my way to the deck."

We were obliged to suspend our operations in order to obtain a light.

The steward I finally succeeded in rousing out from his stateroom, after I had assured him that every convict had left the vessel.

In vain I tried to force a passage. My desperate efforts were futile, and I sank to the floor completely exhausted with my efforts. I knew it was useless to attempt the forward doors. They were even more securely barricaded than the skylight.

As if to add to the horrors and miseries of our situation, a bright flickering flame was suddenly perceptible, that lit up the cabin with a wavering, uncertain light. I knew the meaning of it. They had set fire to the ship in the fore-peak, and, unless some plan could be devised, we should be burned to death.

For some time I was buried in deep thought, when I suddenly bethought me of the windows in the stern.

As quickly as possible I clambered through, and carefully I felt with my feet until they rested on a large eyebolt, driven into the rudder. Above my head was the carved and ornamented stern, by the aid of which I gradually drew myself up until I was able to clutch the iron railing which encircled the poop. In another second I was on deck, and surveyed the scene before me.

It was a dead calm. Not a breath of air was stirring. Through the fore-hatch a huge volume of flame and smoke was ascending. The foresail and foretopsail were afire, and the flames were spreading rapidly. Everything was lit up with a fearful distinctness. The night was dark and cloudy, while around me, in every direction, were the dead bodies of the convicts, the Lascars, and the white men.

I called aloud for Greene, but no answer was heard; he must have fallen a victim to the ferocity of the pirates. I saw at a glance that it was useless to attempt to subdue the flames. No human effort could arrest their progress now, and by the light of the burning ship I began clearing the skylight of the hawser and stream cable which had been stowed over it. In fifteen minutes the work was accomplished, and the steward was soon standing by my side. In a few words I bade Amy collect all the stores she could find, while the steward and myself constructed a raft.

We were hurried on in our efforts by hearing the dull roar of the flames as they spread in the narrow walls below. At intervals, along the seams of the deck, between the foremast and mainmast, small tongues of flame were visible, darting up.

With a terrible crash the foremast fell over the side, dragging with it the main-topmast, and all the top-hamper.

An immense pillar of sparks and flame shot up toward the dark, lowering sky.

I worked with all the energy of a man threatened with certain death in case of failure, and at last had the satisfaction of completing a safe, substantial raft, which floated buoyantly alongside. A topgallant studding-sail boom answered for a mast, while a tarpaulin passed muster for a sail.

Amy, in the meanwhile, had not been idle; beneath the skylight she had collected a quantity of ham, bread, etc., which were quickly passed up on deck. I assisted Amy to leave the burning ship, and, lowering a small breaker of water over the side, I threw a last farewell glance around the fearful scene, and slid down the side for the last time. Spreading our sail, the steward and myself shoved her off, and, with two pieces of board, managed to place a safe distance between us and the fiery wreck.

Amy, with a fortitude that surprised me, bore up under the fearful trials and terrors of the situation. Not a murmur escaped her lips as we clung to the raft through the long, weary hours of that night. Drenched through with the pitiless waves, she shrank close to my side, and my heart bled for the poor orphan.

Removing my light flannel coat, I wrapped it about her trembling form, and shielded her as well as I was able from the water and cool night-air.

Daylight dawned at last, and with an eager gaze we looked around the horizon.

To our intense joy, a small steamer was seen approaching, and it proved to be one of the English gunboats that abound in those waters. In twenty minutes we were all standing safe on her deck, and met with all possible attention from the officers, who sympathized deeply with us for the dangers and misfortunes we had encountered.

The commander resolved to land us at Penang as soon as possible, and then go in search of the escaped convicts. We were but a short distance from that port, so he informed us, and at an early hour the next morning we came to anchor off the town.

We were immediately landed, and Miss Clarendon proceeded at once to the hotel, and I, not caring to intrude or pester her with my company, now that she was out of danger, left her, and sought out the American consul, to whom I related all the particulars of the disaster. The English authorities were also informed, and a strong force instantly dispatched to hunt up the villains.

Whether they were ever captured or not I am unable to say, as, soon after, I left Penang, bidding adieu to the East Indies and my profession for ever.

One morning, as I was passing the hotel where Amy was stopping, I was startled by hearing my name called, in a soft, musical voice, that sounded like the music of Heaven. Turning quickly, I beheld at the window Amy, dressed in deep mourning, who, blushing deeply, beckoned for me to advance. I must confess that I loved the wealthy, high-born maiden with all the ardor of a sailor, but had never dared, by word or deed, to make known the passion which burned within my breast. I was met in the ladies' parlor by Amy, and what passed between us at that interview no third person shall ever know. Suffice it to say that Amy's pride—her false pride—had passed away for ever; the fearful scenes which she had so lately witnessed had taught her that true courage and fortitude were, after all, preferable to a title and vast riches.

"QUATTR' OCCHI."

By Susan K. Phillips.

Four eyes—for the rosy glow
Of the dawning over the sea;
When springing up like a god from his rest,
The great sun flushes the ocean's breast,
And the life and the heart to the new day's zest
Wake joyous, fresh and free.

Four eyes—for the gloaming hour,
The soft pathetic light;
When Nature dreams in a golden hush,
When the dusk air thrills to the rivers' rush,
And the lingering gaze wakes the happy blush
Where four eyes watch for night.

Four eyes—for the magic page,
Of the poet's ringing rhyme;
To meet as the strain with the heart accords,
And the rise and fall of the measured words
Strikes full and clear on the tremulous chords,
That Love has strung for Time.

Four eyes—to flash back laughter
In the season of fearless mirth;
Four eyes—to gliston, and fill, and weep,
As the grain is lost from the ears we reap,
As the gems drop out from the circlet we keep,
To crown the joys of earth.

Ah me! do they watch, I wonder,
Those lost eyes brown and true?
Can pitying "painless sympathies"
Dim their peaceful radiance up in the skies,
As they see the weary yearning rise
In the twins that once they knew?

RODNEY RAY'S REVENGE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE SIDE OF THE SEA.

The scene was grand. The night was perfect. Scarcely a breeze stirred the air or dallied with the waves. The moon was full; the sky was cloudless; the temperature was such as left one no thought of there being either heat or cold in existence.

Far out to sea there was a long, low line of smoke, that, and a shadowy shape which one could call an ocean steamer—or a dream of one. Further still, down on the horizon's very edge, there was a tiny speck of white that one might guess was a sail—or believe was the wing of some seabird, turned aslant under the flood of moonlight—as one pleased.

Half a mile away, down the long level beach, there was a group of merry children enjoying as much of the early evening as was to belong to them, and with all the greater earnestness and zest because it was almost over, and there was to be a whole long night between them and the happy morrow.

Under the blaze of the electric light they dug in the sand, they ran races, they rushed down to meet the incoming waves, and dashed back even faster. They did

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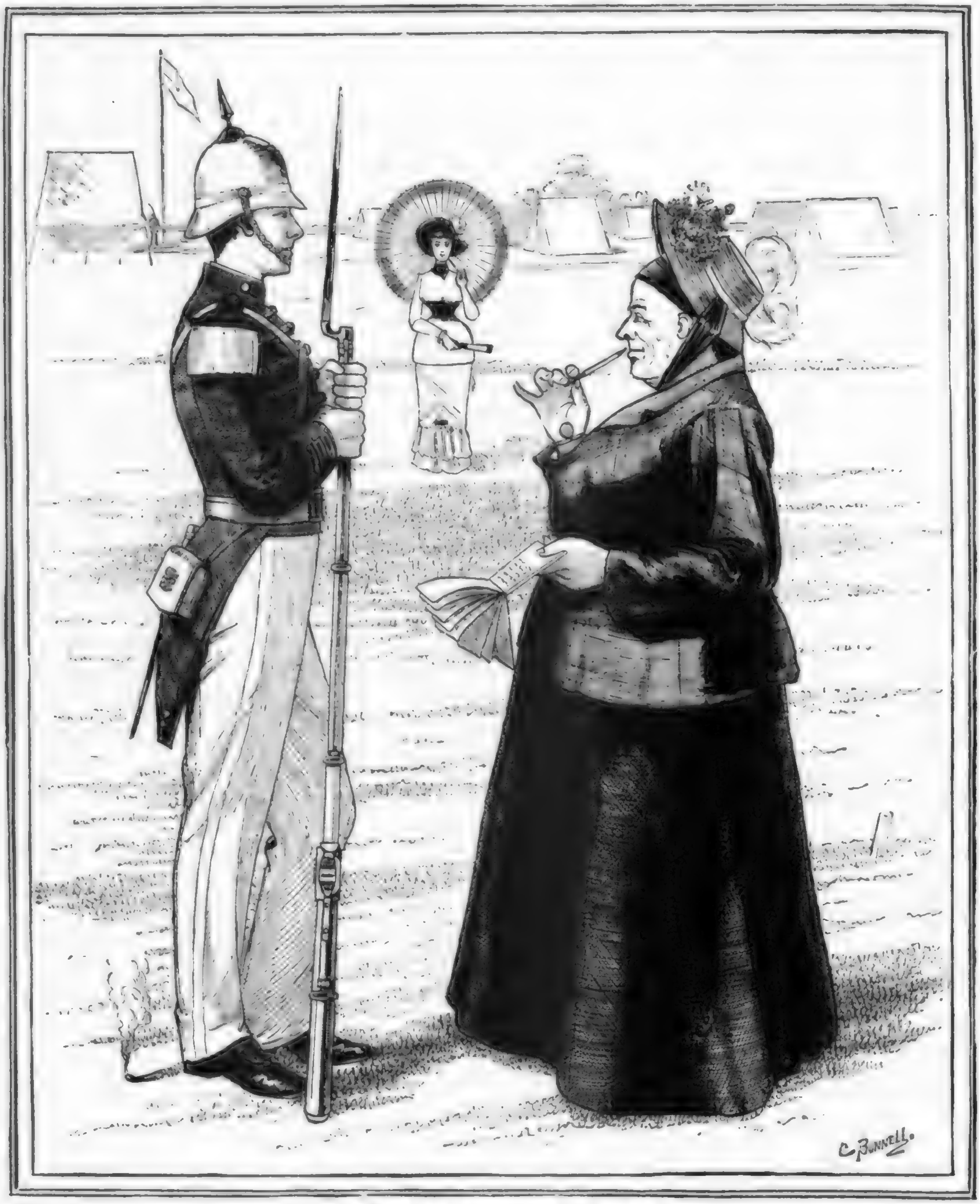
all the childish and pleasant things which free and happy hearts could prompt them to do—many things which we older ones (with nerves) blame and scold them for—many things which those of us who are blessed with good health secretly envy them the doing.



A FEMALE REPORTER IN CAMP.

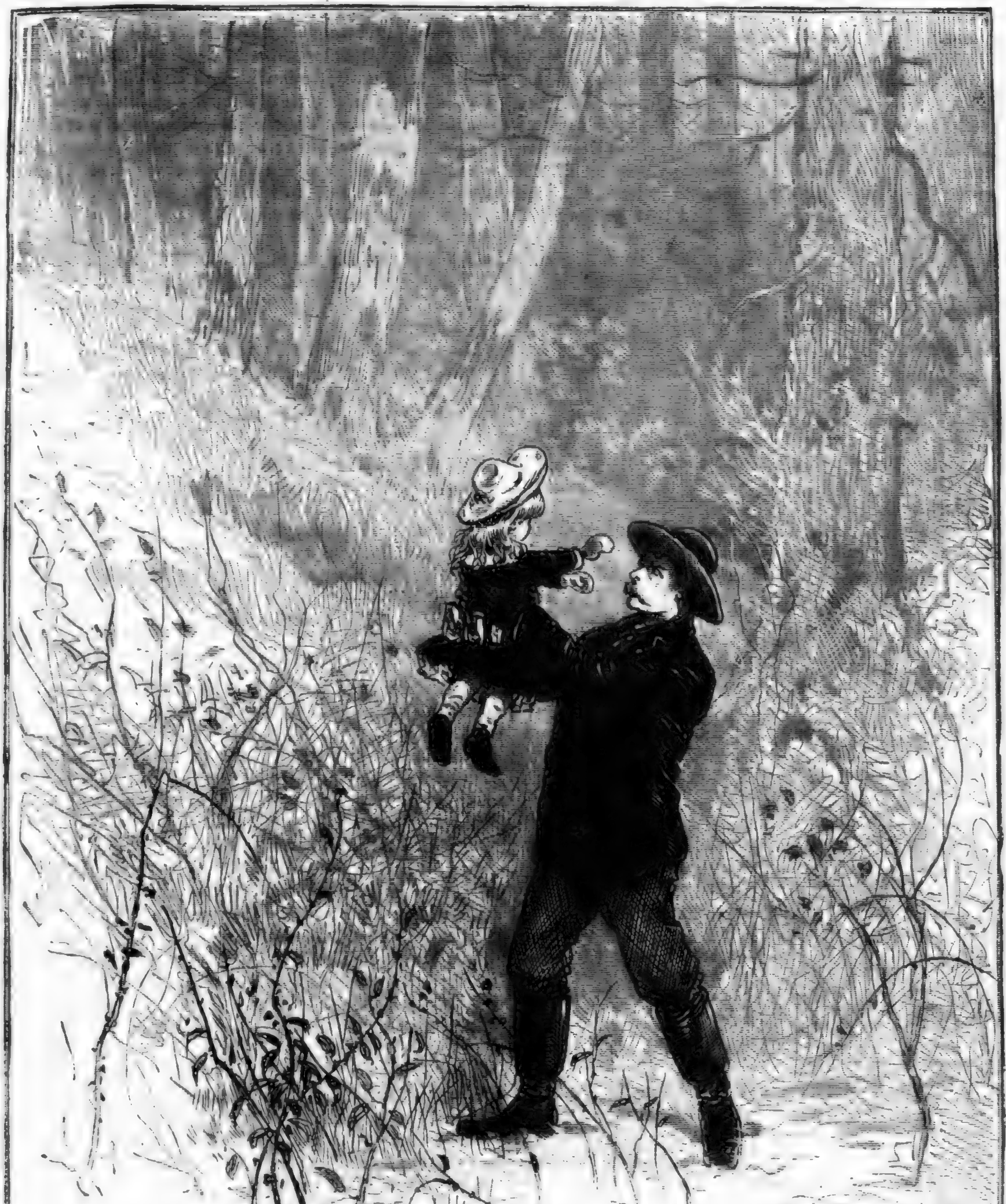
Miss Belossy Bulk of Boston, the corpulent correspondent of the "Court Circular" (who smells smoke): "*Young man—ah, can you tell me the maximum velocity of a ball as it leaves the apertuah of your gun?*"

Seventh Regiment Warrior (who is thinking in another direction): "*It's a 'Minnie' mum.*"

Further away there were the bathers.

Further away there were music and dancing.

And the breath of the bounding sea stirred about the loitering man and woman, far from human companionship other than their own, upon the lonely beach. The loveliness and mysteriousness of the night lay all about them and in their hearts. The distant steamer and the almost invisible sail made the night more lonely; the voices of the children came faintly to them with the wash of the waves; the bathers seemed almost as unreal as the figures in a dream and the throb of the music might have been from another and an unseen world. Indeed it might! Blent with the sea's voice and the laugh of childhood, it was almost divine. (In passing, let me hint to some one who seeks fame in the literature of psych-



RODNEY RAY'S REVENGE.—"HE FOUND THE CHILD A HALF-MILE AWAY. 'WHAT'S YOUR NAME?' HE ASKED, AS HE CAUGHT HIM UP IN HIS ARMS."

ology, that he might prove the immortality of the human soul by an argument drawn from music. Did one ever listen, under the moonlight, to the music of a distant waltz, without *almost* remembering something that never happened—never in this world?)

We will go up the beach. The man and the woman are walking there, you remember.

History began with one man and one woman—it will doubtless end so. The last man will die because the last woman loves him, or because she does not.

Rodney Ray has told his story. He has asked his question. He has known, and so has the woman—and for a long time, too—that it would be told some time.

I doubt if he went out with her to-night intending to tell her of his love. He has loved her long—he has loved her earnestly; let no one doubt that. But love must learn patience—it must wait.

But the story has been told, the question has been asked. He had only to feel the night and the music and the near presence of the sea. I had to describe it. The night has done it. Let us hurry now that we may fear all the rest.

Rodney Ray was scarcely a handsome man. He was a bit too stout to be graceful, and his face had more strength in it than beauty ever allows a man. His eyes were gray and clear and bright. His mouth spoke of will and determination. The poise of his head denoted pride. He was evidently an earnest man and a truthful one.

The woman was a vision of loveliness. Tall, dark, full of grace, faultless under the glare of the electric light, in the heated ballroom; perfect in form and complexion by honest daylight.

By moonlight one would have felt justified in any flattering words. I believe that Rodney Ray had just called her an angel.

If he had, her answer was a terrible blow to him.

She looked him straight in the eyes, and told him "No."

His head went down upon his breast. He made no sign of his intense suffering than that. It was as though all life and hope and energy had suddenly been crushed out of him.

The woman tapped her dainty foot impatiently upon the sands.

She stole a hurried, frightened glance at him—a glance he did not see.

She loved power; she loved the power which she had over this man; but there was a doubt in her girlish heart as to whether she had been wise in attempting to use it.

She was not the first woman who had played with a man's heart, and wrecked her own life by doing it.

"You've led me to this," he said, brokenly; "and if you had no other answer than this for me, you had no right to do it."

He raised his head and looked at her. But she was looking at the sand now.

She made no answer.

"It was wicked."

She raised her head.

"It was cowardly to diliberately wreck a man's life as you have done, Miss Della Atherton."

Miss Della Atherton thought two things; first, that her lover didn't understand women, and second that she was very, very angry.

We will agree that Rodney Ray did not understand women; we will agree that he had said what it was no wonder had angered Miss Atherton.

But in this age, when a man does not understand a woman, she is a fortunate one who wins him.

For the rest, an angry woman will ride roughshod over her own heart that she may hurt the one who has angered her. And she will but go the quicker and more bravely, the closer his words have been to the truth.

"Pardon me, Mr. Ray," she said, icily; "but I could scarcely have guessed you intended marriage. Your profession, or calling, or business——"

"Don't!" he cried, sharply, turning away his head.

She paused.

He looked off to the ocean, and let the cool air touch his face.

He wondered vaguely whether she had touched upon the truth in what she had started to say. He felt that he had frittered away too much of his life. Bohemian in all his tastes and habits, he wondered whether it were really that which had cost him the coveted happiness of his life, He could write—a little; he could paint—some; he was a musician—minus the cultivation which evil genius must have, would it do its highest and best.

Poor, as the world goes, he had not come to look upon the use of his powers in the gaining of wealth as a duty to himself, to the world, and to the Power who had endowed him with a grand intellect.

Had it cost him his future? He could not tell. It looked so.

He groaned aloud. He never thought of asking the woman to reconsider her answer, though she was almost praying he would.

"How stupid he was!" she said to herself, forgetting that it would have been no compliment to her to have guessed she was a coquette.

She grew angrier with him. She threw the fact of her fortune in his teeth.

"Perhaps you thought I had enough for both," she said, pointedly.

He looked at her and his face darkened, but he made no answer.

"You blamed me for leading you on," she said, with slow deliberation. "Perhaps you will admit that all is fair with a man who is a mere fortune-hunter."

He turned quickly and caught her by the arm. He meant no violence to her, and never knew that he had done her any.

But she carried the prints of his fingers on her delicate flesh—yes, and kissed them and cried over them—for many a day.

His eyes blazed down into hers.

"I would kill a man who said that to me. Your sex saves you. You know that I am not what you have called me. You know that, Bella Atherton."

He looked away again. The sea was only an unquiet and relentless monster to his eyes now.

Low-lying clouds betokened storm. The childish laughter was gone from the sands. The distant music was only a discordant clang.

The scene was what it had been. The man had changed.

There are those among modern theologians who believe that the soul itself will make its own heaven or hell. Perhaps they are right.

"You have been cruel and heartless," he said, the agony of thorough conviction of the truth of what he said trembling in his tones, "and the knowledge that it is so will help me to outlive it."

She merely bowed her head, as though in approval.

"But the time shall come when you shall regret this night. And when it comes, you shall find it has no end. The sorrow you find then shall be yours in life and in death, and only your grave shall shut it away from you."

She bowed again.

He turned away, and left her there alone. He walked away with long strides, while she stood and watched him, and the dimness of her vision was not from spray nor mist from the sea.

Regret! Yes, from this moment for ever!

And he never guessed it.

One word. One little cry from her. One pause in his rapid, reckless walk. Any of these, and I might lay down my pen and write "The End" over against their story. But she stood like a frozen form. And he never looked back.

It's the way of the world, alas! It's the way of the world!

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN'S REVENGE.

There are many ways in which the human mind meets trouble and disappointment. Give me a list of a dozen men who have suffered enough to make their futures different from what they else would have been—men who do not outlive their pain—and I will find those men in strangely different places. One, perhaps, will have sought in the winecup for the happiness he lost, and look vainly until the sods of a dishonored grave hide the wild and reckless world he has known from his eyes for ever. Another will spend his life in carrying the truth to the heathen in foreign and unhealthy lands. One will throw himself into the great crowds of our cities. Another will seek seclusion in the wilderness. And so on, for all the differences among men.

It took Della Atherton a full month to learn that Rodney Ray was really gone—gone without another word with her—gone without a message of farewell. I won't begin to tell you the time and money she spent in finding where he had gone. It took both, and she gave them freely. It meant much to her when she learned that he had buried himself in the wilds of Idaho, and was hunting for gold.

She fought with her other self such fierce battles as our two selves can fight; her love and her tenderness and her sense of justice against her pride and her anger.

Could she have seen him, had she even had his picture, I believe she would have won. As it was, she lost. She wrote one letter to him, and destroyed it because it was too short; she burned another because it was too long; this one was too cold; that one was too tender.

It ended by her letting silence fall between them.

Other suitors came—all sorts and conditions of men.

One was persistent. No matter that he was old, and that this woman loved youth; no matter that he had money, and that she despised it because she had been so foolish as to pile it up as a barrier between her and the truest heart she had ever known: no matter that she told him "No!"

He was honest and kindly. He was thoroughly in earnest. He asked again and again. He won, as other men have done, a weary woman's promise, without love or heart in it.

But how was the exile in the mountains, reading of her marriage, to know that?

It was a hard life, that to which Rodney Ray had condemned himself. He rose early and retired late.

He spared himself in no way. He worked in all weathers—he grew rich. He had gold *cached* away in more than one place among the hills.

He would smile quietly to himself as he thought of it all: although he sometimes wondered what the use of it would be, since he had failed to win Della Atherton. Then, again, he would have a feverish desire to have as large a fortune as hers, and would hurry away to his work.

One year there was the news that the woman he had loved was the wife of another! What matter? She was no more dead to him than she had been when he walked away from her that night by the sea, with the glare of the moonlight all about him, and the hateful blare of the dance-music in his ears.

The next year she was a mother. A son had come to her—a boy who would grow up with the face of another man.

I think this hurt him more than her marriage had done. It was much like the sensation one in a trance would have when the sods began to rattle down upon his coffin.

The third year death came near her. The man who had given her his name and his fortune went down through the silent gates, and left her only fortune and name.

Did she love him? Would she weep over him?

Rodney Ray could not guess. He would never know.

No matter for that. She was nothing to him—less than nothing.

The next year she moved West. A vain man would have—at least wondered! Rodney Ray did not. She came, with money and furniture, and comforts and luxuries, and settled down in the village where he lived. Perhaps to trouble and annoy him, was his first thought—a thought which he put away from him as unworthy and unjust, and which he did not follow with another that was any more to the purpose.

He said to himself that he had conquered his passion; he said that his wound was healed. He gave his words the lie by avoiding the newcomer. He moved further up into the hills and never saw her.

Perhaps she had done all that a woman could well do. Perhaps she would have done more. I cannot tell. The end has left it all unknown.

The snow lay deep in the valleys. There was an icy wind from the mountains. More snow was falling. The sun was set. The brief twilight was almost gone.

"Rodney," said a rich, womanly voice.

Rodney Ray might have wondered why his name had been given to the boy. Or he might not have wondered. I cannot say. There are men who will take a woman at her word, I suppose, and hold to it all their lives long.

"Rodney!"

There was no answer.

"Rodney!"

Her voice was louder and full of anxiety.

Still no answer.

A hurried search everywhere. No boy to be found. Then the mother hurried out to follow the tracks of the little wanderer through the snow. Only three years old, and he had not been gone a half-hour. Surely she must find him.

She ran through the blinding storm, finding his tracks as far as the little footbridge across the mountain torrent. Further than that, nothing certain. No footprints; no trace.

"Perhaps, in God's mercy, because the snow had covered them," she said to a neighbor when she reached the village again.

And the rough old man drew his hand across his eyes, repeated "in God's mercy" in a doubtful way, looked at the hills, and shuddered.

She did not understand him then. There was certainly a mercy in that.

* * * * * *

It was late. It was so late that Rodney Ray was hurrying home, and beginning to look and feel anxious. There was a sound here and there in the forest that reminded him of the music across the sandy stretch of beach the night he went home from Della Atherton, though why such a horrible suggestion should have come to him I can scarcely tell.

Men listen as they feel, I suppose.

He reached his door at last, to find what? A line or tiny footsteps leading past it! He shut his lips together tighter, increased his speed, and followed the baby's trail.

He found the child a half-mile away.

"What's your name?" he asked, as he caught him up in his arms, and rapidly turned to retrace his steps.

"Rodney," said the little fellow, looking up at him with eyes like Della Atherton's.

Rodney Ray stooped over with a sudden impulse and kissed the boy.

The demon music of the hills rang out not twenty rods away from Rodney Ray and the boy.

"Pretty doggie!—see the pretty doggie!" said the child.

The strong man shuddered.

"Oh, Heaven, give me help!" he said, under his breath, as the wolf cowardly, yet because alone, slunk away.

Five minutes later it was evident that they could not reach Rodney Ray's house. There was a steep rock near the path, up which he climbed, carrying the boy with him. By dislodging a huge fragment he made it impossible for either animals or men to follow them unless they had ladders.

The snow fell, the wind blew, the cold increased. And for hours the boy prattled and laughed at the antics of the "pretty doggies," to fall at last into the sleep of exhausted childhood, protected from the cold by the clothes of the man who had found and saved him.

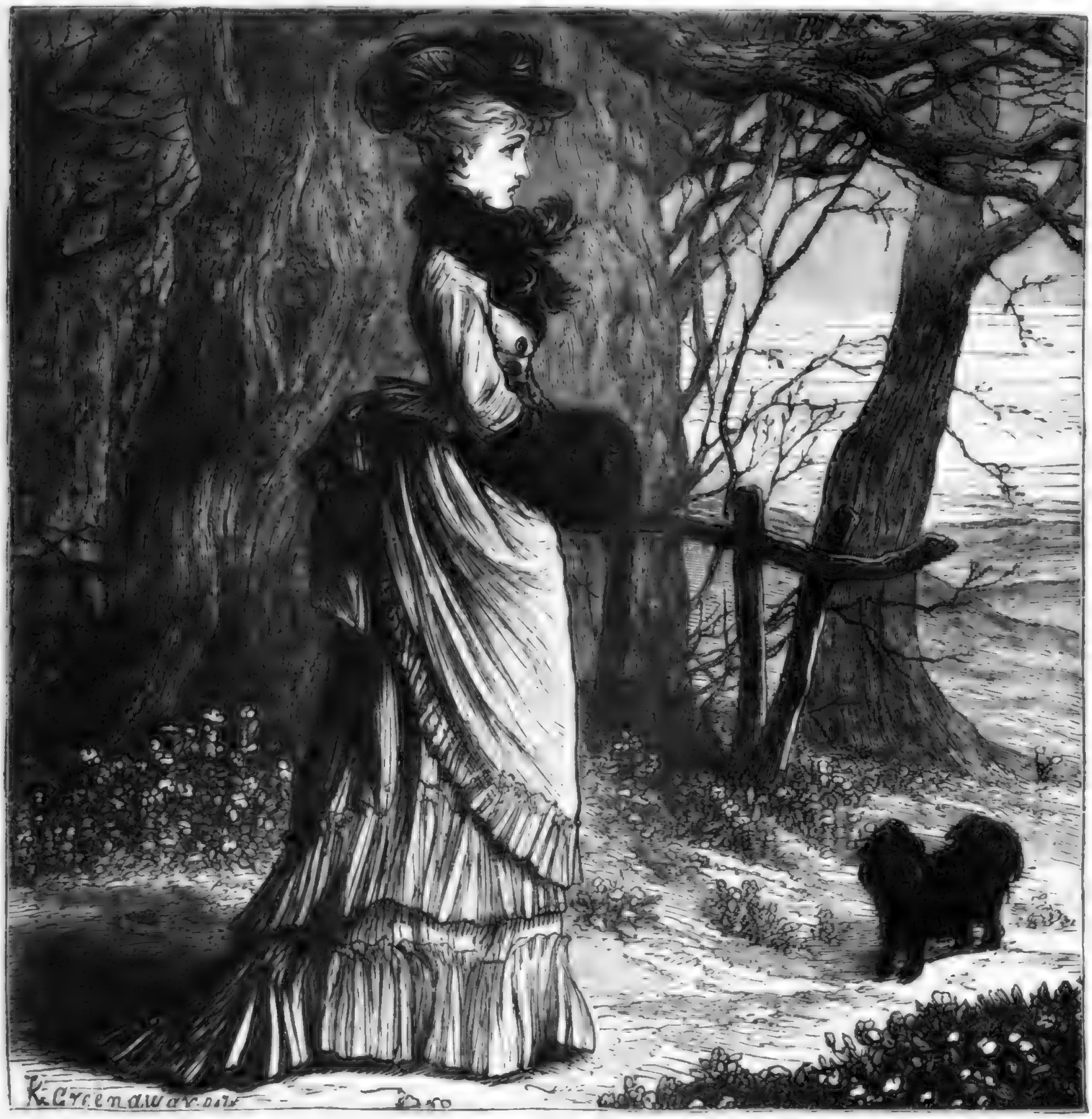
* * * * * *

They found them so in the morning. The wolves had gone home to their dens from their night-long riot of vain endeavor. The child looked up and smiled. He had lain with the coat and vest of Rodney Ray wrapped closely about him,

Rodney Ray smiled. But it was the smile that never changes—the smile that we always remember best because it comes last. In it was a prayer to the Heaven he had found—in it was thankfulness to the God who had given him the honor of martyrdom. No more sorrow, no more pain, no more care.

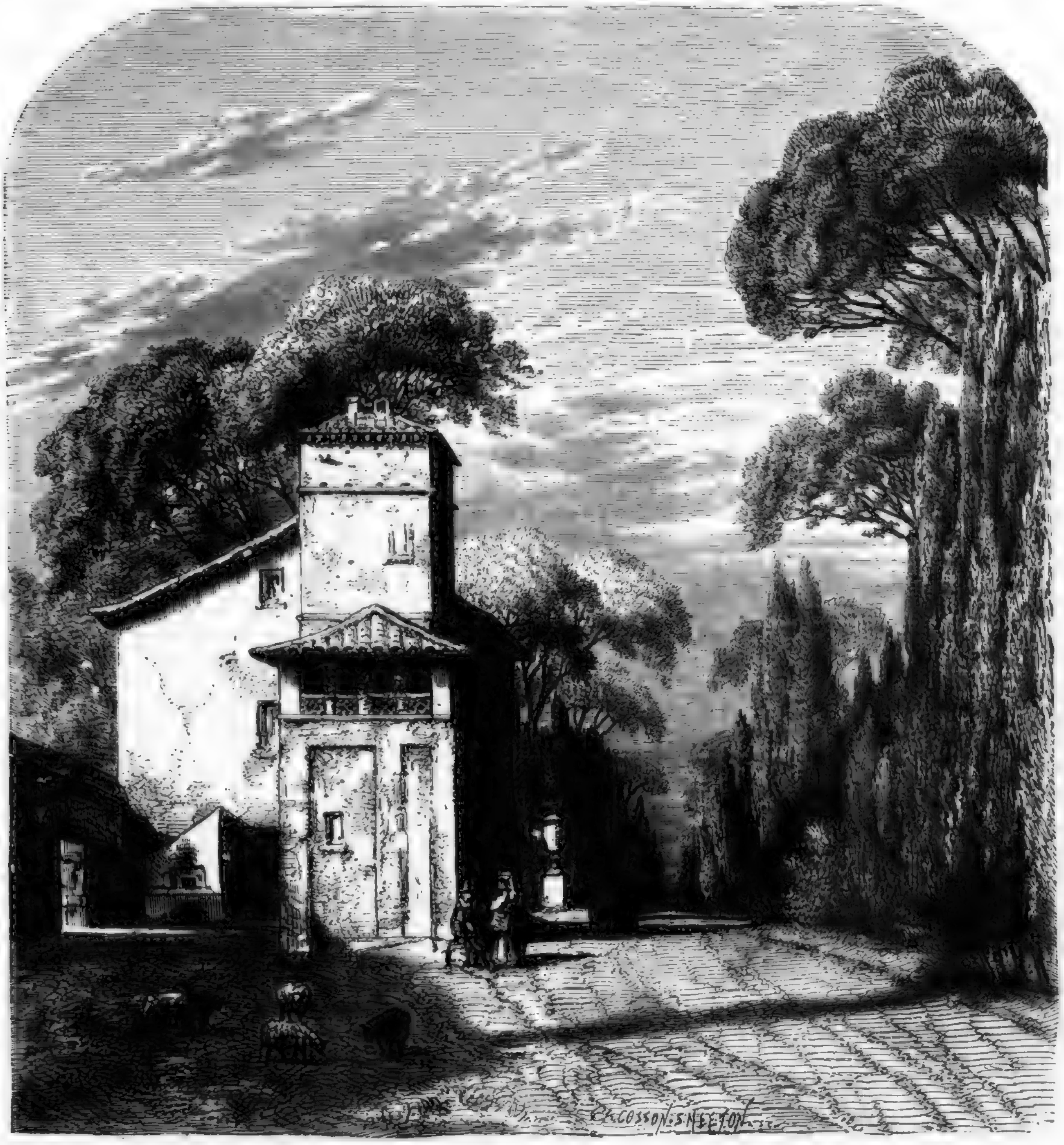
He had his revenge!

He gave his life for it!


K. Greenaway del.

THE EARLY DAYS OF SPRING.

THOSE who are the most distrustful of themselves are the most envious of others.


CH. COSSON. SMEETON.

ENTERING THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME.

ROMAN GARDENS.

Rome is the city of gardens. Where else can we recall such masses of evergreen verdure, such thickness of aloe and lentisk, such groves of umbrageous pines, embowering the vast and stately palaces within the walls.

While the villas beyond their stern inclosure are set in clipped silences of box and yew, and shaded by solemn groves of ilex and bay, others (like the Wolkonsky) are spanned by huge ruins of aqueduct or bridge, ivy-clad, or tangled with roses, and starred with anemone and cyclamen in lavish and lovely profusion. And all alike are vocal with murmurous flow of tinkling waters, and fantastic shapes of Triton and Nereid; the maidenhair mantles the marble basins with its delicate fronds, and the sunshine steals through the boughs, and fancy conjures up the sylvan goat-footed gods, dancing, to wild clash of cymbal and horn, upon the level lawns, while Hamadryads crouch and listen amid their leafy boughs.

The Romans of old time also loved and delighted in their gardens. Pliny, in discursive mood, describes to us minutely his favorite villa near Città di Castello; his box-trees, clipped in the shape of strange animals, as we may still see them in Italian gardens; his terraces, bounded by carefully pleached hedges; his fountains, and the cascade, contrived by careful art to fall into a marble basin; his groves of plane-trees, famed for their delightful shade, and watered with wine instead of water by Roman horticulturists.

By-the-way, Sir William Temple fortifies this theory by his assertion that "this tree loved the liquor as well as those who used to drink beneath its shade"; and this, we may gather from Horace, was no small measure of degree. Moschus, too, in one of his idyls, apostrophizes the plane: "Give me to rest beneath the plane-tree's shade." Pliny seems to have had an ingenious gardener, for he mentions the box-trees as cut into the letters of favorite names. So in the Doria Pamphili Gardens the name of the beloved and lamented English princess is thus perpetuated. The summer-houses and alcoves he describes exist in every villa-garden, though not the ingeniously contrived supper service, in the shape of a water-fowl, which floated on the surface of a fountain, beside which the guests reclined as round a table!

The Borghese Gardens are on a large scale, precisely of the taste of the Imperial times. The splendid collection of antiques and marbles and statuary diverts the traveler's mind, it may well be, from its sylvan charm and woodland shades—the harmonious music of its fountains, its scented banks of violets and cyclamen, the quaint hippodrome with its turfed seats, where shows are still exhibited. The Borghese is the perfection of landscape-gardening. Deep groves of ilex invite silent contemplation; tasteful groups of ruins please the eye. Long winding drives, so artfully arranged as to seem interminable, are filled with troops of people in holiday attire—soldiers, peasants, and children—a motley crowd. The Roman queens of fashion roll past us in the carriages, lovely and languid, with tresses raven-black, and creamy skins, and level Roman brows; and beside them caracoles the tall and scented cavalier upon his prancing steed, in tight raiment and tightest of yellow gloves. He recognizes the lady of his *devoir*, and reins up, hat off, with a flash of almost lurid brilliance in his dark eyes, and meets his destiny like a man.

Presently down the long avenue scarlet liveries announce the equipage of the pearl of Italy, Queen Margaret, with her mobile features and sweet intelligent looks, as she bows right and left to the undemonstrative crowd. The sunshine flashes on the ilex-leaves, the waters sparkle in the rays of light, the Tritons, with puffed cheeks, blow laborious and silent conches in honor of the lady of the fountains, whom, as Browning will have it,

"Fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all she wears is some weeds round her waist
in a sort of sash."

But we must leave the Borghese, and climb the waste and vineyarded Aventine, one, perhaps, of the most fascinating spots in Rome, wilder in old days than now it is, and the abode of the Sabine forest-gods. It was here that Numa, the wise king, managed to snare the forest-fauns by mingling honey with their crystal spring, which things, it may be, are all allegory. Tatius, the Sabine ruler, lies buried somewhere here, amid the slopes and steeps; and we may chance upon the mighty masonry of the Tullian Wall, with its vast ranges of level stones; and all the space around was covered once with the temples of all the gods, to be replaced by churches as many, and convents, erected upon their ruins.

For instance, the Church of St. Sabina has appropriated the site and the stately marble columns set up in honor of the gods. The great St. Dominic once abode in the adjoining convent, and planted a certain orange-tree, still vigorous and green, and covered with flowers and fruit. Hither, too, fled St. Thomas Aquinas, pursued by his mother's tears and lamentations to the very door of the monastery; and within the walls of the church St. Gregory read his famous Homilies; for the building dates from the fourth century, as an inscription in mosaic testifies. St. Sabina lies beneath the altar. On a little pillar in the aisle we see a smooth and polished touchstone, once, so our guide informs us, flung by the devil at St. Dominic. And it was within this convent's very walls that St. Dominic and his monks found one day their kitchen empty and themselves sore hunger-driven, until the blessed angels came to their aid and rescue, as we may see for ourselves in Murillo's beautiful presentment of this miracle, within the Louvre.

And in later days, St. Raymond of Penaforte dwelt in this convent, and walked in this garden of lemons and olives, and gazed with thoughtful eyes at old Rome lying beneath the hill, circled by Tiber's winding wave.

Hard by is the priory-garden of the Knights of Malta, where the great Pope Hildebrand spent his boyhood; while below this again, in the steeply descending cliff overhanging the Tiber, is the imagined site of that Cave of Cacus, where the bulls stolen from Hercules were safely hid. For in Rome verily the ends of the world are upon us, and nothing is too remote, too awe-inspiring, too legendary, to find a local habitation and a name. But upon our reverie intrudes Ampère, who soberly warns us that Cacus was most likely a mere brigand, and Recaranus an able-bodied shepherd; but we refer our readers to the eighth book of "Æneid."

Still descending the hill, among the gardens and the walls we come upon the Church of St. Prisca, which is said to occupy the site of Aquila and Priscilla's house, "who were tent-makers." St. Prisca, a virgin of thirteen, was flung to the beasts, who refused to harm her, and she was martyred by beheading. Tradition tells us that she was baptized by St. Peter himself in the ancient font within the church; and in the crypt there is a beautiful Corinthian column, which doubtless once served to support the Temple of Diana, which stood upon this spot, as we know, in the time of Pope Eutychianus, 280 A.D. circa.

It is strange to reflect that the Garden of the Vestals behind the circular Temple of Vesta or Hestia (fire) is still a garden, somewhat waste and desolate, it is true. A secret passage—recently opened—leads from it into the temple, by which the sacred band could enter unobserved, and relight, if need were, the fire ever burning on the altar of the earth-goddess, from the sunray which streamed through the open roof of the building, now, need we say, a church, and dedicated to St. Maria Liberatrice.

The scent of China roses recalls—how vividly!—the sunny morning spent in St. Sylvia's Garden, the mother of the great Pope St. Gregory, and where, as a child, he doubtless played his boyish games. It is now inclosed in the Camaldolesi Convent grounds, together with a huge fragment of the Tullian Wall. And it is close to the great range of marble steps of the church adjoining, whence Gregory sent Augustine to convert the British Isles. Few spots can be more redolent of august memories to the English-speaking races, touched to such tremendous issues as they were by the great results of that day's mission.

Full of interest and charm, though of a later and a different character, is the garden of St. Onofrio's Convent, whither Tasso, wearied out by this world's strife, came to breathe his last; and where one sees his room, much, indeed, one would think, as he left it, with his crucifix and his inkstand and other of his relics carefully preserved in it.

The oak he planted still flourishes, and spreads umbrageous arms over the little turfen amphitheatre where St. Philip Neri, gentlest of saints, loved to assemble and teach the little children he delighted to gather round him. In the little dim and picture-adorned church of the convent Tasso was wont to hear his daily Mass; and there, beneath its stones, he sleeps, quiet and sad. Lonely and calm and quiet is the whole place, bathed, as the writer saw it, in mellow golden light, and shadowed by tall cypresses, pointing, a solemn finger, as it were, upward into the dazzling and radiant sky. "Good God!" cried St. Bernard, in one of his writings, "what pleasures dost Thou ordain for man, thus to feed his eyes with variety of plants, thus to comfort his misery, and fill his ears with that so sweet and various harmony of birds!" "Birds," says Ælian, "which so sweetly sing, that voyagers, enchanted, as it were, with their heavenly music, forthwith forget all labors, cares and griefs.

When we leave the Coliseum, and skirt the base of the Palatine, we may see above us the Gardens of Adonis, now belonging to a convent, where the brave and gentle St. Sebastian, beloved of painters for his beauty and his youth, encountered his first martyrdom for the Christian faith, being fastened to a tree and shot at with arrows. And did we not afterward see one of those arrows carefully preserved in his church on the Appian Way? And is not this garden, where once they lamented for Adonis (the Tammuz of the Sacred Writings), still a garden, fragrant and perfumed with roses and orange-blooms?

And the Palatine Hill, with its many memories and mighty ruins, is a garden now, full of aromatic shrubs and beds of flowers; although amongst them it is ours to trace the stones of Roma Quadrata, marked by the plow of Romulus, to inclose his cattle and herds and bands of freebooting companions. Below, on the slope of the hill, still stands a heathen altar on its original site, with the inscription, "Sei dio seu divæ sei." And it was "restored" one hundred and twenty years before Christ, and then replaced a much older one upon the same spot, for "Roma ante Romulus fuit."

Here upon this very spot was the Idæan mother Cybele worshiped with abominable rites. Hither, as Tertullian, and St. Augustine in his "Civitate Dei," both inform us, the vestal Claudia drew the vessel containing the shapeless stone idol up Tiber stream with her girdle simply, after it had grounded at the foot of Aventine. And on this flowery slope, so Ampère tells us, the Sabines had built a temple to Victory before Romulus drove his steers upon the sacred hill, and long before his straw hut, such as the shepherd folk still inhabit on the Campagna, was kept and venerated as a relic (though burnt more than once, it is true) as late as the time of Plutarch.

And amid these shattered ruins, so ponderous and so vast, Nero poisoned Britannicus, and Commodus was poisoned by Marcia; and who knows how many more such crimes were perpetrated on these gardened slopes, where, if we may believe Virgil, Evander received Æneas flying from Troy, before, as one may say, Rome was Rome?

The Ludovisi Gardens, widely ranging and richly planted, offer as their proud contribution to Roman heritages Guercino's beautiful fresco of the Dawn driving her horses up the pearly slopes of heaven. The light of the newborn day is upon her face; the faint breeze gently lifts her hair; flowers are scattered beneath her chariot wheels. Before her speed the flying Hours, bearing their unknown gifts to men:

"The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill."

Behind the car, the beautiful Genius of the Day, bearing the torch, occupies one of the alcoves of the summer-house. Opposite sits a woman with a book on her knee, a sleeping child beside her, and around her flit the wide-winged birds of night.

The gallery of statuary boasts the Ludovisi Juno, colossal, stately, divinely fair. Silence reigns upon her parted lips; the calm of majestic repose rests on her serene and level brows. Hers "that large utterance of the early gods," which, when she speaks, will compel us to silence. In the ampler æther, amid which she is wont to dwell, what knows she of our world of petty woe, where, as old Hesiod puts it, "by day as well as by night, diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men." But of all these her colossal loveliness knows nothing, save "that the gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," and time is one. Such is the Ludovisi Juno. But who that has ever visited the Villa Albani can, if he would, forget that fragment of Greek sculpture there, so jealously preserved—that bass-relief, I mean, of Mercury withdrawing Eurydice from her husband's arms? Words can give no idea of the tender grace of the attitudes, of the truth, the nature, the pathos of these figures. Her hand rests upon his shoulder; his clasps hers with such a passion of affection that the messenger of the gods, though he relaxes not his grasp, yet by a slight movement of his entwining arm expresses that he gazes not all unmoved upon their tender and entrancing farewell. This fragment should be, if it is not, the despair of the modern world, as it is truly one of the most consummate triumphs of genius and art.

But the Doria Pamphili Gardens summon us to gather cyclamen and hyacinth amid their shades and waters and groves and lawns. This was once the Garden of Galba, and upon the green and level lawn still stands a little heathen altar, representing the Pius Antoninus Imp. sacrificing to his household gods. No sod here is ever turned or soil removed, but fragments of sculpture, sarcophagi, busts, and *cippi* or funeral urns, are brought to light; and the *columbaria* are singularly interesting and perfect. In a square chamber approached by a stair and a door are the many niches, each of which contains in its pictured urn the ashes and half-consumed bones of some dead and gone Roman of Imperial time. The walls are ornamented with graceful arabesques of bird and flower and genii and fruit. A group of dwarfs disturbed in their antics by a crocodile advancing from a lake is curiously grotesque. In an instant we are transported back some twenty centuries as we linger over the sharply cut and graceful inscriptions to the *conjux dulcissime*, or the loved and lamented *filii et filiæ* of those long-past days. Within a single recess several *cippi* are not unfrequently accommodated, with praiseworthy economy of space. It is said that extensive catacombs range from these princely gardens to Rome, of which the view, seen through the stems of the pine and ilex groves, is one of the most delightful imaginable, and prompts one to exclaim, with Shelley:

"O Rome![*] O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
When will return the glory of your prime?"

But we must hasten on, and pass by in silence the unseen glories of the Farnesina Gardens and the silent spaces of the Vatican, where His Holiness takes his quiet drive or saunter, and dwell for one instant on what is *not* a garden, but a grove, and called Egeria's, beyond the walls of Rome, albeit modern archæology will have none of it, and is fain to place the spring otherwhere, or just outside the Garden Wolkonsky.

But here we have surely the very spot. The mystic silence of the shadowy grove, the ruined temple (now a church), and the crystal stream, with its three alcoved founts covered with dripping fern and maidenhair, where the peasants come in a sort of rustic procession, bearing

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[*] "O world! O life! O time!"

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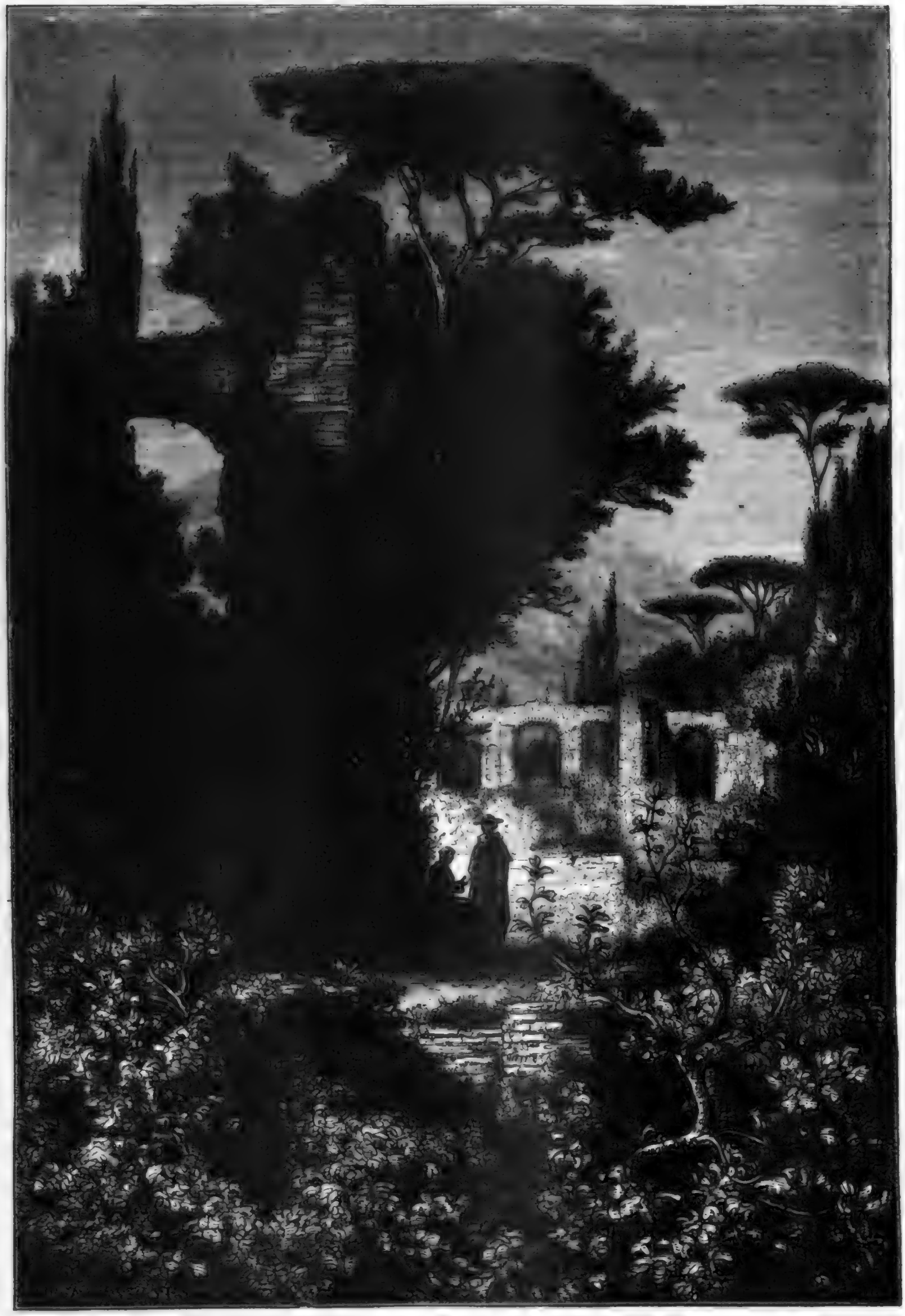


THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA ADRIANI, ROME.

on their heads huge copper vessels, which shine in the falling evening light like burnished gold. The broken statue of a river-god reclines beneath the central arch of the ferny grot, and contemplates with pondering mien the roll of the centuries and the changes they bring to Rome, while the crystal spring fills and overflows his urn—

> "Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
> Of spouted fountain floods,"

where, like Akenside's river-goddess,

> "Lulled by the murmur of my rising fount, I slumber."

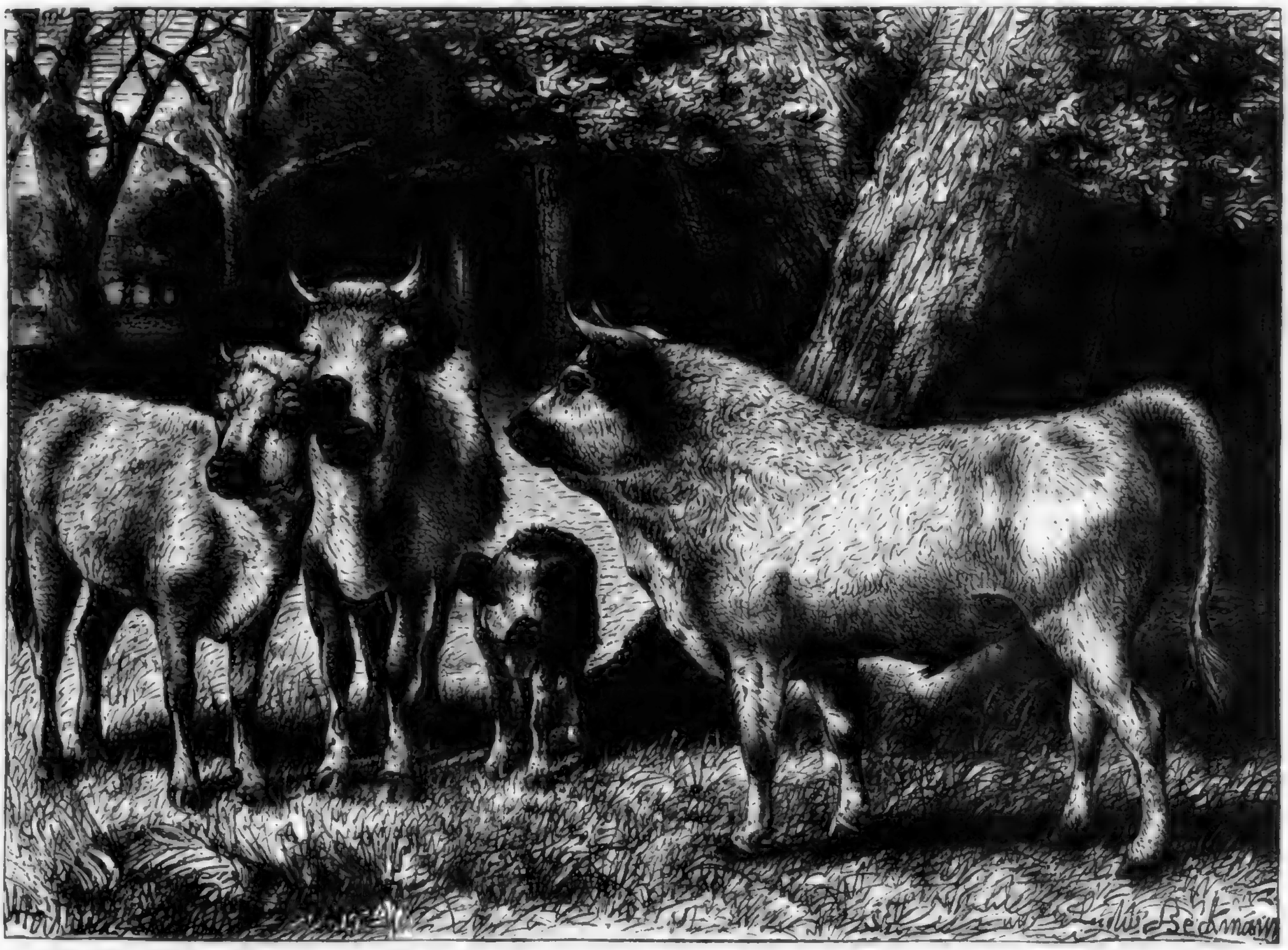
But the place is so eerie, so solitary, the shade of the ilex-grove so mystical, that one quite conceives the charm that drew the Ausonian sage day by day from his Aventine dwelling to his faunhaunted grove, where

> "Hollowing one hand against his ear,
> To list a footfall ere he saw
> The wood-nymph, stayed the Ausonian king to hear,
> Of judgment and of law."

Egeria's "lone, secure retreat," indeed! And here, as Numa sat, he heard, or seemed to hear, the wild cries of the sylvans in the shadowy woods beyond, and voice of Picus or of Pan, or stealthy step of satyr, crushing

> "The chestnut husk at the chestnut root."

And there we leave him, steeped in curious contemplation, and bid farewell to all the garden loveliness of Rome, which we have feebly striven to portray, "though half the tale is left untold," and conclude this paper with Lord Bacon's stately praise of a garden in his "Essays." His is to be not less than thirty acres in extent, and "royally ordered," and no cost spared, for he writes for "great princes," to whom such is but a small matter; and he disposes it with wild heath, with turf lawns, and with a flower-planted pleasaunce; and all to be encompassed with "a stately arched hedge" of ten foot high, and alleys "spacious and fair," and in the midst "a fair mount," and a vast fountain "some forty foot square, with fine pavement about it." And this he styles a "princely garden," as indeed it is, and so full-set with flowers sweetly scented, that even at this distance of time we seem to inhale their perfume, and hear the grave Chancellor discoursing sweetly, as he goes amid the turfen plots, of garden glories, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall.



SCOTCH WILD CATTLE.

ORIGIN OF OUR DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.

By Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.

Apart from the interest naturally attaching to the domestication of the different animals which man has chosen to live with him and minister to his wants, the investigation into the time when he first adopted each, and the manner in which they gradually became tame, is of great importance in tracing the early fortunes of the human race. Civilization went hand-in-hand with man's obtaining animals to subdue the ground and supply him with more conveniences of living. Thus a study of the domesticated animals and their origin demands a study of the early inhabitants of Europe, of those primitive cave-dwellers and dwellers in houses supported on piles driven into the lakes, who have been revealed to us by science as the immediate ancestors of historic man. An inquiry, therefore, into the origin of domestic animals compels us

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to go back to very early days in the world's youth, when Europe was much of it covered with a perpetual ice-sheet, and extinct elephants, cave-bears, rhinoceroses, and the like, roamed its trackless forests, and reared their young where now stand the proudest capitals of the world.

When America was discovered no animal had been domesticated by the Indians, except the dog at the north and the llama at the south; no bird, except the turkey in Mexico. All our ordinary domestic animals and fowls descend from stock introduced from Europe. The bones, the tools of stone and bronze, and the like, found in the mud of lakes where were men's dwellings in those pre-historic times, or in the barrows where his tribesmen laid him at rest, will greatly help these investigations. Again, bones and other remains of the domesticated cattle of hundreds of years ago are not unfrequently at the present day found in peat mosses and similar localities, which are useful in these inquiries. Just as the precious translucent jade, which is so eagerly prized both by primitive and civilized man, must have been brought into Europe from China, so the earliest glimpse we can obtain through the dim haze of long distant ages into the history of our domestic animals leads us to think of the tribes of wandering Tartars who at present inhabit the great deserts of Northern and Central Asia, and of the wandering Arabs of southern and warmer climes, who all adopt the nomad life, and take their domestic animals with them from place to place.

These thoughts led inquirers to a still remoter antiquity, and they see the first travelers from the cradle of the human race finding their way, after the dispersion of mankind, into Europe. The home of primitive man was doubtless somewhere on or near the plateau of Pamir, whence a stream or streams of migration descended upon Hindoostan on the one hand and toward Europe on the other. Traveling westward and south of the Caspian, in all probability, our ancestors made their way through Armenia and Asia Minor, and so over the Bosphorus near Constantinople. It is not difficult to imagine these early folk, with wonder-stricken eyes, lighting upon the sunny regions of Greece and Italy, and at once determining to rest from their toils amidst myrtles and fruitfulness. It were easy for those who pushed still further west to the pillars of Hercules, and then north till they were confronted by the white cliffs where now stands Dover, to cross the intervening straits, just as daring barbarian navigators impel their canoes at the present day from their homes in one Polynesian island to another, and as America itself was peopled long ages before Columbus, by means of voluntary exiles or storm-driven refugees carried to its north coasts from Asia by Behring's Strait. Naturally but few domestic cattle would accompany these early pioneers of civilization; they would gradually domesticate and improve the breeds of such animals as they found useful amongst the indigenous inhabitants of the district. Thus the dog, as we now know it, might well spring from several or many wild types, and the European, or rather Asiatic, sheep be crossed with an American representative of the *Ovidæ*.

Inasmuch as a man in a hunting society preceded man as a tiller of the ground, one of the earliest animals which he might be supposed to domesticate would be the dog. Next would come the horse. At least, such would be the order did we trust our own ideas of what would happen in the infancy of civilization. But how dangerous such *à priori* modes of reasoning are may be seen in this case by calling to mind that in the Homeric poems, long after men had dwelt in settled societies and founded cities, the horse is never employed to help man in hunting. All through the battles before Troy the horse is never ridden by the Greeks. It seems that men had not yet discovered how to ride it, for it is regarded as a beast of burden, useful only for drawing the heroes' chariots. In like manner, elephants were probably never used by the natives in India from which to hunt tigers until the last century, when Europeans showed Orientals their value against a tiger's charge. It is probable, however, that mammals were domesticated before birds. Barnyard fowls, peacocks, and the like, are luxuries in the eyes of a race emerging from savagedom. The presumption is, that of animals, the first, or one among the first to be tamed, was the dog, and to its history, therefore, we shall first address ourselves.

The great question with regard to the dog is one which the vast diversity of its breeds naturally suggests: is it descended from one wild ancestor, such as the wolf, or from several? At the earliest known historical period several breeds are found existing, very unlike each other, and closely resembling those which we possess at present. A glance at any illustrated book on the Assyrian and Egyptian remains will show this. "But long before the period of any historical record the dog was domesticated in Europe. In the Danish Middens of the Neolithic, or new stone period, bones of a canine animal are embedded," and it has been ingeniously argued by Mr. Darwin that these belonged to a domestic dog, for a very large proportion of the bones of birds preserved in the refuse consists of long bones, which, on trial, it was found dogs cannot devour. The North American Indian dogs at the present day are like North American wolves; Eskimo dogs, too, resemble the Arctic wolves. In Europe many Continental shepherd-dogs closely approximate in appearance to the wolf. The wolf must therefore be deemed the parent of the dogs of the West. As for Eastern dogs, they may well have sprung from the jackal, so common in hot countries. In the Scriptures dogs are generally spoken of with loathing and contempt. Much pains have been taken in these investigations by Mr. Darwin, and he considers that several species of wolves and jackals must be regarded as the ancestors of the dog, unless we are to accept Professor Huxley's dubious hypothesis of the dog having, like the horse, a still more remote ancestry, which must be sought for in the dry bones of tertiary rocks.

Curiously enough, the habit of barking, which is almost universal with domesticated dogs, does not characterize a single species of the family in a wild state. It is said, too, that when dogs relapse into a savage state they lose their habit of barking. Climate, again, appears to modify the forms and dispositions of dogs. It is for this reason that English hounds, when sent out to India, rapidly decline both in bodily constitution and characteristics, while bulldogs lose their pluck and ferocity after two or three generations, and even their underhung jaws. It is curious, too, how long the dog retains the habits which tell of his wild ancestry. Thus, however well and regularly fed he may be, he often buries, like the fox, any superfluous food; and he never lies down deliberately on the hearth-rug without first turning round and round, as if to trample down sufficient grass to form a bed, just as his far-away ancestors used to do in their native forests.

It has long been known that the domestic cats are not sprung from the wild cat indigenous to this country, but came from some Eastern stock, and was brought over here from Europe. Cats were early domesticated in the East, as is proved by their mummies found in Egypt. Some have fancied from the very name Puss (*quasi* "Perse") that they came to us from Persia. These Egyptian feline mummies belong to three distinct species of cats of which two are still found both wild and domesticated in parts of Egypt. We do not possess so many breeds of the cat as of the dog, but different types of it exist in different countries. Thus the Manx cats are tailless. In the Malay Archipelago the cats have short tails, about half the ordinary length, often with a sort of knot at the end. In several countries the cat has run wild. In New Zealand it then assumes the streaky gray appearance of the cats belonging to the Highland shepherds. The story of Dick Whittington also seems to point to the foreign origin of the cat, while the singular and excessive penalty attached to killing the king's cat by the ancient Welsh laws strengthens the inference that it was highly valued as a precious animal.

The origin of the horse is lost in antiquity. Remains of this animal in a domesticated condition have been found in the Swiss lake-dwellings belonging to the Neolithic period. It can withstand great cold, but becomes stunted in islands and on mountains. Neptune produced the horse from the earth by striking it with his trident, said the Greek myth; this looks as if that animal had been transported to Greece by sea. No truly wild horse is at present known to exist; the wild horses of the East are commonly supposed to be sprung from escaped animals, and those in America to be descendants of the horses brought over by the Spanish conquerors, the bones of the original horses of this country in a remote geological age being found in a fossil state. The Normandy farm-horses and those which draw the London drays exemplify the power of careful breeding in improving this animal, for horseshoes, supposed to be Roman, have been found in the west of England, which must have belonged to horses not much larger than Dartmoor ponies.

As for the donkey, there is no doubt of his having sprung from the wild ass still found in Abyssinia. The donkey, too, varies greatly in size and appearance. In Western India, where it is used as a beast of burden, it is not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, "being generally not more than from twenty to thirty inches high."

Coming now to pigs: Two parents of all the European pigs are described—one, the wild boar; and the other, a Chinese porcine variety. The wild boar has a very wide range. It became extinct in England only in recent times. Sir T. Cumberworth, a Lincolnshire knight, when making his will, in 1450, leaves his "bor sper" to a friend as naturally as might a captain quartered in Bengal, and the wild boar is found in all the intervening countries. Pigs descended from it were kept by the Swiss lake-dwellers. The Chinese are particularly careful of their pigs, and will not even suffer them to walk from place to place. Few animals vary so much in appearance according to their different breeds. In the central islands of the Pacific Ocean a singular breed is described of small size, humpbacked, with a very long head, short ears turned backward, and a bushy tail not more than two inches long. The Thersites of pigs must surely be sought in this breed. Tails, however, are appendages with which pigs can easily dispense. We knew a horse which bit the tail off every pig which haunted the fold-yard in which he was kept, and they were none the worse for the mutilation, being able "to roll their prurient skin" in mud, and so do without the organ which is so useful to cows and horses for driving off flies. There is much more difference between a well-bred Berkshire pig and a wild boar than between the wild horse and a modern racehorse. Occasionally solid-hoofed swine are found. Some pigs, more especially those of Normandy and Ireland, exhibit curious tassel-like appendages, which hang from the corners of the jaws. What their use is, or whence derived, it is impossible to say.

Just as our dogs and pigs are the descendants of more than one wild form, so cattle fall under two great divisions: the humped kind, inhabiting tropical countries, and the common non-humped cattle. The humped cattle may be seen domesticated at least 2,000 years before Christ on the Egyptian monuments. They have many different characters at present from the ordinary breeds. They grunt rather than bellow, "seldom seek shade, and never go into the water and there stand kneedeep, like the cattle of Europe." They have run wild in parts of India, and can maintain themselves in regions infested by tigers. They are best known to us in the form of the sacred Brahmin bulls which walk about Eastern streets, and which it is the height of impiety to drive away from favorite spots or in any way to molest.

Turning to the humpless breeds, at least nineteen well-marked varieties are found in Great Britain alone, only a few of which are identical with those on the Continent. By examining the fossil remains of European cattle, two chief types are found, one of which, of great size and ferocity, existed as a wild animal in Cæsar's time, and could never be tamed, even if taken young. According to some, this variety is now found in a half-wild state at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland. The other kind was of small size, and had a short body, with small horns and fine legs. This was introduced into Great Britain as a domesticated animal at a very early period, and furnished food for the Roman legionaries quartered there. It was also very common in Switzerland during the existence of those races of men who used polished stone weapons, and is probably the variety of which Herodotus speaks, which was confined in the Scythian lake-dwellings, and fed on fish caught from a trap-door opening on the lake. The little Welsh and Highland cattle of the present day are believed to have descended from this form of the ox. Another species (*Bos frontosus*), with a high protuberance in its skull, was in all probability the ancestor of the Scottish Lowland black cattle with their high foreheads. The cattle in this country, bred from imported stock, sprang from these two types, the large and the small variety, to which this last is closely allied.

The Park of Chillingham is mentioned in the year 1220. Many will remember Sir Edwin Landseer's fine picture of its cattle, painted not long before he died. These animals are white, with the inside of the ears reddish-brown; the hoofs are black, and the horns white, tipped with black. At certain times they are very dangerous to strangers. Several other British parks, notably that at Cadzow, in Scotland, either have, or had until lately, the same breed. When oxen escape and become wild on desert islands, it has been noticed that the ears of their descendants almost always turn reddish and their skins white, like these oxen.

Returning to the British breeds, the chief differences between Shorthorns, Herefords, Alderneys, red Devons, and the like, must be familiar to all lovers of country sights. It is very perplexing, however, to assign reasons for these types and their constancy. Each district is wedded to its own variety, and carefully selects the best specimens of it for breeding. Then, again, climate and food doubtless affect these varieties in no inconsiderable degree. In South Africa there are many distinct and equally curious varieties, almost each tribe possessing oxen with different characteristics. Selection, climate, and crossing, as has suited man's caprice, will perhaps account for them all.

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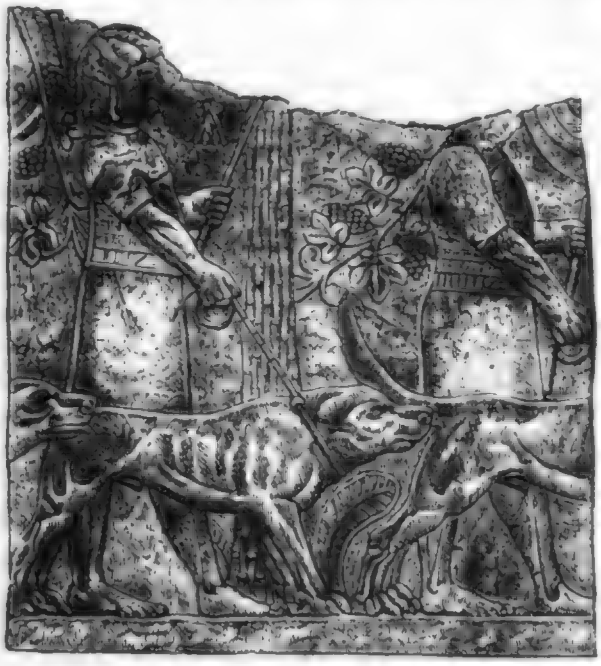
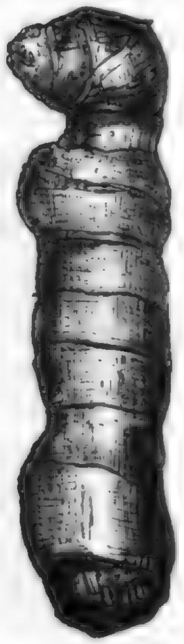


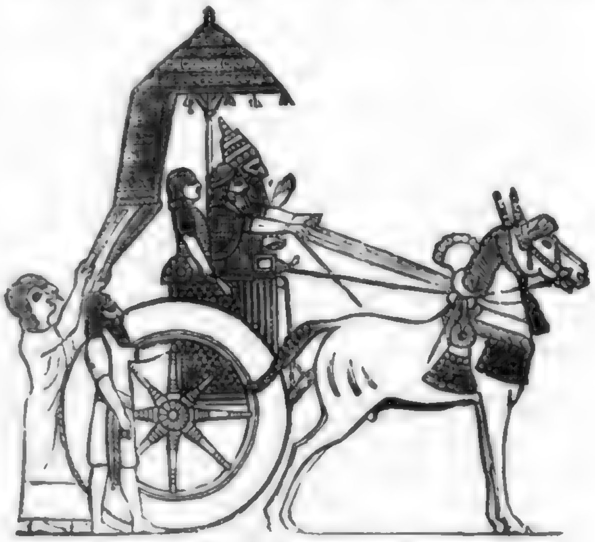
MASTIFF (ASSYRIAN).

Of the more useful domestic animals, sheep and goats yet remain to be treated. From a very early period sheep have been domesticated. The Swiss lake-dwellings have disclosed remains of a small kind, with thin legs and horns like a goat. This species differs somewhat from any now known. Sheep, like cattle, possess many distinctive features, horns or their absence, longer or shorter fleeces, and the like. Our different common varieties are admirably suited for their own localities, and it is curious that they will not succeed in France. Even in some parts of England it has been found impossible to keep certain kinds of sheep. As for the ancestors of our domestic sheep, it is impracticable to trace them. Authorities differ very considerably on this point. We believe that the Ovis Ammon (or wild sheep) of Chinese Thibet is the parent of our sheep. The Big-horn (or wild American sheep of the Rocky Mountains) is closely allied to this. And in Europe lives a wild sheep much smaller than any of these, known as the "Mouflon," or "Musimon"; it inhabits the highest mountains in Corsica and other islands of the Mediterranean.

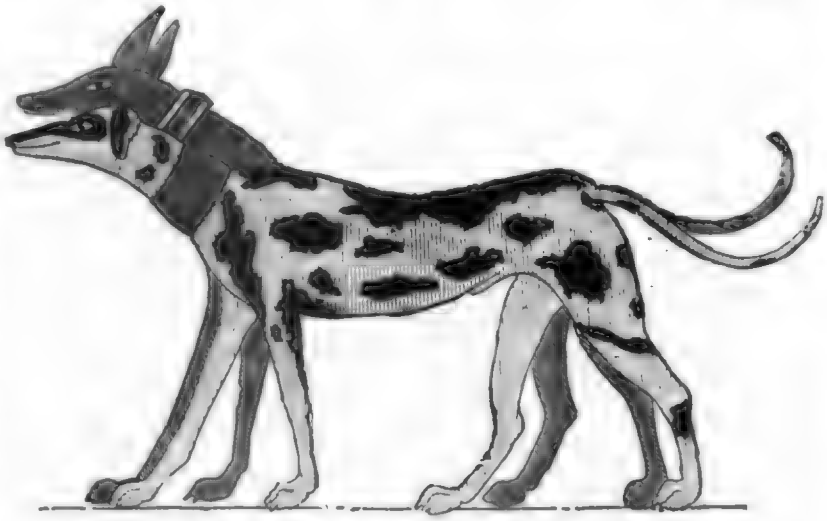


MUMMY OF EGYPTIAN CAT.

"In Switzerland, during the time of the lake-dwellers, the domestic goat was commoner than the sheep, and this very ancient race differs in no respect from that now common in Switzerland." It has certainly come, like so many other domestic animals, from the mountains of Asia, where a wild goat (*Capra ægagrus*) yet lives. The differences in size, length of horns, etc., among domestic goats, are very great, but the animal reverts to wild life with much facility, and has been known in Scotland in a very short time to become as suspicious and fleet of foot on the mountains as a red deer, so that it had to be stalked and shot with a rifle. Indeed, it has there been recommended as a substitute for deer. No really wild goat, however, is found in Europe. The animal came in with the men who first settled on the Continent from Central Asia.



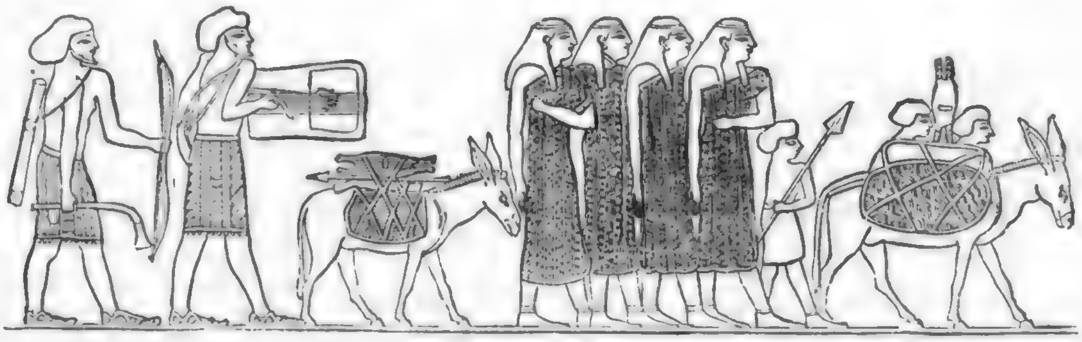
KING'S CHARIOT (ASSYRIAN).



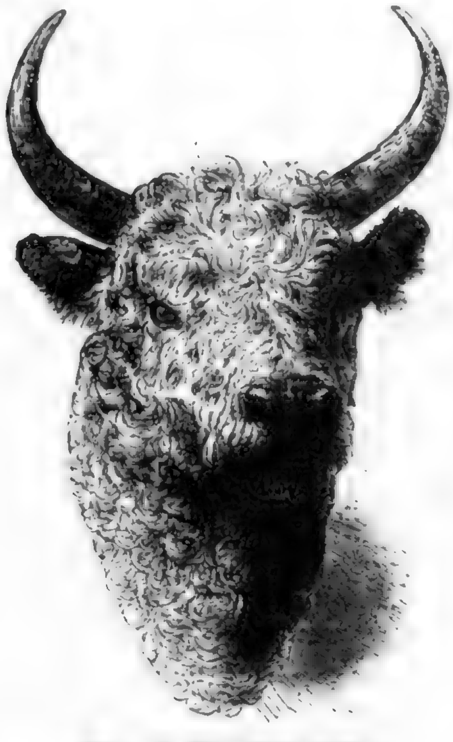
GREYHOUNDS (EGYPTIAN).

One more quadruped remains: the rabbit, so frequently kept by boys. It is descended, there can be no doubt, from the common wild rabbit, but is much modified by confinement, selection, difference of food, and similar conditions. Hence come all those monstrous forms of the ears which are termed "lops" and "half lops." The rabbit was early domesticated, and the changes it is capable of undergoing may be estimated from the fact that an English lop-eared rabbit has been exhibited which weighed eighteen pounds, whereas a wild gray rabbit weighs only about three and three-quarter pounds. In 1869 another lop-eared rabbit was shown whose ears measured from the tip of one to the tip of the other, twenty-three and one-eighth inches in length, and five and one-half inches in breadth. The length of ears in a wild rabbit is seven and five-eighth inches. When tame rabbits of any color are set free they generally revert to the original gray of their ancestors. Most of the larger breeds possess larger heads but lesser brains than do wild rabbits, thus showing that disuse of any special need to exercise the brain results in dwarfing that organ, as it does in so many other cases. But on the other hand, the food supplies of a nation may be largely increased by the great size to which domesticated rabbits will grow, and of course this is the main object in domesticating them.

To turn now to the common birds which have been reduced to subjection by man, and taught to stay near his abode: Perhaps pigeons first invite attention. When their variety, curious habits, and fantastic appearance, are duly considered, from the fantail, the pouter, the carrier, the Indian tumbler (which turns somersaults on the ground), the English tumbler (which tumbles somersaults in the air), and many other singular varieties, it is at first scarcely credible that they should all have sprung from one ancestor, the common blue-rock pigeon of our maritime cliffs; yet so it most certainly is. Careful selection and breeding produced all these widespread divergencies. A voluminous literature about the pigeon has sprung up both in European and Oriental languages, and an immense body of observations on it has been accumulated by fanciers, as Mr. Darwin says, "for some 5,000 years." These breeders all find that the white tail-feathers of the wild rock-pigeon are continually reappearing in their most careful strains. Nature will maintain her own color and fashion. From this and other indications there can be little doubt that in the pigeon which darts out of the sea-caves at the approach of a visitor, in the northern parts of Great Britain, the origin of all the varieties may be seen.

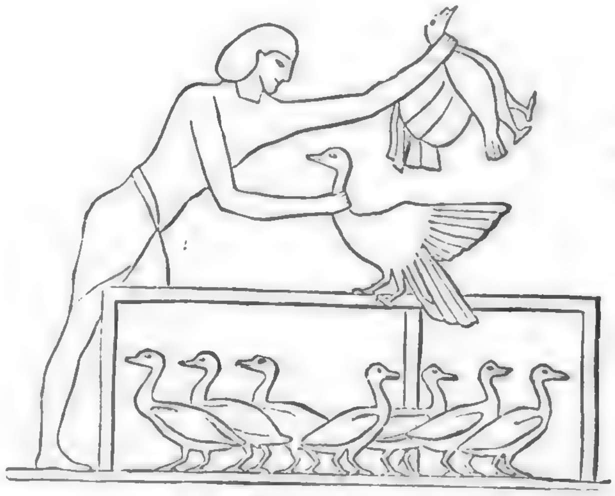


ASSES (EGYPTIAN).



HEAD OF CHILLINGHAM BULL.

Similarly the ancestry of all our domestic fowls may be traced from the jungle-cock of Northern India (*Gallus Bankiva*). Every one is familiar with the surprising differences between black Spanish fowls and Dorkings, Polish fowls with frizzled crests and the diminutive bantam; yet all these are produced, and have been produced from the same wild fowl of the Indian jungles. Remains of the fowl have been found among pre-historic relics and extinct animals, but it is not named in the Old Testament or figured on the ancient Egyptian monuments. It apparently reached Europe in a domesticated condition somewhere about the sixth century B. C. Julius Cæsar found it in Britain on his arrival. This helps us to form a mental picture of the westward migration of the human race, and we may add a touch to it from a sight which was visible in Sutherlandshire in the Summer of 1879. A colony of gypsies was traveling with one cart, which contained several old women sitting comfortably on bundles of straw; kettles and pots were hung underneath the cart, the men walked by the side, and on the rails of the cart sat in great tranquillity, beside the women, five or six fine hens—the poultry-yard of the wandering tribe. But a more sober watcher of the progress of the band might portray to himself that after some such homely fashion did the progenitors both of these people and their poultry travel to us all the weary miles which lie between Europe and the Himalayas.



GEESE (EGYPTIAN).

Our ducks are descended, without a doubt, from the common wild duck, which has a wide geographical range, from this country to Bengal. All country folk are aware that wild and tame ducks will breed together, and that birds so bred from the wild ones are much better for the table than ordinary barnyard ducks. It is singular that young ducks, even when bred from the eggs of wild birds, often suffer when allowed to go into water at a tender age. We have known one duckling thus put into its native element when about three days old, and suffered to swim. Kindness killed it, and it died of the immersion. This is said, however, to be a

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well-known difficulty in rearing young ducks. On the other hand, in a wild state, they take to the water at once, and that with perfect impunity.

The next inmate of the poultry-yard which calls for attention is the goose. It is manifestly sprung from the common wild goose (*Anser ferus*), which is often and easily tamed at present. The goose was domesticated in Homer's time, and was kept in the Capitol at Rome as being a bird sacred to Juno. It once saved the city under critical circumstances, as all will remember. As the goose arrives at a goodly size and flavor by nature, domestication has not been put under requisition to produce many varieties, so that this bird has been singularly little changed from the earliest date of its being kept by man.

The peacock comes from the jungles of India, and is another bird which has scarcely varied under domestication, except that white or piebald specimens are not uncommon, just as pheasants vary at times. Perhaps the plumage of our tame peacock is rather thicker than that of the wild bird, but no other differences between the two can be discovered. "Whether," wrote Mr. Darwin, "our birds are descended from those introduced into Europe in the time of Alexander, or have been subsequently imported, is doubtful."

The turkey is, of course, a misnomer. It is descended from two parent forms, the Mexican variety and the wild turkey of North America. These latter birds have been frequently domesticated during recent years. The guinea-fowl is another curious misnomer. It inhabits extremely arid districts in Eastern Africa, and has scarcely varied at all under domestication, except that the plumage becomes either paler or darker in color. The parent bird is the *Numida ptilorhynca*. The guinea-fowl even now cannot be reared in a damp climate, and loves to lay its eggs away from home in exposed situations, choosing by preference those facing the east, doubtless from some inherited predilection for its old desert life.

One or two remarks may be made in conclusion, though our space will not admit of canary-birds, pheasants, gold-fish, and other household pets, being discussed. The history of our domesticated animals, as we have reviewed it, seems to point out that man tamed for his own purposes, first the dog, next the pig, then the ox. This, too, is Professor Rolleston's views. After the primal gift of these creatures to man, the fact that they have so largely improved under his fostering care shows that the conveniences, and even the luxuries, of life are not grudged to man any more than the necessaries. But this gift does assuredly not authorize any manner of cruelty, neglect or thoughtless usage of the lower animals. He who is most impressed with the long ancestry of our domestic animals, with the benefits they confer on us, with their engaging habits and beautiful forms, is the least likely to behave cruelly toward them. They demand, in return for the benefits they give us, kindness, humanity and consideration. As with care animals are capable of improvement by man, so he who acts cruelly toward them, himself retrogrades in the rank of creation—

> "Puts off his generous nature, and to suit
> His manners with his fate, puts on the brute."—*Cowper.*

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men. Seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Hailstones.—About nine or ten years ago I observed (says Mr. Matthew Hedley) that the form of hailstones was altogether different to what I had in my earlier days been taught to assume. I had always been under the impression that they were spherical, in fact, minute blocks of frozen ice—frozen rain-drops. On the occasion of my enlightenment, I was in a field when a heavy hailstorm took place. This admitted of my seeing more perfect specimens than if I had been in the street, or on a public highway, as there was less probability of their being broken in their fall. The enormous size of the stones first attracted attention, but upon examining them, it was also found that they were conical, with a smoothish rounded base. The sides of the cone were striated toward the apex. Many of the cones had broken apices, but sufficient was left to indicate their complete form. Those which were perfect began to melt first at their apex, the portion last to melt being the rounded base. It is believed that this peculiar form is due to the nucleus (a frozen ice particle) passing from the upper portion of a frozen cloud or fog. In its descent it overtakes and adds to itself other ice particles; these form the originating elements of the hailstone. By continued accumulation of particle and pressure on the edges of the base, they begin to round, until eventually it partly turns over and forms the commencement of the cone, which is a rapid process. There is much assumption in this theory, but there is evidence of its practicability from the smoothness of the base, the striæ of its sides, its conical shape, and the melting of the apex (the last formed part) before other portions. The firmness of the hailstone is proportionate to its size. The larger, the firmer, and the harder its base is to its apex, the larger, the heavier, and the greater the speed it will travel through the cloud. The size, to some extent, infers the depth or density of the cloud through which it has passed, perhaps both. The conical shape of the hailstone is well known, having been seen by other observers. Since first seeing it I have often pointed its shape.

The Theory of Nitrification.—The production of nitrates in soils, and in waters contaminated with sewage, are facts thoroughly familiar to chemists. It is also well known that ammonia, and various nitrogenous organic matters, are the materials from which the nitric acid is produced. Till the commencement of 1877 it was generally supposed that this formation of nitrates from ammonia or nitrogenous organic matter was the result of simple oxidation by the atmosphere. In the case of soil it was imagined that the action of the atmosphere was intensified by the condensation of oxygen in the pores of the soil; in the case of waters no such assumption was possible. This theory was most unsatisfactory, as neither solutions of pure ammonia, or of any of its salts, could be nitrified in the laboratory by simple exposure to air. The assumed condensation of oxygen in the pores of the soil also proved to be a fiction as soon as it was put by Schloesing to the test of experiment. Early in 1877 two French chemists, Messrs. Schloesing and Müntz, published preliminary experiments, showing that nitrification in sewage and in soils is the result of the action of an organized ferment, which occurs abundantly in soils and in most impure waters. The entirely new view of the process of nitrification has been amply confirmed both by the later experiments of Schloesing, Müntz and Warington. The evidence for the ferment theory of nitrification is now very complete. Nitrification in soils and waters is found to be strictly limited to the range of temperature within which the vital activity of living ferments is confined. Thus nitrification proceeds with extreme slowness near the freezing-point, and increases in activity with a rise in temperature, till thirty-seven degrees are reached; the action then diminishes, and ceases altogether at fifty-five degrees.

It seems indubitably to be the truth that ordinarily for the genesis of a whirlwind the two chief promoting conditions are: first, a region of diminished barometric pressure, this diminution of pressure being, it may be presumed, due to rarefaction of the atmosphere over that region by heat, and sometimes, further, by its condition as to include watery vapor; and secondly, a previously existing revolutional motion, or differential horizontal motion, of the surrounding air, such revolutional or differential motion being not necessarily of high velocity at any part. The supposed accumulation of air rarefied by heat or otherwise, for producing the abatement of pressure, may, the author supposes, in some cases extend upward throughout the whole depth of the atmosphere; and in some cases may be in the form of a lower warm lamina, which, somehow, may have been overflowed or covered by colder air above, through which, or into which, it will tend to ascend: or the lower lamina may in some cases be warmed in any of several ways, and so may get a tendency to rise up through the colder superincumbent atmosphere. On this part of the subject the author believes there is much scope for further researches and advancements, both observational and considerational;—that is to say, by encouragement of a spirit toward accurate observation; and by collection and scrutiny of observed facts and appearances; and by careful theoretical consideration founded on observational results or suppositions.

Twenty-four Hour Dials for Watches.—In view of the more or less probable demand for 24-hour dials, the minds of watchmakers will doubtless be exercised in regard to the best means of meeting it, both in the rearranging of existing watches and the making of new ones. To many the matter will present no difficulty, but there are more to whom possibly a few suggestions will be of value. The simplest form of alteration is naturally to add to existing dials a separate circle of hours within the present circle, placing 13 under the 1, 14 under the 2, and so on round to 24. The advantage of this is that no alteration of hands or motion-work is requisite; still, although it would answer the purpose, we should scarcely consider it a perfect example. It will be considered preferable for the hour-hand to make its circuit once only in the 24 hours, and to have the 24 hours in one circle. In this case it will be an advantage to show the figure 12 (noon) at the top of the dial, and the 24 at the bottom, so as to avoid the seconds interfering with that section of the dial which is mostly observed, viz., the midday hours. To prevent crowding of figures, it would be better to paint the hours in Arabic rather than Roman, as they would take less room; also to introduce within the hours a circle with a dot accurately marked at each hour, so that there should be no mistake as to what hour the hand is indicating. As regards the motion-wheels there is of necessity the disadvantage, except in the case of the largest watches, of having to employ a comparatively small canon pinion. Of course, where it is practicable to do so, the existing canon pinion should be retained, but it will frequently be found that it will involve the employment of larger hour and minute wheels than the watch will admit of, and a new entire set of works will be needed.

It may be as well to point out that in preparing dials for the new method of counting the hours of the day, the 24th hour should be marked 0, for the minutes of the first hour of the day will be treated without reference to the hours of the preceding completed day; for instance, 32 minutes after midnight will be spoken of as naught 32, and written thus: 0h. 32m., following the notation long in use by astronomers. Roman characters present a very crowded appearance in the high numbers, and they will, at all events in watch-dials, doubtless give place to Arabic, or other numerals, which are very suitable, and have a good effect.

A distinguished amateur horologist proposes to solve the difficulty by dividing the period from midnight to midnight into twelve hours, thus making the duration of each hour twice as long as at present. This would really be adopting the practice of the Chinese as far as the length of the hour goes. Their day, however, begins at one hour before midnight.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Mrs. Brown says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

Mark Twain once gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed, "Lecture on Fools. Admit one."

It is remarkable how far things can be seen in the Arctic regions. The North Pole is a splendid place for the ice site.

"I wonder," said a bonnie lassie, "what our Jock sees in the lassies that he likes them sae weel; for my part, I wadna gie ae lad for a' the lassies e'er I saw."

"How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. "I'm not old at all," replied the little man; "I am almost new."

A teacher said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl, you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied; "if *I couldn't catch her!*"

"No, sir!" thundered an irate father—"no, sir! My daughter never can be yours!" To which the young man quietly replied: "I don't want her to be my daughter; I want her to be my wife."

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with the young lady in that country.

A photographer in a country town was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get your photograph after you have left your measure?"

Speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, a political orator said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another.

"What caused your little boy's illness?" asked an ingenuous mother of a mother whose little son was very ill. "He was climbing a ladder," said the lady, "and lost his equilibrium." "Poor little fellow!" said the sympathetic listener. "Do buy him another; he'll be more careful next time!"

A man rushed up to a woman looking in a shop-window, and grasping her by the arm, angrily exclaimed, "Come on—I'm tired of waiting for you." Then, noticing he had made a mistake, he drew back with, "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I mistook you for my wife." "I thought so," she answered, with a scornful sneer, and passed on.

Purely Intellectual.—"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation," murmured a provincial maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of the proprietor and editor of a country paper, "your own mental faculties for tools and the whole universe for a workshop! Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the staff," said the editor.

When a man's coat is getting a little old, it may be turned. The older his brain is, the less excuse there is for its being turned.

A Frenchman who recently died directed in his will that the sum of $5,000 should be given to the "wounded in the next war with Germany."

Austere Pedagogue to Small Boy—'Boy, you speak very indistinct. Don't your friends tell you so?" *Small Boy*—"No, sir; they are not so rude."

A younger brother had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich. He used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way I retire to my closet and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

At a school examination the students were asked the meaning of the word "hypothesis." One candidate said it was "a machine for raising water." Another said it was "something that happened to a man after death."

A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, but I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

That boy was well trained who, when asked why he did not pocket some pears because no one was there to see him, boldly replied, "Yes, there was; I was there to see myself; and I do not intend ever to see myself doing a mean or dishonest thing."

"Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," the latter answered; "they can cheat me as to their piety, but they can't as to their learning."

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them appear to be good book-keepers."

A French gentleman, who supposed he had mastered the English language, was sadly puzzled one day when a friend met him and asked, "How do you do?" "Do vot?" "I mean—how do you find yourself?" "Sair, I never loses myself." "But how do you feel?" "Smooth—you just feel me."

A Pullman palace-car porter having lately refused to admit a lady's pet rabbit to a car, his attention was directed to a small turtle carried by another passenger, with the query why a rabbit should be excluded and a turtle admitted. "Cats is dogs and rabbits is dogs," was the porter's emphatic answer, "but a turtle is an insect!"

A man having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way out of sight, but, unfortunately, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said he, "and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it!"

A pretentious sharper, calling at the house of an acquaintance, seeking to ingratiate himself by paying court to the little boy of the family, said to him: "Come here, my little man. When you're grown up, what are you going to do?" "I sha'n't do what pa says you do." "What's that, my little man?" "He says you do your creditors, and I sha'n't do my creditors."

A confirmed old bachelor was out at a social gathering the other evening, where he was so unfortunate as to become seated behind a party of vivacious young ladies. Conversation turned upon athletic subjects, when one pert young miss inquired: "Mr. Brown, what is your favorite exercise?" "Oh, I have no preference; but just at present I should prefer dumb belles," was his rather curt reply.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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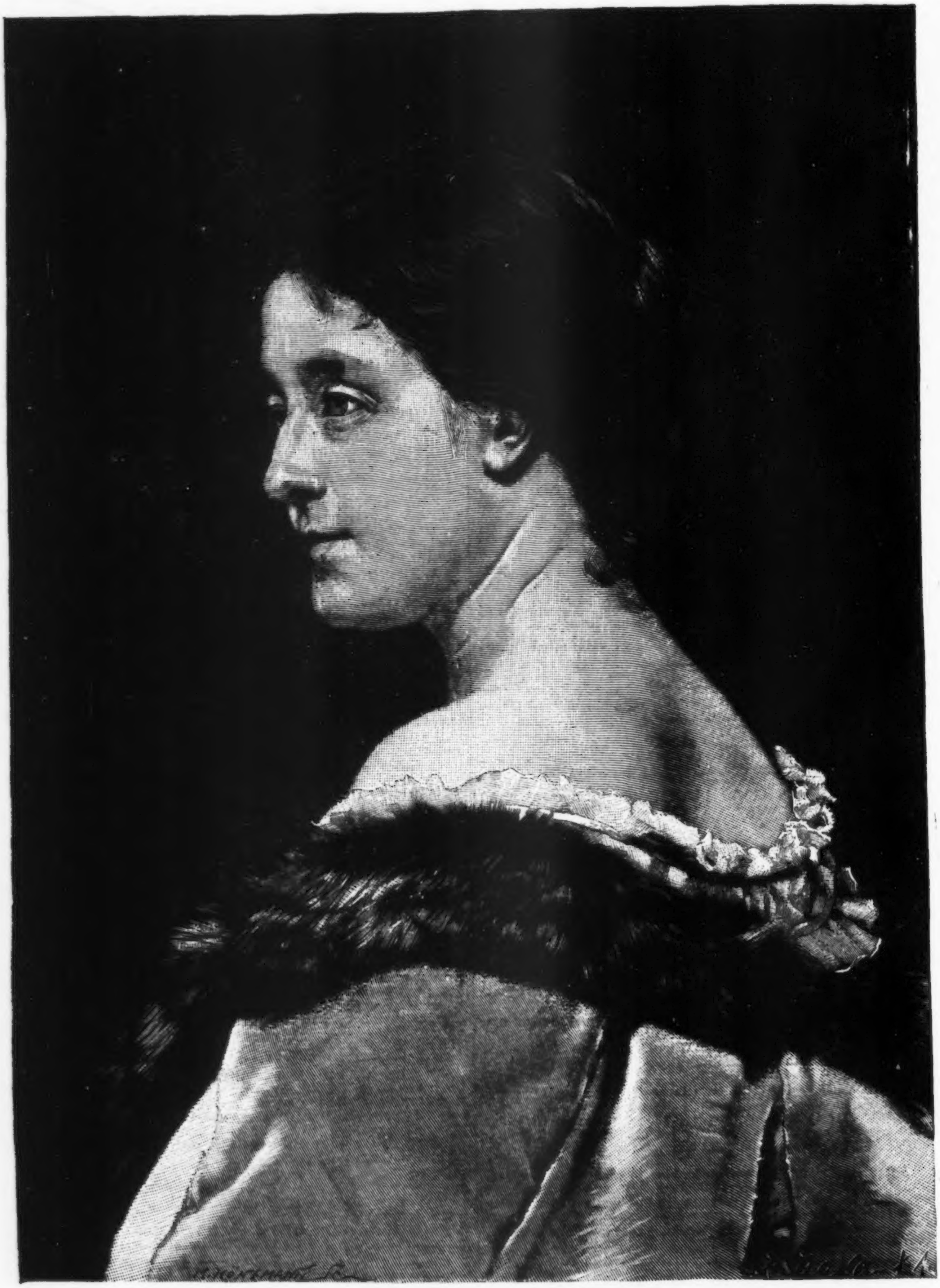

A STUDY.—FROM THE ORIGINAL BY X. A. BONG.